

WHITE HOUSE NUMBER

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## RUTHERFORD B. HAYES IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM H. CROOK

WRITTEN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

THE very first official act of President Hayes put all of us of the White House staff at our ease. At that time there was always more or less anxiety among the executive clerks, as in all the departments, at the beginning of each administration, for fear the incoming President might want our places for his own friends. It might be weeks or months before we felt safe, but in the case of President Hayes we did not have long to wait. The afternoon of Inauguration Day we were all sitting quietly at our desks, with suspense in the air. I had just settled myself after catching a glimpse of Mrs. Hayes in the corridor, with her little nine-year-old daughter Fanny inspecting her new domain. In passing she gave me a pleasant glance from her lustrous brown eyes. I turned to look after her, and noticed how gracefully she walked. But at that moment we were wondering when the President would come in.

There was a little stir as a quiet, solidly

built man with a fine full beard entered. Grant has said of Hayes: "His conduct on the field was marked by conspicuous gallantry, as well as the display of qualities of a higher order than mere personal daring." While there was a complete absence of military swagger, President Hayes carried himself with soldierly uprightness.

I rose at my desk, but he had crossed the floor before I could meet him, and shook my hand with the cordiality that we all afterward grew to expect from him.

"What are your duties, Mr. Crook?" he asked.

I explained as well as I could in a few words.

"Well," he said, "just continue to perform your duties. You will not be disturbed."

I went home that night feeling that the new President was going to be a good man to work for.

Other men in the office were sure of it,

and with reason. Mr. C. C. Sniffen, who had been assistant private secretary in Grant's second administration, was promoted to be major and paymaster in the army. Mr. O. L. Pruden, a clerk in the office, was made, through the friendship of Major Sniffen, assistant private secretary. The Secretary was Mr. Rogers, formerly an Episcopal clergyman. He was an admirable, kindly man, but had little executive ability. There were minor changes: a few new clerks were appointed, the telephone and telegraph services were introduced. By the way, it is surprising how up-to-date this made us feel. Previous to this, there had been a great deal of talk about Civil-Service Reform, while very little had been actually accomplished. But now the principles that had been in the air were brought down to earth—in the Executive Office. In a few days a new feeling began to pervade it. We realized that there would be recognition of faithful service. The sharp distinctions that had been made between certain positions were gone. Somehow, we were all men of much the same class, working together on an equality.

Among the changes in the office there was one interesting feature thoroughly in keeping with the character of the President and with the whole administration. A stenographer, G. A. Gustin, sat always in the President's office. When one realizes that nothing could be said to the President, nor could he say anything, except in the presence of a third person, a man begins to wonder how much of the character of the administration was due to this fact. It also becomes evident what sort of man it was who preferred to have state affairs public.

There were no cabinet quarrels, so far as was known, nor was there any jealousy. Secretaries Evarts, Sherman, and Schurz were at the White House more than the others and seemed to have most influence.

Mrs. Hayes managed her domestic affairs with the same ease and smoothness that her husband did his cabinet. She followed the same method, too, of placing authority in the hands of those she could trust. Winnie Monroe, the cook—a fat old woman who was as black as a crow—came with Mrs. Hayes from Ohio, and W. T. Crump, the steward, followed in

a few weeks. Both Winnie and Crump were devoted to their employers—Winnie adored Mrs. Hayes. So they looked out for the interests of the President and his wife, and at the same time kept everything as peaceable as possible. In my recollection there never has been a time when the White House was so well served. It was such a glorious period for Winnie that she was not at all contented when, with the Hayes family, she retired to Ohio and private life. She soon was back in Washington:

"Law, chile," she remarked to one of her fellow-officials who had remained in the White House service. "I cain't stay in no Ohio—not afaah I been fu'st culled lady in de lan'!" It is fortunate that the daughter of the "fu'st culled lady" had secured a government position. That the maintenance of social position had proved expensive is proved by the fact that when Winnie died, not long afterward, the daughter sent to General Hayes for help. The General telegraphed me from Ohio to make all the necessary funeral arrangements and send the bill to him.

Crump, the steward, told me of one little thing that showed how fastidious President Hayes was about some things. It had been the custom during the Grant administration to buy the groceries of the army commissary. This was perfectly natural and proper because of the army associations of General Grant. At the commissary the very best things were to be obtained at cost price. This President Hayes refused to do. "I prefer to buy like other men," he said.

The peacefulness that reigned in the cabinet room and offices, and that permeated the kitchen and pantry, was a sort of reflection of the peace and order that filled the big square rooms in the President's private apartments and brooded over the corridor. The Hayes family was an affectionate and harmonious one. To begin with, the President was genial and even-tempered. Mrs. Hayes would have been considered an unusual woman wherever placed. People were always saying that she was a clever woman. One would know, from the way she carried herself and from her face, that she was a woman of much character; the deference shown her by her husband would have proved it if nothing else did. But her cleverness





From a daguerreotype made in 1847 by Hawkins. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

LUCY W. WEBB (MRS. HAYES) AT SIXTEEN, WHILE AT THE  
WESLEYAN FEMALE SEMINARY, CINCINNATI



was not what most impressed White House employees. What we felt was her sweetness, her kindness, and the sunniness of her disposition. She was a bright, happy woman.

The executive ability of the President's wife was shown to great advantage in the troublesome matter of refurnishing the White House, with no money with which to do it. Because of the political situation Congress had failed to make an appropriation. Yet, when the Grants left, the place was in the state of shabbiness that usually marked the end of an administration. Mrs. Hayes ransacked attic and cellar to find furniture that had been stored away for years and, in some cases, forgotten. Many really good things owed their preservation to this energetic lady.

She took pride in keeping up the historical associations of the mansion. I am sure the only piece of lobbying that she ever did was undertaken to get possession, for the White House, of the Martha Washington portrait. She invited the proper congressmen to dinner, and after that function proffered her request with a smile from bright and pretty eyes. And she got what she wanted. In this case, however, not even President Hayes could criticize; for it was due to him that the White House collection of portraits was made fairly complete. He made this project one of his pursuits. He also had the library catalogued.

It was quite in keeping that she should have loved flowers as she did. The White House conservatories had never been the object of so much interest on the part of the mistress as during her time. She brought from Ohio Henry Pfister, the florist, who was in his element. By her wishes the billiard-room that used to connect the conservatories with the house was made into a conservatory, the billiard-table being moved into the basement. A rose house and a violet house were constructed and long-closed windows were opened that guests seated at a state dinner could look through long vistas in the conservatory.

These additions were necessary to supply all the flowers Mrs. Hayes wanted to give away, for that was the chief use she made of them. Flowers went from her to the Children's Hospital almost every

day; anything that helped children appealed to her more than other charities. Whenever a friend was ill, flowers were sent to the sick-room; White House employees, home on sick-leave, received them every day. Her love for flowers was as distinctive as her dress.

During the four years that Mrs. Hayes held social sway, she was never influenced to change in any detail her manner of dressing her hair. She always wore rich materials; taste then ran to heavy, rich fabrics rather than to flimsier things. She never wore a low-necked gown; although her evening costumes might be cut out at the neck in the shape of a heart or a "V," it was only to be filled in with some fluffy, filmy stuff. She wore little jewelry unless it were something like the high silver comb of which she was so fond, or the cameo portrait of the President set with diamonds which she had had made as a souvenir of her silver wedding, which happened the first winter she was in the White House.

Mrs. Hayes was fond of heavy, lustrous white stuffs. Of all flowers she loved best to wear white camellias. With one of these creamy, waxen, perfect things at her breast, and another in her dark hair, with the rose geranium leaves that she liked about them, she felt that her costume was elaborate enough. Sometimes, when the camellias had all been given away, she wore, instead, a white rosebud. Her hair was so dark a brown that it seemed black. It was wonderfully heavy, and she always wore it looped over her ears in shining bands. With these rich, smooth surfaces, her broad, white forehead, and her large, brown, brilliant eyes, Mrs. Hayes was always conspicuous in a crowd of women.

The fact is, Mrs. Hayes was a handsome woman. It is true that her charm of manner and grace of movement would have made her noticeable anywhere. She had, too, the sort of tact that comes from a desire to make people happy, and the influence over others that made them do what she wished without their knowing that they were being influenced.

The Hayes children had many of the traits of both father and mother. Burchard Hayes, the eldest son, did not live in Washington. He was here only for occasional visits, so Webb, the next son,



was his father's right-hand man, and attended to his father's personal affairs. I used to see a good deal of Webb Hayes. We often went gunning together after office hours. He was a square, honest fellow. Indeed, all of the boys were, but as Rutherford was away at college most

White House. She was attractive, with a perfect complexion and a bright face. Her hair was brown and her eyes were a pretty blue. She used to come into the office to ask me for paper, or something of the sort. Then she would scribble notes to me. I have some of them tucked



From a daguerreotype. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES AND MRS. HAYES ON THE DAY OF  
THEIR MARRIAGE, DECEMBER 30, 1852

of the time, the White House saw more of Webb and of Scott, the youngest child, than of the other sons. Scott was full of fun and mischief. He used to get into a good deal of trouble because he was pretty—well—enterprising, but he was a nice little fellow all the same.

Fanny, the one daughter and the next to the youngest child, was the pet of the

away. One of them has on the outside, in very straggling letters, the caution, "private," with my name and address. In the corner she has commented, "very bad writing." All this was the prelude to saying:

"Dear Sir, I thank you very much for the paper you gave me. Fanny." Another card, which is addressed to "Mr.



Crook, Esq.," is in another mood. She says:

"I am *very very very* mad because you have not got large enough book to press my flowers in." This was when Fanny was eleven years old. Another is formal and legal in tone. I have forgotten what it was that she was referring to—something that the child thought was a joke, I suppose.

"Mr. Crook, Dear Sir, I have heard you were not very prompt in paying a poor man a debt you owed him. I shall therefore demand payment *instantly*. Very truly, F. R. Hayes."

The scraps of writing bring back the picture to me of the merry, busy child running in and out on her own affairs.

Children, as we all know, are usually democratic; but in this case they were reflecting the character of their elders. One incident that I remember shows how simple Mrs. Hayes was. A number of visiting ladies called one morning by appointment. They were not personal friends; they were merely travelers who had come to Washington from a distance. Mrs. Hayes showed them all through the private apartments; she knew that these matrons from the Middle West would be interested in White House housekeeping more than in both Houses of Congress and the Supreme Court combined. The ladies afterward reported, with approbation, that "everything was in order at nine o'clock in the morning." You may be sure they told in their home towns that Mrs. Hayes was a good housekeeper.

One of the prettiest things that happened at the White House while I was there had Mrs. Hayes for its chief actor. I suppose it might have been embarrassing to another kind of woman. A veteran of

the War of 1812 was to have his photograph taken at the White House. The old fellow lived at the Soldiers Home, but the brand-new uniform ordered for the occasion had been sent direct to the Executive Mansion. When Mrs. Hayes discovered him he was almost tearful with grief because the sergeant's stripes that marked his rank had not been sewed on the full-dress trousers, but had been irritatingly placed beside them in the paper box. Mrs. Hayes whipped out her housewife in an instant, placed the now-smiling

veteran on a divan in the Blue Room, and was sitting on the floor in front of him, busily stitching on his stripes, when Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, with some English friends whom he wished to present to the President's wife, was ushered into the room! It is not wonderful that all of the troops of her husband's regiment, and any others who had known her, adored Mrs. Hayes. And just as when, a handsome young matron of thirty, she started out to find her wounded



From an ambrotype. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

MRS. HAYES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR

husband at the front, she encountered nothing but helpfulness along the almost impossible road from Ohio to the military hospital, so she usually had her own kindly way with any soldier whom she met. For they were all to her like the wounded "boys" she had nursed in hospital, or heartened upon the field.

President Hayes, on his part, had a kindly fashion of speaking of the clerks and secretaries in the Executive Office as "my office family." When one of us was standing by him and some one else came up, he always presented us. This may not have been rigidly official, but it did make one feel like a human being. Both President and Mrs. Hayes introduced pleasant customs for the benefit of the "office fam-



ily" of which I shall speak later on. One of the smaller outings in which I was usually included was when the President and his wife went out to Rock Creek to shoot at a target. Sometimes Fanny and Scott would be with us. We would drive up Fourteenth Street to the Rock Creek Road. Straight down the road, in a particularly lovely spot, was a big birch-tree that overlooked the water. On this I would hang the target, and we would all try our skill. Sometimes the children would want a shot, too, but one trial would content them, and they would run off to find other amusement. The President hit the bull's-eye five times out of six, but neither Mrs. Hayes nor I was so good a shot.

It was the happy time of the department clerks, also, though probably none of them would have admitted it. But it was n't the happy time of Senators and Members and political bosses who could n't get the "patronage" they thought they were entitled to. During the early days of the Hayes administration the question was whether the President would really carry out the principles of Civil-Service Reform. From his letter of acceptance, of course, he was pledged to it; he had been identified with the movement before he became a candidate; but those of us who had stood between past Presidents and the daily hordes of office-seekers were doubtful whether it would be possible for any one man to withstand the pressure.

To a large extent President Hayes did withstand the pressure. I can state, from my personal acquaintance with clerks in the different departments, that, so far as displacements were concerned, the Civil-Service Reform principles were carried out. The President also attempted to prevent applications for positions being made to him in person. Instructions were published in the newspapers and posted at the White House stating that applications should be made in writing and submitted to the proper head of department. I remember that the President said:

"It is an imposition that such things should take up so much of the time of the President of the United States!"

Practically, these instructions were not observed to any great extent. The President was too kindly a man not to be accessible to those who wanted to see him.

The great thing that was done—and that was the point on which the President worked in harmony with his Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz, whom everybody knew to be in earnest about Civil-Service Reform—was in establishing competitive examinations for the various offices of the Interior Department. It came to be quite the usual thing to read (an announcement) in the paper that an examination would be held in the Patent Office or Pension Office or Indian Bureau to determine who would be eligible to fill vacancies in those departments. The Post Office Department also tried the method, but more rarely. It is well known that the President also insisted upon Civil-Service Reform in the New York Customs House and Post Office.

There was one very necessary reform that the President carried through—for all time, I believe. There had been a kind of political blackmail going on in the departments. The campaign managers virtually had been levying on the clerks large contributions to the Republican campaign fund, the clerks being afraid not to give the money. The President was indignant over this abuse. He had orders circulated in the departments to the effect that clerks were not to be required to make such contributions, nor were government officials to take a prominent part in party organizations. Government employees might go home to vote, but they were to have no part in state party organizations.

His attitude on the second term question was another example of the same thing. He had announced at the time of his election that in no circumstances would he accept a renomination. He was opposed to the idea on principle. Now, men have held that theory, who, after a taste of power, have been led to change their minds. But Rutherford B. Hayes was never influenced in the least. No action while he was in the White House was aimed at popularity. Everything that he did was done because it was right according to his own principles. I have heard President Hayes say:

"I believe the second term idea is opposed to the principles of Republican government."

Moreover, I believe that throughout his life Hayes preferred private to public



life. Before he was nominated for the Presidency he had shown that preference. In 1872, when the nomination for Congress was offered to him, he at first refused, and he was led to accept only when he was convinced his acceptance was for the good of the party. When he left the White House it was with the intention not to return to public life. In a letter written to me December 23, 1888, he said: "Of course all rumors about my taking any place, etc., are untrue."

Another promise made in his letter of acceptance which was unpopular with many of the Republican party and which he still persisted in carrying out, was that with regard to removing the federal troops from the South. There was an interesting story told by a newspaper correspondent at the time to explain how General Hayes had come to this decision. I cannot vouch for it, of course, but it is certainly characteristic of the man as I knew him.

The correspondent asked President Hayes why he had decided to withdraw the troops from the South:

"Well," said the President, "while I was thinking about my letter of acceptance and what would be my policy when President, I began to ponder on the state of almost anarchy in the South. I said to myself: 'These Southerners are men like the rest of us. They are neither cut-throats nor bandits; they are average men. There must be some reason why neighbor is killing neighbor down there, why they are violating the national law, some reason outside of themselves, for the rest of Americans are living in peace and order.'

"Then the battle of the Antietam campaign came into my mind. I remembered

that, as I stood watching the slaughter—men cut down in swaths—I had rejoiced at it, been glad to see a thing at which, at another time, I should have shuddered—

"'It was because it was *war* that we all loved violence at that time,' I said to myself. 'And now, it is because they feel that they are still living in a state of war that the Southern men are killing each other. It is the presence of the troops that keeps the strife alive.' And at that moment I made up my mind that when I

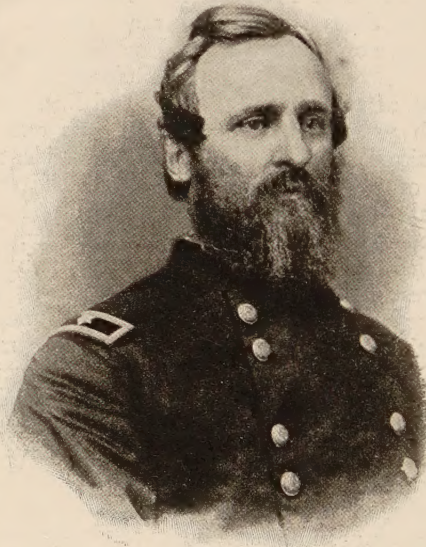
became President I would withdraw the troops."

And withdraw them he did, in spite of the displeasure of many of the leaders of the party who feared that the President's action would lose the Republicans votes in the South. That action of President Hayes was the beginning of real peace; from it dated a revival of industries which became possible only when North and South again co-operated in the government.

Still a third point of the President's policy he maintained in opposition to his party. In this he

acted in accordance with the Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman. Both men were determined to fight for sound money; and when President Hayes vetoed the Silver Coinage Act he knew he was doing an unpopular thing. But he vetoed it just the same. The bill was passed over his veto.

The calmness with which he received the news of the defeat of his policy in this matter made clear a trait of the President's character that was as marked as his firmness. He was a calm, reasoning man, in earnest, but not passionately so. The night the Silver Coinage passed over his veto there happened to be a state dinner. The veto of the bill and its passage were



From a photograph

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES IN 1864, THEN BRIGADIER-AND BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL



topics that made table-talk. There was a good deal of facetious conversation about it, in which the President took part—in fact he was rather merry in his genial way. It was not that he hid his disappointment as a sportsmanlike thing to do; he was really satisfied with doing his part under the Constitution and with having registered his opinion about the thing. Imagine Andrew Johnson, or any other good fighter, being reasonably calm and satisfied to have a measure pass which he honestly thought was bad for the country!

I suppose it was because both he and Mrs. Hayes came to be known as unprejudiced and interested in reforms that the White House became the resort of everybody with a grievance or a theory. It was well the President and his wife were interested in educational, moral, and religious matters; they must have had their fill of them while they were in Washington. Every question that had been put aside, waiting for the country to be really at peace again, came up for discussion.

Early in the administration the Indian troubles came to a head. There was delegation upon delegation of Indians who had come—in war-paint and blankets—to see the Great Father. Sitting Bull came first with his followers; then the Poncas. The Sioux followed, but they had left their native dress and their war-paint at home and wore American clothes. It became quite the ordinary thing to see groups of braves stalking into the President's office for a conference. The meeting between the President and the chiefs was something to remember. Each brave had an opportunity of making a speech:

"We are a little people," said one. "We are being driven into the sea."

"We want to remain on the lands our fathers had; we want our children to be educated and to live like white men, but we do not want to be driven into the lands where there is no water."

"I was foolish at first," said one old fighter, "but I know more now. I will not put on my war bonnet again to go forth against the white men."

The burden of every speech was a plea against further seizure of their lands. They were sent home with presents and promises. The promises were kept, moreover, for President Hayes's administration

was the beginning of a more just and humane policy toward the Indians.

The women suffragists, too, were much in evidence. Mrs. Hayes was, of course, the object of their special interest. She received them graciously and sweetly. I do not know how she felt about it, but I wonder if the place she occupied in the President's life and in the minds of her four boys might not have been as much power as any one woman would have wanted to have. Every one remembers President Hayes's remark to a Western delegation:

"I don't know how much influence Mrs. Hayes has with Congress, but she has great influence with me."

While he was still in the White House the main feature of the social reform work of himself and Mrs. Hayes—somehow it seems natural to speak of them together, they were so united in everything—was in connection with the temperance movement. We knew of their convictions before they took possession, and were all wondering whether they would or would not have wine served at official entertainments. We were not long left in doubt as to Mrs. Hayes's preference in the matter.

When the two young Russian grand-dukes, Alexis and Constantine, visited Washington there was much excitement. "Would Mrs. Hayes have wine at the dinner in their honor? And if she did not, what would Alexis and Constantine and Russia and the whole civilized world think about us?" The dinner was to be on the 19th of April. Before that time Mr. Evarts came to the relief of the situation. Being Secretary of State, of course the matter came within his province; and he was not only a clever man, but more respectful of forms than many other leaders in public life. I remember that he was the first gentleman in Washington to wear a frock-coat at the New Year's reception at the White House. Up to that time every caller had presented himself, at eleven in the morning, in a dress suit. But, about the wine: Mr. Evarts said, that, since the Russian grand-dukes were accustomed to have it served at dinner, it would be a failure to entertain them properly, and consequently a lack of respect to Russia, if there were no wine. So it was served, although the





From a painting by C. T. Webber. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

#### MRS. HAYES AS A HOSPITAL NURSE AFTER THE ANTIETAM CAMPAIGN

This painting is now in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home, Xenia, Ohio, of which Mrs. Hayes was original trustee. General Hayes, after his severe wound at South Mountain, was cared for at the hospital, here shown, which was in Frederick, Maryland. He was the only president of the United States ever wounded in battle, having been wounded six times during his four years' service, 1861-1865.

glasses in front of the President and his wife were untouched, and the noble guests partook without realizing the excitement they had caused. I believe there would have been no serious complications if the debated beverage had been absent; the visitors were both too young to be punctilious. They were tall, well-set-up young men, Alexis noticeably so, and in general not unlike Americans in appearance.

They say that Mrs. Hayes was afterward sorry that she had done violence to

her convictions in the matter. For a time the temperance organizations were indignant with her. But, as it was the first, it was also the last time that anything alcoholic was served at dinner while Mrs. Hayes was in the White House. So the temperance organizations forgave her, and soon they began to worship her. All of the societies in the country united to have a portrait painted of her which should remain in the White House. This was done while she was in Washington. The



artist was Daniel Huntington, and he succeeded in painting a splendid likeness, which hangs in one of the corridors of the White House. Then the Cincinnati School of Design presented a heavily carved oak frame for the picture. It was a handsome thing in itself, but it was not specially effective for the purpose for which it was designed: it did not set off the picture. During a later administration this frame was removed, and a heavy gilt one was substituted. Then there was a commotion about that. The temperance societies felt that proper respect had not been paid to them or the frame. They wrote to the White House about it, requesting that the frame be rescued and sent to the National Museum.

Before anything was done about it, however, General Hayes wrote to me, from Fremont, Ohio, on the 3d of December, 1887:

MY DEAR COLONEL: Some ladies who are on the Committee of the Ohio Centennial to prepare an exhibit of Woman's Work, and who were also connected with the Committee who presented the carved frame of the Huntington portrait of Mrs. Hayes, wish to know if they can have the frame returned for the Centennial.

Old articles are sometimes sold at auction, when no longer of use at the Executive Mansion. If anything of this kind is done, please bid it off in your name, or in some other, and I will send you the funds and return it to the



From a photograph taken by G. W. Pach about 1880. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

MRS. HAYES IN THE WHITE HOUSE CONSERVATORY, WITH  
HER CHILDREN, FANNY AND SCOTT

This conservatory was removed in President Roosevelt's administration and reestablished in the grounds.





From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

PRESIDENT AND MRS. HAYES IN 1877, AT THE TIME  
OF THEIR SILVER WEDDING

ladies, or the party by whom it was given. I hope, of course, to return it without a sale. . . .

Sincerely,  
*Rutherford B. Hayes,*

With a note which I received from General Hayes some months later, the incident was closed:

*Fremont, O. 13 April, 1888.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your note of the 6th

came during my Centennial trip to Marietta. I have just seen it, having returned only last night. I am more than mortified that I did not write thanking you for your good friendly work as to the frame. It was duly received by President Merrick—a suitable, quiet, newspaper paragraph prepared by him—and all are happy. I am exceedingly obliged. Mrs. Hayes manifested more gratification than I anticipated when she found it was safely back with the givers. . . . We are



specially your debtors, and the President's.

By the way, he delighted us greatly by the appointment of your namesake, Gen. Crook.

With all friendship. *Come to see us* any time, except when we are away from home.

Sincerely,

*Rutherford B. Hayes.*

Just a short time ago an incident occurred, suggested probably by the affair of the frame, that shows what absurd misunderstandings arise when the papers are particularly in need of news. A wail went up all over the country because a heavily carved sideboard, presented to Mrs. Hayes by the young ladies of the



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE YOUNGEST CHILDREN OF PRESIDENT HAYES: FANNY HAYES COSTUMED AS MARTHA WASHINGTON AND SCOTT R. HAYES AS SERGEANT OF THE 23D OHIO INFANTRY, GENERAL HAYES'S REGIMENT



Cincinnati School of Design, had been sold at auction and was adorning some saloon in the city. As a matter of fact President Hayes would not permit pres-

tract by a Cincinnati firm in 1880. When the White House was remodeled during the present administration, according to an old precedent, such furniture as was



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

#### THE STATE DINING-ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE

In this room were given the official dinners from the time when the White House was rebuilt after its destruction by the British in 1814, down to the renovation during the present administration. Here was given the official dinner to the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII) during Buchanan's administration. Mrs. Hayes caused to be reopened two windows at the sides of the mirror, which had been filled in with brick during the Monroe administration, so that the guests seated at the state dining-table might have a long vista into the conservatory.

ents to Mrs. Hayes, but it was purchased by Colonel Casey, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, for the White House although known as the Hayes sideboard. It was furnished under con-

not in keeping with the new plans was sold.

Because of the attitude of President and Mrs. Hayes toward the temperance movement, a large element in the country



thought them both narrow-minded fanatics. But there was nothing fanatical about them. Beyond the one instance of the stand with regard to their own table at the White House, they made no effort to

dent did not smoke there was rarely a time when they did not have cigars for their guests.

The trip to Richmond the autumn after the inauguration was another case

MISS HERRON,  
SISTER OF MRS. (MRS. W. D. MCCANDLESS,  
W. H. TAFT

MISS LUCY HAYES COOK  
DECEASED )  
MISS MILLS (NOW  
MRS. WHITELAW  
REID)



MISS CAROLINE  
RUSSELL (NOW  
THE MARQUISE  
LAGERGREN)

MISS AGNES DEVENS,  
NIECE OF ATTORNEY-  
GENERAL DEVENS  
(MRS. THOMAS M.  
OSBORNE, DECEASED)

MISS KATE MORGAN  
(NOW THE WIFE  
OF GENERAL H. G.  
SHARPE, U. S. A.)

MISS DORA D.  
SCOTT (NOW  
WIFE OF  
MAJOR C. A.  
DEVOL, U. S. A.)

From a tintype by Blackledge

MRS. HAYES (IN THE CENTER) AND A GROUP OF HOUSE GUESTS  
AT THE WHITE HOUSE, JANUARY 6, 1881

interfere in the affairs of others. They could be genial and companionable without being untrue to their principles. They were hospitable and loved to put their best before friends. Although the Presi-

dent in point. The railroad company spared no expense on the special car. The dinner was elaborate, and there were both whisky and wine on the table. Neither the President nor Mrs. Hayes made



objection to any one in the party drinking as much as he saw fit. Of course their glasses were turned down. Otherwise, they made no sign of their opinions. In this case the responsibility was not theirs as the Southern Railroad was host.

That was a wonderful thing, when one thinks of it, the Presidential party at the Richmond fair. For the first time since the war, a President, elected by Republicans, united with the South to celebrate the reawakening of industry in that section.

It was a wonderful thing to me, too, who was with them. We went luxuriously; there was a jolly party; there were placid, comfortable faces all about me. There was no thought of anything but good fellowship and good feeling; yet all the time, as we drew near to Richmond, the thought of the first time I had been there was in my mind, the day, nearly twelve years before, when I was one who entered into Richmond with Lincoln. Then we were a few men in a little boat, dodging the wreckage in the James River. Before us was a burning town, filled with people who hated us; and each time I looked up, there was the pain in Lincoln's face.

But, when we got there,—President Hayes and his party, I mean, on that October day of 1877,—the other time faded from my mind. The crowds who welcomed the President were jubilant, and they made a great deal of noise. The speech he made at the fair was cheered manfully. The holiday spirit took possession of us all. Webb Hayes and I remained after the President and the rest of the party had gone home. We were invited by Captain John S. Wise of the Richmond Blues to go gunning for birds. Webb Hayes was the one of the President's sons who cared most for an active, adventurous life. Much of his father's military instinct had descended to him. Why, just the other day,—in 1898,—I went down town, in Washington, with Webb Hayes to help him select his outfit as major of an Ohio cavalry regiment of volunteers in Cuba and Porto Rico. He went to the Philippines and China as a lieutenant. He was colonel before he got back.

There was a great deal of entertaining at the White House during President

Hayes's term. I was certainly in a position to know about expenditures, and I can state that the administration was as lavish as any of its predecessors that I knew anything about, and more so than some that have followed. A single reception cost \$3000, and that was only one of a succession of events. There was the usual series of state dinners; Mrs. Hayes gave a great many luncheons for ladies; and the President entertained his cabinet at a number of luncheons. President and Mrs. Hayes never seemed tired of entertaining. When some one asked Mrs. Hayes if the pressure of social duties did not tire her, she said simply:

"Why, I never get tired of having a good time."

A great many things conspired to make the administration an unusually interesting one socially. In the first place, besides the official functions, there was a succession of more homely entertainments. The family rarely sat down to dinner without guests. Mrs. Hayes had a number of young ladies with her, who added much to the gaiety of the White House; friends who happened to be in conversation with any of the family at the time were invited informally to luncheon. Hardly a week went by that I was not asked to luncheon two or three times, and I, of course, was one of many. I would be consulting Mrs. Hayes about some matter when the meal was announced. Then she would say:

"Won't you come in to lunch with me, Mr. Crook, and we shall have time to talk this over?"

The first December that the Hayeses spent in the White House was marked by a particularly interesting event. The 30th, which came on Sunday, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the President and his wife, and on the 31st there was a silver-wedding reception. Mrs. Hayes stood under a floral wedding bell and wore a gown of heavy white silk, the neck cut heart-shaped and filled in with white illusion. It was at first reported to be the dress she had worn at her wedding, but that was a mistake. It happened that she did wear her real wedding-dress the day before,—the real anniversary. It was a quaint gown, the yellowed tints and scant folds of which looked odd enough in that day of draped



From a photograph by Leet Bros. of the portrait by Daniel Huntington now in the White House  
Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MRS. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES



and elaborate skirts. That quiet family gathering on the 30th was an interesting occasion to those who knew about it. The old minister who had performed the marriage ceremony was present and made some simple, affecting remarks. The child of Mrs. Hayes's friend, Mrs. Herron, was christened, as were also the two White House children, Fanny and Scott.

The wedding of Miss Emily Platt, who had been one of Mrs. Hayes's assistants during the first social season, was another occasion in which the family circle and more intimate friends were interested. The ceremony was performed in the White House. The groom was General Hastings. It was a very quiet affair, but the Marine Band played, and there were flowers everywhere, as one would have expected in anything with which Mrs. Hayes had to do.

As soon as these more intimate affairs were a feature of the past, the social organization of the administration was undertaken. Mrs. Hayes had certain well-defined principles, and these determined, to a great extent, the social customs of the period. For example, she hated to hurt any one's feelings, and she knew that any discrimination in social preferment is sure to create heartburnings. Consequently, she established forms which were never broken through. At her first afternoon reception of the season, the wives of all the cabinet-officers received with her. After that, singly, in fixed order, they assisted at the remaining receptions. With the cabinet lady, Mrs. Hayes's house guests were the only ladies "in line," until the last reception when all the cabinet ladies were again present. No outside guests were invited to the state dinners. In every way she attempted to make the official social life representative of the country at large, rather than of a privileged class. I think that, to an astonishing degree, she was successful in making the period both dignified and harmonious.

In the official and diplomatic circles certain things happened to show that Washington was becoming a more important social center. Of the visit of the Russian grand-dukes I have already spoken. The arrival of the Chinese Minister was another important and picturesque event. At the first reception at

which he appeared the newest beauty was eclipsed. The gorgeousness of his costume brought the East into the new country. He wore a pagoda hat with a scarlet plume floating behind it, secured by a jeweled button. His robe was in two shades of lavender silk and scarlet velvet. The ladies looked with envy at his costume and his jewels.

The Earl of Dufferin, a much plainer personage, followed the example of the Russian grand-dukes in paying Washington a visit. He was entertained at a dinner, at which there was no wine. The arrival of General and Mrs. Grant in Washington was the signal for so much entertaining that it almost ranked with a great diplomatic event. The popularity of General Grant was increasing every day. There was a great dinner in their honor at the White House.

One innovation of President and Mrs. Hayes had a lasting effect on the social customs of Washington, the sending out of cards for the great reception to the Diplomatic Corps. From it has grown the series of receptions to the Diplomatic Corps, the Army and Navy, the Judiciary and Congress, which are perhaps the most important general social events of the season. The first of these receptions was in February, 1878. The indiscriminate evening receptions at the White House had been for many years a source of great annoyance. In Lincoln's time they had been marked by disgraceful vandalism; even when that was not true, there were violations of what one would think the simplest rules of good breeding. Carelessly dressed women who had not even taken the trouble to smooth their hair or wash their faces elbowed—sometimes sharply—women in dainty evening gowns. Sleepy children were dragged into the crush. Cloaks which were often greasy with dirt were worn into the very presence of the receiving party. It had become evident that the time for being democratic was not at evening receptions. Tourists and the curious generally could shake the hand of the President in the afternoon. It was necessary to have some more dignified forms for evening entertainment.

The President and Mrs. Hayes consulted with Secretary Evarts, who had a great deal of influence over the adminis-



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

PRESIDENT AND MRS. HAYES AT THE HOME OF SENATOR  
LELAND STANFORD, MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA

President Hayes was the first national executive to visit the Pacific coast. From left to right the persons are: Miss Rachel Sherman, General William Tecumseh Sherman, General Alexander McDowell McCook, aide-de-camp to General Sherman; Mrs. Hayes, President Hayes, Senator Stanford, and Governor Ramsey, then Secretary of War.

tration in social matters as well as in affairs of state. I have among my papers memoranda in his handwriting for use in White House entertaining. On this occasion they decided to send out invitations for a reception to the Diplomatic Corps. The Senators and Members of Congress, the Army and Navy, the Judiciary, and all higher officials, were invited.

The reception made up for any deficiencies in the hastily engraved cards. There were about a thousand guests—I know there was that number at the last reception of the Hayes administration, and I think this one could not have fallen far short. The White House was beautifully decorated, and the refreshments were unusual when one considered how many there were to enjoy them. It seemed to me that nothing was wanting. The state dining-room and the family dining-room were used; and some of the up-stairs rooms, the library and the offices, were utilized as little refreshment-rooms and here were served terrapin, sweetbreads, bouillon, patties, salads, creams and ices, cakes, coffee, sweetmeats in variety—everything that is possible for a buffet

supper except the forbidden wines and punches.

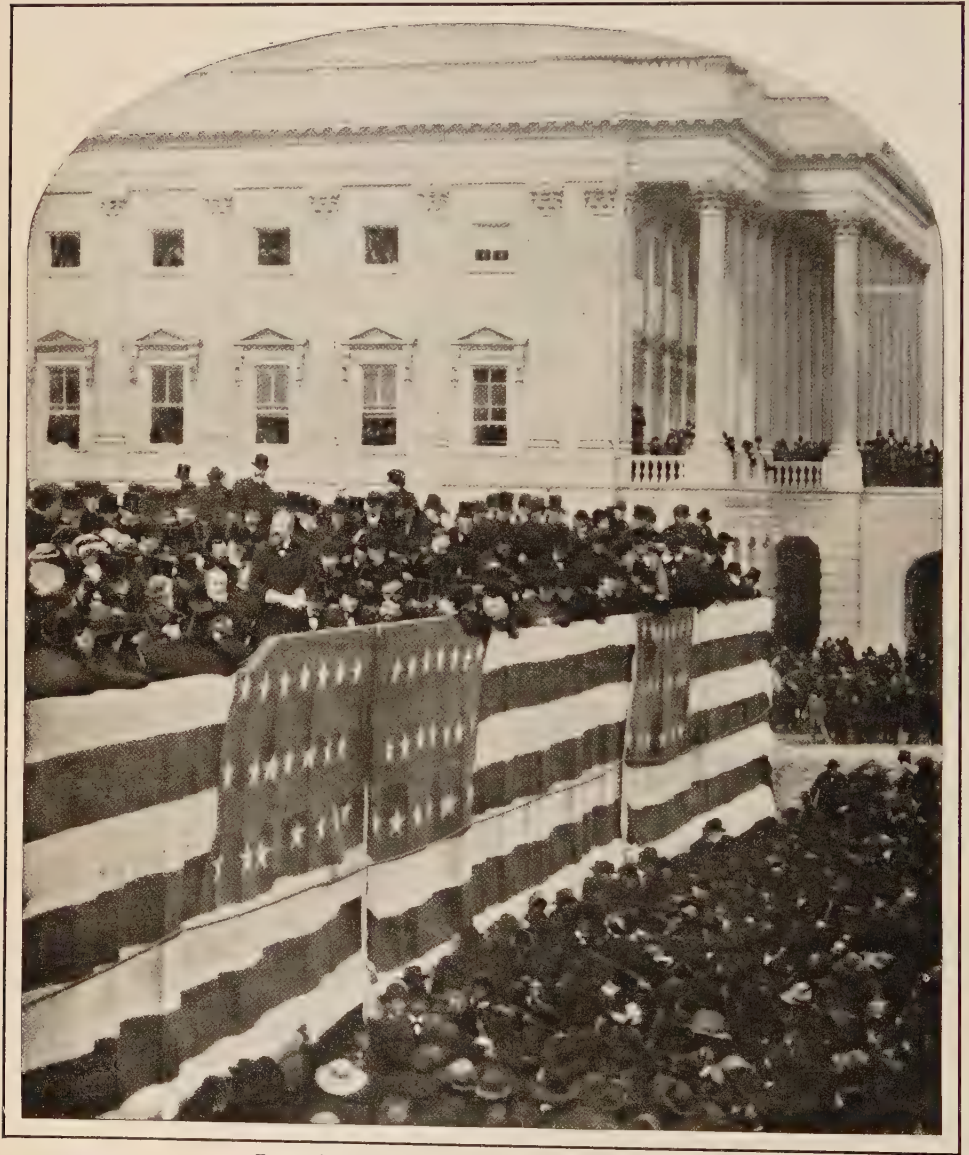
Mrs. Hayes always had a peculiar fondness for girls. She loved to surround herself with young and pretty faces. There were always young women guests at the White House, sometimes relatives, sometimes friends or the daughters of old friends. The number of luncheons for women, young and old, and the lovely spirit of sunny friendliness prevalent at them, made Mrs. Hayes's reign one long to be remembered. The culminating feature of it all was a great luncheon given by the President's wife in the last year of the administration to her seven house guests. [See page 657.] Among the fifty women invited to meet her friends were many who have since become prominent in the social, political, and diplomatic life of the nation.

Every Thanksgiving Day the President and Mrs. Hayes gave a dinner to the secretaries and clerks and their families, carrying out the true spirit of the day by making it an occasion for the children. The President used to call the gathering "my office family reunion." Dinner was



served early in the evening, so that the little ones could come. There were place-cards for each and souvenirs for the children. The dinner was as elaborately

After dinner every one gathered in the Red Parlor, and Mrs. Hayes played games with the children—pussy wants a corner, pass the button, and the like,



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

PRESIDENT GARFIELD READING HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1881

The retiring President, Rutherford B. Hayes, is seated behind the incoming President.

served as the most ceremonious of the state dinners. Each year President Hayes took in a different lady. The last Thanksgiving of his term it was my wife to whom he gave his arm.

Fanny and Scott joining in. At last all, about twenty-five in the company, drifted about the piano. Mrs. Hayes played, and we all sang hymns together—sweet old Methodist tunes, for the President

and his wife were identified with the old Foundry Church. I suppose some persons

I do not know whether Thanksgiving or Christmas was best. At Christmas-time

# State Dining Room.

Colonel Harris.

Mr. Rogers

Mr. McKinley, M.C.

Mr. Bands

Mrs. Gells

Mrs. McKinley

General Sherman

The Secy. of the Intr.

Mrs. Key

Mrs. Devens

The Secy. of the Navy

The Secy. of War

Mrs. Sherman

Madame Garfield }  
Fannie Hayes }

The Chief Justice

The Vice President

Mrs. Garfield

Mrs. Hayes.

The President.

The President Elect

Mrs. Waite

Mrs. Swarts

The Secy. of State

The Secy. of the Treasury.

Mrs. Goff.

Miss Schurz

The Post Mr. Genl.

The Attorney Genl.

Mrs. Davis

Mrs. Harrison

Governor Foster

Judge Key.

Mrs. Rogers.

Mr. Gells.

Col. Casey.

Senator Harrison

## United States Marine Band.

From the engrossed record of the social events of the administration made by O. L. Pruden, assistant secretary to the President

PLAN OF THE STATE DINNER GIVEN BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. HAYES TO  
PRESIDENT-ELECT AND MRS. GARFIELD, MARCH 3, 1881

Two future Presidents, both natives of Ohio, were present: Senator Benjamin Harrison  
of Indiana, and Representative William McKinley of Ohio.

would feel inclined to smile at the simplicity of it all; but not any one who was there.

Mrs. Hayes had a present for every one of the household, secretaries, clerks, door-





From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

#### THE HOME OF PRESIDENT HAYES, SPIEGEL GROVE, FREMONT, OHIO

keepers. Sometimes she bought the presents herself, in which case she would be at work for weeks beforehand. Sometimes when she was rushed, she commissioned Webb Hayes and me to buy them. At those times there would be a card for each one, to give the more personal touch. At about noon on Christmas Day every one was called into the library. There, in a heap in the middle of the floor, were the presents. Beside them waited President and Mrs. Hayes, and little Miss Fanny and Scott waited "first on one foot and then on t' other," for the festivities to begin. The President or his wife read out the names and picked out the presents, and the two children danced about distributing them. I remember my gift the first year was a fine plated silver water-pitcher, which I am still using. It was a real Christmas that came to the White House in those days, and Mrs. Hayes's smile was better than egg-nog.

The last months of the Hayes adminis-

tration was marked by a great number of brilliant functions, including on the 15th of December the great dinner to ex-President and Mrs. Grant; and in February a dinner to the trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund. There was also a dinner to Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and the luncheon to the young ladies already mentioned. Major Pruden had outdone himself in the elaboration of his artistic effects. He adapted his color scheme and floral effects to the case in hand. The young ladies were fitly celebrated in wreaths of pink rosebuds; the great banquet to the President-elect and Mrs. Garfield on the 3d of March was made brave by many a device in which the flag and the national colors played their part. It was at that dinner, by the way, that youth and age met in a friendly and sympathetic fashion. For "Grandma Garfield," being unequal to a whole evening of state dining, retired early, and Miss Fanny Hayes had her

first experience with the splendors of an official banquet. For an hour or so Mrs. Hayes let her little daughter take Grandma Garfield's place at table.

Mr. Webb Hayes was the originator of a system of making a sort of social history of the administration. Major O. L. Pruden of the White House staff was directed to keep in a bound volume a list of entertainments and guests. Major Pruden, having a pen the cleverness of which he himself had not suspected, began to enter details in ornamental type. Under the encouragement of Mr. Webb Hayes, he became more ambitious in his artistic effects. Finally, each page was made brilliant by elaborate devices of line and color. Scrolls, wreaths of flowers, foliage, pictured wedding bells, flags, coats of arms and pennants, and the names of guests and entertainers, entered in fine and exact penmanship, make the Hayes's "Social Register," now in the possession of Major Webb Hayes, a unique volume.

But it all had to come to an end. Only two months after that last Christmas, and it was Inauguration Day again. I was driving with President Hayes to the Capitol for the last time. He went there to sign any bills that might be waiting for his signature. As it happened, there was none ready; so he told the coachman to drive to the Riggs Hotel for General Garfield. In the quiet of the carriage he turned to me and said:

"I did n't have time to say what I wanted to to the rest. Will you take a message for me?"

"Indeed I will, Mr. President," I said.

"Say to every one connected with my office," he said, "that I want them to know that I appreciate their services very highly, and am very grateful for their fidelity to my interests. I want them to know how I feel toward them. I stand ready at all times to serve them, and will speak to General Garfield on their behalf." He was really moved.

Now, other Presidents have met with as great faithfulness in their subordinates as did President Hayes; other men were better served who had no such feeling about their office force. But here was a man who thought of those things, who considered the other man as much as himself. Mr. Hayes kept his promise abso-

lutely. Whenever he could serve any one of us, he did so. He did his best to help me get the back money that was due me from Congress; he wrote to President Harrison in my behalf, besides making the recommendation to General Garfield of which he spoke. Moreover, he asked me many times to visit him. In one of his letters he says:

"Do not forget the old song is still true here,

"The latch-string hangs outside the door.  
And is never pulled through."

I had no more claim upon him than another. It was just that it was his nature to be hospitable.

After the inauguration, the family went to the home of Secretary Sherman, where several of us called to say good-by.

It was most unhappily that a printed form came to me from Spiegel Grove. It was dated 2 July, 1889, and said:

The friends who have sent telegraphic messages, letters, floral tributes, and newspaper articles, tokens of their regard for Mrs. Hayes and of sympathy with me and my family, are so numerous that I cannot, by the use of the pen alone, within the time it ought to be done, suitably express to all of them my gratitude and thanks.

I therefore beg them to excuse me for sending in this form my assurance of the fullest appreciation of their kindness, and of my lasting and heartfelt obligation to each of them.

At the bottom of the page he had written in his own hand,

All your kind words find their way to my heart.

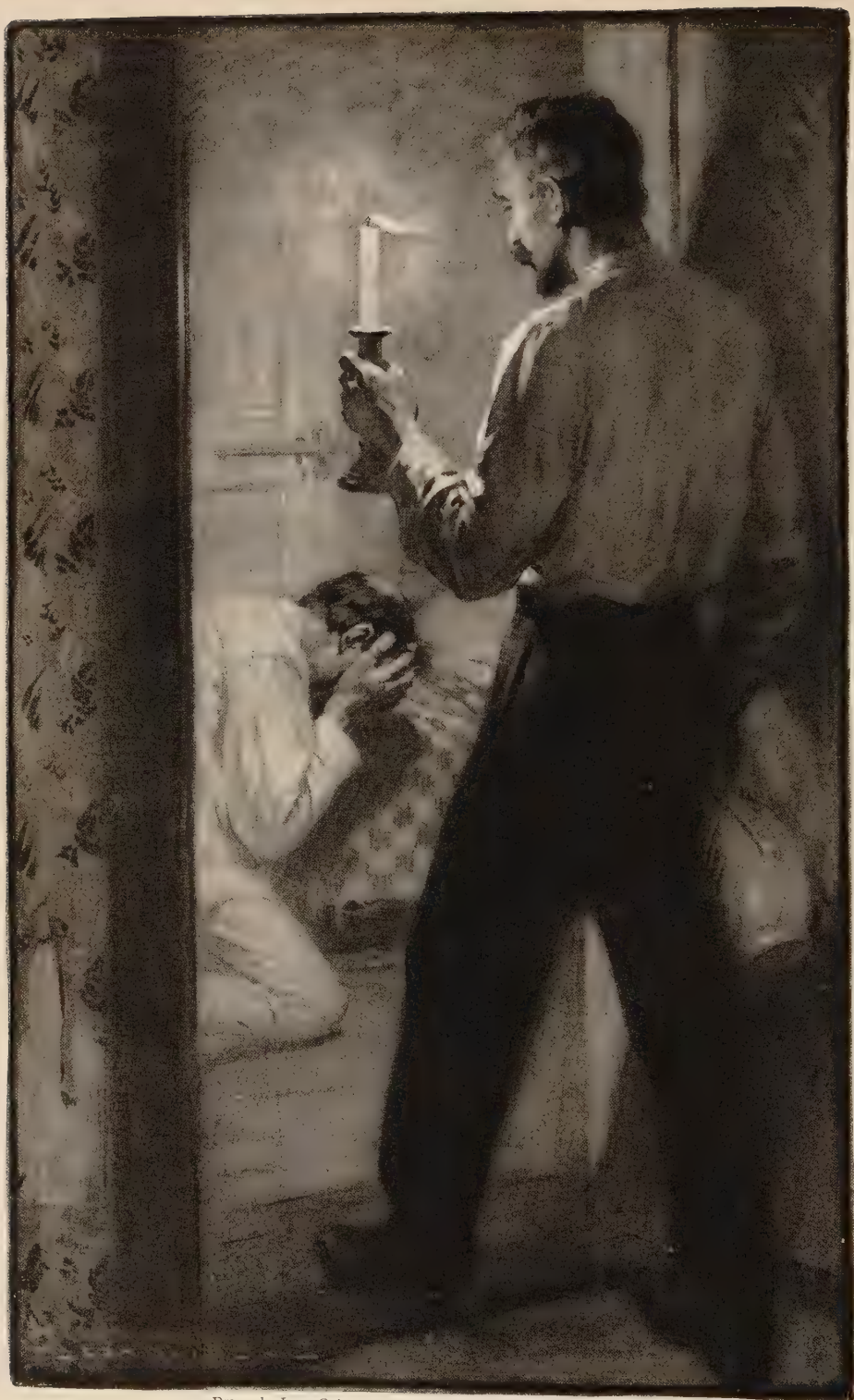
Thankfully,

*Rutherford B. Hayes.*

The last time I saw General Hayes was at the Grand Army Reunion in Washington in 1892. That evening I went to call on him at the house on K Street where he was staying. He was at dinner, but he left the table and came up to see me.

"I would rather have a talk with you about old times than eat my dinner," he said genially. And so we chatted until we said good-by for the last time.





Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"IT WAS MR. OPP SAYING HIS PRAYERS." (SEE PAGE 676)

# MR. OPP

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

x

WHEN Miss Guinevere Gusty tripped up the gang-plank of the *Sunny South* late that afternoon, vainly trying to protect herself from the driving rain, she was met half-way by the gallant old captain.

Tradition had it that the captain had once cast a favorable eye upon her mother; but Mrs. Gusty, being cross-eyed, had looked elsewhere.

"We are a pudding without plums," he announced gaily, as he held the umbrella at an angle calculated to cause a waterspout in the crown of her hat—"not a lady on board. All we needed was a beautiful young person like you to liven us up. You have n't forgotten those pretty tunes you played for me last trip, have you?"

Guinevere laughed, and shook her head. "That was just for you and the girls," she said.

"Well, it'll be for me and the boys this time. I've got a nice lot of gentlemen on board, going down to your place, by the way, to buy up all your oil-lands. Now I know you are going to play for us if I ask you to."

"My goodness! are they on this boat?" asked Guinevere, in a flutter. "I am so glad; I just love to watch city people."

"Yes," said the captain; "that was Mr. Mathews talking to me as you came aboard—the one with the white beard. Everything that man touches turns to money. That glum-looking young fellow over there is his secretary. Hinton is his name; curious sort of chap."

Guinevere followed his glance with eager interest. "The solemn one with the cap pulled over his eyes?" she asked.

The captain nodded. "All the rest

are inside playing cards and having a good time; but he's been moping around like that ever since they got on board. I've got to go below now, but when I come back, you'll play some for me, won't you?"

Guinevere protested violently, but something within her whispered that if the captain was very insistent she would render the selection which had won her a gold medal at the last commencement.

Slipping into the saloon, she dropped quietly into one of the very corpulent chairs which steamboats particularly affect, and, unobserved, proceeded to give herself up to the full enjoyment of the occasion. The journey from Coreyville to the Cove, in the presence of the distinguished strangers, had assumed the nature of an adventure. Giving her imagination free rein, Miss Gusty, without apology, transported the commonplace group of business men at the card-table into the wildest realms of romance. The fact that their language, appearance, and manner spoke of the city, was for her a sufficient peg upon which to hang innumerable conjectures. So deep was she in her speculations that she did not hear the captain come up behind her.

"Where have you been hiding?" he asked in stentorian tones. "I was afraid you'd gotten out on deck and the wind had blown you overboard. Don't you think it's about time for that little tune? We are forty minutes late now, and we'll lose another half-hour taking on freight at Smither's Landing. I've been banking on hearing that little dance-piece you played for me before."

"I can't play—before them," said Guinevere, nervously.

The captain laughed. "Yes, you can; they'll like it. Mr. Mathews said some-



thing mighty pretty about you when you came on board."

"He did n't—honest?" said Guinevere, blushing. "Oh, truly, Captain, I can't play!" But even as she spoke she unbuttoned her gloves. Her accomplishment was clamoring for an exhibition, and though her spirit failed her, she twirled the piano-stool and took her seat.

The group of men at the table, heretofore indifferent to proceedings, looked up when a thundering chord broke the stillness. A demure young girl, with gentle, brown eyes, was making a furious and apparently unwarranted attack upon the piano. Her one desire evidently was to get inside of the instrument. With insinuating persistence she essayed an entrance through the treble, and, being unable to effect it, fell upon the bass, and exhausted a couple of rounds of ammunition there. The assault on both flanks being unsuccessful, she resorted to strategy, crossing her hands and assailing each wing of the enemy from an unexpected quarter. When this move failed, she evidently became incensed, and throwing aside diplomacy, rallied all her forces, charging her artillery up to the highest note, then thundering down to the lowest, beating down the keys as fast as they dared to rise. In the midst of the carnage, when the clamor was at its height and victory seemed imminent, she suddenly paused, with one hand in air and her head gently inclined, and, tapping out two silvery bugle-notes of truce, raised the siege.

The appalling silence that ensued might have hung above a battle-field of slain and wounded. The captain bit his mustache.

"That was n't exactly the one I meant," he said. "I want that little dance-tune with the jingle to it."

Miss Gusty, disappointed and surprised at the effect which her masterpiece had failed to produce, was insisting with flushed cheeks that she could play no more, when the gentleman who was called Mr. Mathews rose from the table and came toward her. His hair and pointed beard were white, but his eyes were still young, and he looked at her while he spoke to the captain.

"I beg your pardon, Captain," he was saying in smooth, even tones, "can't you persuade the young lady to sing something for us?"

"I never took vocal," said Guinevere, looking at him frankly. "I'm making a specialty of instrumental."

The gentleman looked sidewise at his companions and stroked his beard gravely. "But you *do* sing?" he persisted.

"Just popular music," said Guinevere. "I was going to take 'The Holy City' and 'The Rosary' last year, but the vocal teacher got sick."

In response to a very urgent invitation, she took her seat again, and this time sang a sentimental ditty concerning the affairs of one "Merry Little Milly in the Month of May."

This selection met with prompt favor, and the men left their cards and gathered about the piano, demanding an encore.

Miss Guinevere's voice was very small, and her accompaniment very loud, but, in her effort to please, she unconsciously became dramatic in her expression, and frowned and smiled and lifted her brows in sympathy with the emotions of the damsel in the song. And Miss Guinevere's eyes being expressive and her lips very red, the result proved most satisfactory to the audience.

One stout young man in particular expressed himself in such unrestrained terms of enthusiasm, that Guinevere, after singing several songs, became visibly embarrassed. Upon the plea of being too warm she made her escape, half-promising to return and sing again later on.

Flushed with the compliments and the excitement, and a little uncertain about the propriety of it all, she hurried through the swing-door and, turning suddenly on the deck, stumbled over something in the darkness.

It proved to be a pair of long legs that were stretched out in front of a silent figure, who shot a hand out to restore Miss Gusty to an upright position. But the deck was slippery from the rain, and before he could catch her, she went down on her knees.

"Did it hurt you?" a voice asked anxiously.

"It don't matter about me," answered Guinevere, "just so it did n't spoil my new dress. I'm afraid there's an awful tear in it."

"I hope not," said the voice. "I'd hate to be guilty of dress slaughter even in the second degree. Sure you are not

hurt? Sit down a minute; here 's a chair right behind you, out of the wind."

Guinevere groped about for the chair. "Mother can mend it," she went on, voicing her anxiety, "if it is n't too bad."

"And if it is?" asked the voice.

"I 'll have to wear it, anyhow. It 's brand splinter new, the first one I ever had made by a sure-enough dressmaker."

"My abominable legs!" muttered the voice.

Guinevere laughed, and all at once became curious concerning the person who belonged to the legs.

He had dropped back into his former position, with feet outstretched, hands in pockets, and cap pulled over his eyes, and he did not seem inclined to continue the conversation.

She drew in deep breaths of the cool air, and watched the big side wheel churn the black water into foam, and throw off sprays of white into the darkness. She liked to be out there in the sheltered corner, watching the rain dash past, and to hear the wind whistling up the river. She was glad to be in the dark, too, away from all those gentlemen, so ready with their compliments. But the sudden change from the heated saloon to the cold deck chilled her, and she sneezed.

Her companion stirred. "If you are going to stay out here, you ought to put something around you," he said irritably.

"I 'm not very cold. Besides, I don't want to go in. I don't want them to make me sing any more. Mother 'll be awfully provoked if I take cold, though. Do you think it 's too damp?"

"There 's my overcoat," said the man, indifferently; "you can put that around you if you want to."

She struggled into the large sleeves, and he made no effort to help her.

"You don't like music, do you?" she asked naively as she settled back in her chair.

"Well, yes," he said slowly. "I should say the thing I dislike least in the world is music."

"Then why did n't you come in to hear me play?" asked Guinevere, emboldened by the darkness.

"Oh, I could hear it outside," he assured her; "besides, I have a pair of defective lamps in my head. The electric lights hurt my eyes."

He struck a match as he spoke to relight his pipe, and by its flare she caught her first glimpse of his face, a long, slender, sensitive face, brooding and unhappy.

"I guess you are Mr. Hinton," she said as if to herself.

He turned with the lighted match in his hand. "How did you know that?"

"The captain told me. He pointed out you and Mr. Mathews, but he did n't tell me any of the rest."

"A branch of your education that can afford to remain neglected," said Mr. Hinton as he puffed at his pipe.

The door of the saloon swung open, and the chubby gentleman appeared in the light, shading his eyes, and calling out that they were all waiting for the little canary-bird.

"I don't want to go," whispered Guinevere, shrinking back into the shadow.

The chubby gentleman peered up and down the deck, then, assailed by a gust of wind, beat a hasty retreat.

"I don't like him," announced Guinevere, drawing a breath of relief. "It is n't just because he 's fat and ugly; it 's the silly way he looks at you."

"What a pity you can't tell him so!" said her companion, drily. "Such blasphemy might do him good. He is the scion of a distinguished family made wealthy by the glorious sale of pork."

"Are all the gentlemen millionaires?" asked Guinevere in awe.

"Present company excepted," qualified Hinton.

"It 'll seem awful small to them down in the Cove. Why, we have n't got room enough at the two hotels to put them all up."

"Oh, you live there, do you?"

"Yes; I 've just been up at Coreyville spending the night. I used to hate it down at the Cove, it was so little and stupid; but I like it better now."

There was a long silence, during which each pursued a widely different line of thought.

"We have got a newspaper at the Cove now," announced Guinevere. "It 's an awful nice paper, called 'The Opp Eagle.'"

"Opp?" repeated Hinton. "Oh, yes, that was the man I telephoned to. What sort of chap is he, anyhow?"



"He 's awfully smart," said Guinevere, her cheeks tingling. "Not so much book learning, but a fine brain. The preacher says he 's got a natural gift of language. You ought to see some of his editorials."

"Hiding his light under a bushel, is n't he?"

"That 's just it," said Guinevere, glad to expatiate on the subject. "If Mr. Opp could get in a bigger place and get more chances, he 'd have a lot more show. But he won't leave Miss Kippy. She 's his sister, you know; there is only the two of them, and she 's kind of crazy, and has to have somebody take care of her. Mother thinks it 's just awful he don't send her to an asylum, but I know how he feels."

"Is he a young man?" asked Mr. Hinton.

"Well—no, not exactly; he 's just seventeen years and two months older than I am."

"Oh," said Hinton, comprehensively.

There was another long pause, during which Guinevere turned things over in her mind, and Mr. Hinton knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"I think girls seem a good deal older than they 'are, don't you?" she asked presently.

"Some girls," Hinton agreed.

"How old would you take me for?"

"In the dark?"

"Yes."

"About twelve."

"Oh, that 's not fair," said Guinevere. "I 'm eighteen, and lots of people take me for twenty."

"That is when they can see you," said Hinton.

Guinevere decided that she did not like him. She leaned back in her corner and tried not to talk. But this course had its disadvantage, for when she was silent he seemed to forget she was there.

Once he took a turn up and down the deck, and when he came back, he stood for a long time leaning over the rail and gazing into the water. As he turned to sit down she heard him mutter to himself:

" . . . That no life lives forever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

Guinevere repeated the words softly to herself, and wondered what they meant. She was still thinking about them when a dim red light in the distance told her they were approaching the Cove. She slipped off the heavy overcoat and began to put on her gloves.

"Hello! we are getting in, are we?" asked Hinton, shaking himself into an upright position. "Is that Cove City where the big red light bores into the water like a corkscrew?"

They moved to the bow of the boat and watched as it changed its course and made for the opposite shore.

"Did you mean," said Guinevere, absently, "that you wanted it all to end like that? For us to just go out into nothing, like the river gets lost in the ocean?"

Hinton glanced at her in surprise, and discovered that there was an unusually thoughtful face under the sweeping brim of the red hat. The fact that she was pretty was less evident to him than the fact that she was wistful. His mood was sensitive to minor chords.

"I guess you *are* eighteen," he said, and he smiled, and Guinevere smiled back, and the chubby gentleman, coming suddenly out upon them, went in again and slammed the door.

The lights on the landing twinkled brighter and brighter, and presently figures could be seen moving here and there. The steamer, grumbling with every chug of the wheel, was brought around, and the roustabouts crowded along the rail, ready to make her fast.

Guinevere and Hinton stood on the upper deck under his umbrella and waited.

Directly below them on the dock a small, fantastic figure made frantic efforts to attract their attention. He stood uncovered, regardless of the rain, madly waving his hat.

"Is that anybody you know?" asked Hinton.

Guinevere, who was watching the lights on the water, started guiltily.

"Where?" she asked.

"Down to the right—that comical little codger in the checked suit."

Guinevere looked, then turned upon Hinton eyes that were big with indignation. "Why, of course," she said; "that 's Mr. Opp."

XI

As Willard Hinton stood on the porch of Your Hotel and waited for his host for the night to call for him, he was in that state of black dejection that comes to a young man when Ambition has proposed to Fortune, and been emphatically rejected. For six years he had worked persistently and ceaselessly toward a given goal, doing clerical work by day and creative work by night, going from shorthand into longhand, and from numerical figures into figures of speech. For the way that Hinton's soul was traveling was the Inky Way, and at its end lay Authorship.

Hinton had taken himself and his work seriously, and served an apprenticeship of hard study and conscientious preparation. So zealous was he, in fact, that he had arrived at the second stage of his great enterprise with a teeming brain, a practised hand, and a pair of affected eyes over which the oculists shook their heads and offered little encouragement.

For four months he had implicitly obeyed orders, attending only to his regular work, eating and sleeping with exemplary regularity, and spending all of his spare time in the open air. But the ravages made in the long nights dedicated to the Muses were not to be so easily repaired, and his eyes, instead of improving, were growing rapidly worse. The question of holding his position had slipped from a matter of months into weeks.

As he stood on the porch, he could hear the bustle of entertainment going on within the limited quarters of Your Hotel. Jimmy Fallows was in his element. As bartender, head waiter, and jovial landlord he was playing a triple bill to a crowded house. Occasionally he opened the door and urged Hinton to come inside.

"Mr. Opp 'll be here 'fore long," he would say. "He 's expecting you, but he had to stop by to take his girl home. You better step in and get a julep."

But Hinton, wrapped in the gloom of his own thoughts, preferred to remain where he was. Already he seemed to belong to the dark, to be a thing apart from his fellow-men. He shrank from companionship and sympathy as he shrank from the light. He longed to crawl away

like a sick animal into some lonely corner and die. Whichever way he turned, the great specter of darkness loomed before him. At first he had fought, then he had philosophically stood still, now he was retreating. Again and again he told himself that he would meet it like a man, and again and again he shrank back, ready to seek escape anywhere, anyhow.

"O God, if I were n't so damnably young!" he cried to himself, beating his clenched hand against his brow. "More than half my life yet to live, and in the dark!"

The rattle of wheels and the stopping of a light in front of the hotel made him pull himself together.

The small gentleman in the checked suit whom he had seen on the wharf strode in without seeing him. He paused before he opened the door and smoothed his scanty locks and rearranged his pink necktie. Then he drew in his chin, threw out his chest, and with a carefully prepared smile of welcome entered.

The buzz within increased, and it was some minutes before the door opened again and Jimmy Fallows was heard saying:

"He 's round here some place. Mr. Hinton! Oh, here you are! Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Opp; he 's going to take you out to his house for the night."

No sooner had Hinton's hand been released from Mr. Opp's cordial grasp than he felt that gentleman's arm thrust through his, and was aware of being rapidly conducted down the steps and out to the vehicle.

"On no possible account," Mr. Opp was saying, with Hinton's grip in one hand and two umbrellas in the other, "would I have allowed myself to be late, except that it was what you might consider absolutely necessary. Now, you get right in; just take all that robe. No, the grip can go right here between my feet. We trust that you will not regard the weather in any ways synonymous with the state of our feelings of welcome."

Mr. Hinton remarked rather shortly that the weather never mattered to him one way or another.

"That 's precisely like myself," Mr. Opp went on. "I come of very sturdy, enduring stock. For a man of my size I doubt if you 'd find a finer constitution in



the country. You would n't particularly think it to look at me, now would you?"

Hinton looked at the small, stooping figure, and at the peaked, sallow face, and said rather sarcastically that he would not.

"Strong as an ox," declared Mr. Opp.

Just here the horse stumbled, and they were jerked violently forward.

Mr. Opp apologized. "Just at present we are having a little difficulty with our country roads. We have taken the matter up in 'The Opp Eagle' last week. All these things takes time to regulate, but we are getting there. This oil boom is going to revolutionize things. It's my firm and abiding conviction that we are on the eve of a great change. It would n't surprise me in the least if this town grew to be one of the principalest cities on the Ohio River."

"To be a worthy eyrie for your 'Eagle'?" suggested Hinton.

"The Opp Eagle," corrected Mr. Opp. "I don't know as you know that I am the sole proprietor, as well as being the editor in addition."

"No," said Hinton, "I did not know. How does it happen that a man with such responsibilities can take time to dabble in oil-wells?"

"You don't know me," said Mr. Opp, with a paternal smile at his own ability. "Promoting and organizing comes as natural to me as breathing the atmosphere. I am engineering this scheme with one hand, the Town Improvement League with another, and 'The Opp Eagle' with another. Then, in a minor kind of way, I am a active Odd Fellow, first cornetist in the Unique Orchestra, and a director in the bank. And beside," Mr. Opp concluded with some coyness, "there is the natural personal social diversions that most young men indulge in."

By this time they had reached the gray old house on the river-bank, and Mr. Opp hitched the horse and held the lantern, while Hinton stepped from one stony island to another in the sea of mud.

"Just enter right into the dining-room," said Mr. Opp, throwing open the door. "Unfortunately we are having a temporary difficulty with the parlor heating apparatus. If you'll just pass right on up-stairs, I'll show you the guest-chamber. Be careful of your head, please!"

With pomp and dignity Mr. Hinton

was conducted to his apartment, and urged to make known any possible want that might occur to him.

"I'll be obliged to leave you for a spell," said Mr. Opp, "in order to attend to the proper putting up of the horse. If you'll just consider everything you see as yours, and make yourself entirely at home, I'll come up for you in about twenty minutes."

Left alone, Hinton went to the bureau to pin a paper around the lamp, and as he did so he encountered a smiling face in the mirror. The face was undoubtedly his, but the smile seemed almost to belong to a stranger, so long had it been since he had seen it.

He made a hasty toilet, and sat down with his back to the light to await his summons to dinner. The large room, poorly and scantily furnished, gave unmistakable evidence of having been arranged especially for his coming. There was no covering on the floor, there were no pictures on the wall; but the wall-paper was of a sufficiently decorative character to warrant the absence of other adornment. It may be said to have been a botanical paper, for roses and lilies and sunflowers and daisies grew in riotous profusion. The man who hung the paper evidently was of a scientific turn, for in matching the strips he had gained some results in cross-grafting that approached the miraculous.

After sufficient time had elapsed to have stabled half a dozen horses, Hinton, whose appetite was becoming ravenous, went into the hall and started down the steps. When half-way down he heard a crash of china, and saw his host, in his shirt-sleeves, staggering under a large tray over-crowded with dishes.

Beating a hasty retreat, he went quietly up the steps again, but not before he heard a querulous voice remonstrate:

"Now, Mr. D., if you ain't done busted two plates and a tea-cup!"

Retiring to his room until the trouble should be adjusted, Hinton once more contemplated the floral paper. As he sat there, the door creaked slightly, and looking up, he thought he saw some one peeping at him through the crack. Later he distinctly heard the rustle of garments, a stealthy step, and the closing of the door across the hall.

At last Mr. Opp came somewhat noisily up the steps and, flinging wide the door, invited him to descend. In the dining-room below the scene was nothing short of festal. All the candlesticks were filled with lighted candles, an American flag was draped across the top of the clock, and the little schooner that rocked behind the pendulum seemed fired with the determination to get somewhere to-night if it never did again. Even the owls on each end of the mantel wore a benignant look, and seemed to beam a welcome on the honored guest.

But it was the dining-table that held the center of the stage, and that held everything else as well. The dinner, through its sequence of soup, meat, salad, and dessert, was displayed in lavish hospitality. Cove etiquette evidently demanded that no square inch of the table-cloth should remain unoccupied.

Seated at the table, with hands demurely folded, was the most grotesque figure that Hinton had ever seen. Clad in a queer, old-fashioned garment of faded blue cloth, with very full skirt and flowing sleeves, with her hair gathered into a tight knot at the back of her head, and a necklace of nutshells about her neck, a strange little lady sat and watched him with parted lips and wide, excited eyes.

"If you 'll just sit here opposite my sister," said Mr. Opp, not attempting an introduction, "I 'll as usual take my customary place at the head of the board."

It was all done with great *éclat*, but from the first there were unmistakable signs of nervousness on the part of the host. He left the table twice before the soup was removed, once to get the napkins which had been overlooked, and once to persuade his sister not to put the baked potatoes in her lap.

When the critical moment for the trial of strength between him and the goose arrived, he was not in good condition. It was his first wrestling match with a goose, and his technical knowledge of the art consisted in the meager fact that the strategic point was to become master of the opponent's legs. The fowl had, moreover, by nature of its being, the advantage of extreme slipperiness, an expedient recognized and made use of by the gladiators of old.

Mr. Opp, limited as to space, and

aware of a critical audience, rose to the occasion, and with jaw set and the light of conquest in his eye entered the fray. He pushed forward, and pulled back, he throttled, he went through facial and bodily contortions. The match was conducted in "the catch hold, first down to lose style," and the honors seemed equally divided. At last, by the adroit administration of a left-leg stroke, Mr. Opp succeeded in throwing his adversary, but unfortunately he threw it too far.

The victory, though brilliant, was not without its casualties. The goose, in its post-mortem flight, took its revenge, and the overturned cranberries sent a crimson stain across the white cloth, giving a sanguinary aspect to the scene.

When order was restored and Mr. Opp had once more taken his seat, the little lady in the blue dress, who had remained quiet during the recent conflict, suddenly raised her voice in joyous song.

"Now, Kippy," warned Mr. Opp, putting a restraining hand on her arm, and looking at her appealingly. The little lady shrank back in her chair and her eyes filled as she clasped his hand tightly in both of hers.

"As I was remarking," Mr. Opp went steadily on, trying to behave as if it were quite natural for him to eat with his left hand, "the real value of the underground product in this country has been but fairly made apparent, and now that you capitalists are coming in to take a hold, there 's no way of forming a idea of the ultimate result."

Hinton, upon whom no phase of the situation had been lost, came valiantly to Mr. Opp's rescue. He roused himself to follow his host's lead in the conversation; he was apparently oblivious to the many irregularities of the dinner. In fact, it was one of the rare occasions upon which Hinton took the trouble to exert himself. Something in the dreary old room, with its brave attempt at cheer, in the half-witted little lady who was making such superhuman efforts to be good, and above all in the bombastic, egotistical, ignorant editor who was trying to keep up appearances against such heavy odds, touched the best and deepest that was in Hinton, and lifted him out of himself. Gradually he began to take the lead in the conversation. With great tact he



relieved Mr. Opp of the necessity of entertaining, and gave him a chance to eat his dinner. He told stories so simple that even Miss Kippy loosened her hold on her brother's hand to listen.

When the sunset of the dinner in the form of a pumpkin pie had disappeared, the gentlemen retired to the fire.

"Don't you smoke?" asked Hinton, holding a match to his pipe.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Opp, "I have smoked occasional. It's amazing how it assists you in creating newspaper articles. One of the greatest editorials I ever turned out was when I had a cigar in my mouth."

"Then why don't you smoke?"

Mr. Opp glanced over his shoulders at Aunt Tish, who, with Miss Kippy's doubtful assistance, was clearing the table.

"I don't mind telling you," he said confidentially, "that up to the present time I've experienced a good many business reverses and considerable family responsibility. I hope now in a year or two to be able to indulge them little extra items. The lack of money," he added somewhat proudly, "is no disgrace; but I can't deny it's what you might call limiting."

Hinton smiled. "I think I've got a cigar somewhere about me. Here it is. Will you try it?"

Mr. Opp did n't care if he did, and from the manner in which he lighted it, and from the way in which he stood, with one elbow on the high mantel-shelf and his feet gracefully crossed, while he blew curling wreaths toward the ceiling, it was not difficult to reckon the extent of his self-denial.

"Do you indulge much in the pleasure of reading?" he asked, looking at Hinton through the cloud of smoke.

"I did," said Hinton, drawing a deep breath.

"It's a great pastime," said Mr. Opp. "I wonder if you are familiar with this here volume." He took from the shelf "The Encyclopedia of Wonder, Beauty, and Wisdom."

"Hardly a thumb-nail edition," said Hinton, receiving it with both hands.

"Say, it's a remarkable work," said Mr. Opp, earnestly; "you ought to get yourself one. Facts in the first part, and the prettiest poetry you ever read in the

back: a dollar down and fifty cents a month until paid for. Here, let me show you; read that one."

"I can't see it," said Hinton.

"I'll get the lamp."

"Never mind, Opp; it is n't that. You read it to me."

Mr. Opp complied with great pleasure, and having once started, he found it difficult to stop. From "Lord Ullin's Daughter" he passed to "Curfew," hence to "Barbara Frietchie" and "Young Lochinvar," and as he read Hinton sat with closed eyes and traveled into the past.

He saw a country school-house, and himself a youngster of eight competing for a prize. He was standing on a platform, and the children were below him, and behind him was a row of visitors. He was paralyzed with fear, but bursting with ambition. With one supreme effort he began his speech:

Oh, the young Lochinvar has come out of the west!

He got no further; a shout from the big boys and a word from the teacher, and he burst into tears and fled for refuge to his mother. How the lines brought it all back! He could feel her arms about him now, and her cheek against his, and hear again her words of comfort. In all the years since she had been taken from him he had never wanted her so insistently as during those few moments that Mr. Opp's high voice was doing its worst for the long-suffering Lochinvar.

"Mr. D.," said a complaining voice from the doorway, "Miss Kippy won't lemme tek her dress off to go to baid. She 'low she gwine sleep in hit."

Mr. Opp abruptly descended from his elocutionary flight, and asked to be excused for a few moments.

"Just a little domestic friction," he assured Hinton; "you can glance over the rest of the poems, and I'll be back soon."

Hinton, left alone, paced restlessly up and down the room. The temporary diversion was over, and he was once more face to face with his problem. He went to the table, and, taking a note from his pocket, bent over the lamp to read it. The lines blurred and ran together, but a word here and there recalled the contents. It was from Mr. Mathews, who preferred writing disagreeable things to saying

them. Mr. Mathews, the note said, had been greatly annoyed recently by repeated errors in the reports of his secretary; he was neither as rapid nor as accurate as formerly, and an improvement would have to be made, or a change would be deemed advisable.

"Delicate tact!" sneered Hinton, crushing the paper in his hand. "Courtesy sometimes begets a request, and the shark shrinks from conferring favors. And I've got to stick it out, to go on accepting condescending disapproval until a 'change is deemed advisable.'"

He dropped his head on his arms, and so deep was he in his bitter thoughts that he did not hear Mr. Opp come into the room. That gentleman stood for a moment in great embarrassment; then he stepped noiselessly out, and heralded his second coming by rattling the door-knob.

The wind had risen to a gale, and it shrieked about the old house and tugged at the shutters and rattled the panes incessantly.

"You take the big chair," urged Mr. Opp, who had just put on a fresh log and sent the flames dancing up the chimney; "and here 's a pitcher of hard cider whenever you feel the need of a little refreshment. You ain't a married man I would judge, Mr. Hinton."

"Thank the Lord, no!" exclaimed Hinton.

"Well," said Mr. Opp, pursing his lips and smiling, "you know that 's just where I think us young men are making a mistake."

"Matrimony," said Hinton, "is about the only catastrophe that has n't befallen me during my short and rocky career."

"See here," said Mr. Opp, "I used to feel that way, too."

"Before you met her?" suggested Hinton.

Mr. Opp looked pleased but embarrassed. "I can't deny there is a young lady," he said; "but she is quite young as yet. In fact, I don't mind telling you she 's just about half my age."

Hinton, instead of putting two and two together, added eighteen to eighteen. "And you are about thirty-six?" he asked.

"Exactly," said Mr. Opp, surprised. "I am most generally considered a long sight younger."

From matrimony the conversation

drifted to oil-wells, then to journalism, and finally to a philosophical discussion of life itself. Mr. Opp got beyond his depth again and again, and at times he became so absorbed that he gave a very poor imitation of himself, and showed signs of humility that were rarely if ever visible.

Hinton meantime was taking soundings, and sometimes his plummet stopped where it started, and sometimes it dropped to an unexpected depth.

"Well," he said at last, rising, "we must go to bed. You 'll go on climbing a ladder in the air, and I 'll go on burrowing like a mole in the ground, and what is the good of it all? What chance have either of us for coming out anywhere? You can fool yourself; I can't: that 's the difference."

Mr. Opp's unusual mental exertions had apparently affected his entire body, his legs were tightly wrapped about each other, his arms were locked, and his features were drawn into an amazing pucker of protest.

"That ain't it," he said emphatically, struggling valiantly to express his conviction: "this here life business ain't run on any such small scale as that. According to my notion, or understanding, it 's—well—what you might call, in military figures, a fight." He paused a moment and tied himself if possible even into a tighter knot, then proceeded slowly, groping his way: "Of course there 's some that just remains around in camp, afraid to fight and afraid to desert, just sort of indulging in conversation, you might say, about the rest of the army. Then there is the cowards and deserters. But a decent sort of a' individual, or rather soldier, carries his orders around with him, and the chief and principal thing he 's got to do is to follow them. What the fight is concerning, or in what manner the general is a-aiming to bring it all correct in the end, ain't, according to my conclusion, a particle of our business."

Having arrived at this point of the discussion in a somewhat heated and indignant state, Mr. Opp suddenly remembered his duties as host. With a lordly wave of the hand he dismissed the subject, and conducted Hinton in state to his bed-chamber, where he insisted upon lighting the fire and arranging the bed.



Hinton sat for a long time before undressing, listening to the wind in the chimney, to the scrape, scrape of the cedar on the roof, and to the yet more dismal sounds that were echoing in his heart. Everything about the old house spoke of degeneration, decay; yet in the midst of it lived a man who asked no odds of life, who took what came, and who lived with a zest, an abandon, a courage that were baffling. Self-deception, egotism, cheap optimism—could they bring a man to this state of mind? Hinton wondered bitterly what Opp would do in his position; suppose his sight was threatened, how far would his foolish self-delusion serve him then?

But he could not imagine Mr. Opp, lame, halt, or blind, giving up the fight. There was that in the man—egotism, courage, whatever it was—that would never recognize defeat, that quality that wins out of a life of losing the final victory.

Before he retired, Hinton found there was no drinking water in his room, and, remembering a pitcher full in the dining-room, he took the candle and softly opened his door. The sudden cold draft from the hall made the candle flare, but as it steadied, Hinton saw that an old cot had been placed across the door opposite his, as if on guard, and that beside it knelt an ungainly figure in white, with his head clasped in his hands. It was Mr. Opp saying his prayers.

## XII

THE visit of the capitalists marked the beginning of a long and profitable spell of insomnia for the Cove. The little town had gotten a gnat in its eye when Mr. Opp arrived, and now that it had become involved in a speculation that threatened to develop into a boom, it found sleep and tranquillity a thing of the past.

The party of investigators had found such remarkable conditions that they were eager to buy up the ground at once; but they met with unexpected opposition.

At a meeting which will go down to posterity in the annals of Cove City, the Turtle Creek Land Company, piloted by the intrepid Mr. Opp, had held its course against persuasion, threats, and bribes. There was but one plank in the company's platform, and that was a deter-

mination not to sell. To this plank they clung through the storm of opposition, through the trying calm of indifference that followed, until a truce was declared.

Finally an agreement was reached by which the Turtle Creek Land Company was to lease its ground to the capitalists, receive a given per cent. of the oil produced, and maintain the right to buy stock up to a large and impossible amount at any time during the ensuing year.

Close upon this contract came men and machinery to open up a test well. For weeks hauling was done up the creek bottom, there being no road leading to the oil spring where the first drilling was to be done.

The town watched the operations with alternate scorn and interest. It was facetious when water and quicksands were encountered, and inclined to be sarcastic when work was suspended on account of the weather. But one day, after the pipe had been driven to a considerable depth and the rock below had been drilled for six inches, the drill suddenly fell into a crevice, and upon investigation the hole was found to be nearly full of petroleum.

The Cove promptly went into a state of acute hysteria. Speculation spread like the measles, breaking out in all manner of queer and unexpected places. Everybody who could command a dollar promptly converted it into oil stock. Miss Jim Fenton borrowed money from her cousin in the city, and plunged recklessly; the Missionary Band raffled off three quilts and bought a share with the proceeds; Mr. Tucker foreclosed two mortgages on life-long friends in order to raise more money; while the amount of stock purchased by Mr. D. Webster Opp was limited only by his credit at the bank.

The one note of warning that was sounded came from Mrs. Fallows, who sat on the porch of Your Hotel, and, like the Greek chorus, foretold the disasters that would befall, and prophesied nothing but evil for the entire enterprise. Even the urbane Jimmy became ruffled by her insistent iteration, and declared that she "put him in mind of a darned old whip-o'-will."

But Mrs. Fallows's piping note was lost in the gale of enthusiasm. Farmers coming into town on Saturday became infected and carried the fever into the coun-

try. The entire community suspended business to discuss the exciting situation.

These were champagne days for Mr. Opp. Life seemed one long, sparkling, tingling draft and he was drinking it to Guinevere. If her eyes drooped and she met his smile with a sigh, he saw it not, for the elixir had gone to his head.

Compelled to find some outlet for his energy, he took advantage of the Cove's unwonted animation and plunged into municipal reform. "The Opp Eagle" demanded streets, it demanded lamp-posts, it demanded temperance. The right of pigs to take their daily siesta in the middle of Main Street was questioned and fiercely denied. Dry-goods boxes, which for years had been the only visible means of support for divers youths of indolent nature, were held up to such scathing ridicule that the owners were forced to remove them.

The policies suggested by Mr. Opp, the editor, were promptly acted upon by Mr. Opp, the citizen. So indignant did he become when he read his own editorials that nothing short of immediate action was to be considered. He arranged a reform party and appointed himself leader. Mat Lucas, he made Superintendent of Streets; Mr. Gallop, chairman of the Committee on City Lights. In fact, he formed enough committees to manage a Presidential campaign.

The attitude of the town toward him was that of a large lump of dough to a small cake of yeast. It was willing to be raised, but doubtful of the motive power.

"I'd feel surer," said Jimmy Fallows, "if his intellect was the standard size. It appears so big to him he can't get his language ready-made; he has to have it made to order."

But since the successful management of the oil-wells, Mr. Opp's opinion was more and more considered. In the course of a short time the office of "The Opp Eagle" became the hub about which the township revolved.

One afternoon in March the editor was sitting before his deal table, apparently in the most violent throes of editorial composition.

Nick, who was impatiently waiting for copy, had not dared to speak for an hour, for fear of slipping a cog in the intricate machinery of creation. The constant

struggle to supply "The Opp Eagle" with sufficient material to enable it to fly every Thursday was telling upon the staff; he was becoming irritable.

"Well?" he said impatiently, as Mr. Opp finished the tenth page and gathered the large sheets into his hand.

"Yes, yes, to be sure," said Mr. Opp, guiltily; "I am at your disposal. Just finishing a little private correspondence of a personal nature that could n't wait over."

"Ain't that copy?" demanded Nick, fixing him with an indignant eye.

"Well, no," said Mr. Opp, uneasily. "The fact is, I have n't been able to accomplish any regular editorial this week. Unusual pressure of outside business and—er—"

"How long is she going to stay down in Coreyville?" Nick asked, with a contemptuous curl of his lip.

Mr. Opp paused in the act of addressing the envelop, and gave Nick a look that was designed to scorch.

"May I inquire to who you refer?" he asked with dignity.

Nick's eyes dropped, and he shuffled his feet. "I just wanted to put it in the paper. We got to fill up with something."

"Well," said Mr. Opp, slightly conciliated, "you can mention that she has gone back to attend the spring term at the Young Ladies' Seminary."

"Gone back to school again?" exclaimed Nick, unable to control his curiosity. "What for?"

"To attend the spring term," repeated Mr. Opp, guardedly. Then he added in a burst of confidence: "Nick, has it ever occurred to you that Mrs. Gusty was what you might term a peculiar woman?"

But Nick was not interested in the psychological idiosyncrasies of the Gusty family. "The Opp Eagle" was crying for food, and Nick would have sacrificed himself and his chief to fill the vacancy.

"See here, Mr. Opp, do you know what day it is? It's Monday, and we've got two columns to fill. New subscriptions are coming in all the time. We've got to live up to our reputation."

"Extremely well put," agreed Mr. Opp; "the reputation of the paper must be guarded above all things. I like to consider that after my mortal remains



has returned to dust, my name will be perpetuated in this paper. That no monument in marble will be necessary, so long as 'The Opp Eagle' continues to circulate from home to home, and to promulgate those—"

"Can't you write some of it down?" suggested Nick; "it would fill up a couple of paragraphs. Part of it you used before, but we might change it around some."

"Never," said Mr. Opp. "On no consideration would I repeat myself in print. I'll just run through my box here, and see what new material I have. Here's something; take it down as I dictate."

"Pastor Joe Tyler is holding divine service every second Sunday in Cove City. He has had thirty conversions, and on Saturday was presented with a \$20.00 suit of clothing from and by this community, and a barrel of flour, which fully attests what a general church awakening will accomplish in the direction of good. No one should think of endeavoring to rear their children or redeem society without the application of the gospel twice per month."

"Now, if you can keep that up," said Nick, hopefully, "we'll get through in no time."

But Mr. Opp had gone back to his letter, and was trying to decide whether it would take one stamp or two. When he felt Nick's reproachful eye upon him, he put the envelop resolutely in his pocket.

"You've already said that work would be resumed at the oil-wells as early as the inclemency of the weather would permit, have n't you?"

"We've had it in every issue since last fall," said Nick.

"Well, now, let's see," said Mr. Opp, diving once more into his reserve box. "Here, take this down: 'Mr. Jet Connor had his house burnt last month, it being the second fire he has had in ten years. Misfortunes never come single.'"

"All right," encouraged Nick. "Now can't you work up that idea about the paper offering a prize?"

Mr. Opp seized his brow firmly between his palms and made an heroic effort to concentrate his mind upon the business at hand.

"Just wait a minute till I get it arranged. Now write this: 'The Opp Ea-

gle' has organized a club called the B.B.B. Club, meaning the Busy Bottle-Breakers Club. A handsome prize of a valued nature will be awarded the boy or girl which breaks the largest number of whisky and beer bottles before the first of May.' The boats to Coreyville run different on Sunday, don't they, Nick?"

Nick, who had unquestioningly taken the dictation until he reached his own name, glanced up quickly, then threw down his pen and sighed.

"I'm going up to Mr. Gallop's," he said in desperation; "he's got his mind on things here in town. I'll see what he can do for me."

Mr. Opp remorsefully allowed him to depart, and gazed somewhat guiltily at the unaccomplished work before him. But instead of making reparation for recent delinquency, he proceeded to make even further inroads into the time that belonged to "The Opp Eagle."

Moving stealthily to the door, he locked it, then pulled down the shade until only a strip of light fell across his table. These precautions having been observed, he took from his pocket a number of letters, and, separating a large typewritten one from several small blue ones, arranged the latter in a row before him according to their dates, and proceeded, with evident satisfaction, to read them through twice. Then glancing around to make quite sure that no one had crawled through the keyhole, he unlocked a drawer, and took out a key which in turn unlocked a box from which he carefully took a small object, and contemplated it with undisguised admiration.

It was an amethyst ring, and in the center of the stone was set a pearl. He held it in the narrow strip of light, and read the inscription engraved within: "Guinevere forever."

For Miss Guinevere Gusty, ever plastic to a stronger will, had succumbed to the potent combination of absence and ardor, and given her half-hearted consent for Mr. Opp to speak to her mother. Upon that lady's unqualified approval everything would depend.

Mr. Opp had received the letter a week ago, and he had immediately written to the city for a jeweler's circular, made his selection, and received the ring. He had written eight voluminous and eloquent

epistles to Guinevere, but he had not yet found the propitious moment in which to call upon Mrs. Gusty. Every time he started, imperative business called him elsewhere.

As he sat turning the stone in the sunlight and admiring every detail, the conviction oppressed him that he could no longer find any excuse for delay. But even as he made the decision to face the ordeal, his eye involuntarily swept the desk for even a momentary reprieve. The large typewritten letter arrested his attention; he took it up and reread it.

DEAR OPP: Do you know any nice, comfortable place in your neighborhood for a man to go blind in? I'll be in the hos-

pital for another month, and after that I am to spend the summer out of doors, in joyful anticipation of an operation which I am assured beforehand will probably be unsuccessful. Under the peculiar circumstances I am not particular about the scenery, human or natural; the whole affair resolves itself into a matter of flies and feather-beds. If you know of any place where I can be reasonably comfortable, I wish you'd drop me a line. The ideal place for me would be a neat pine box underground, with a dainty bunch of daisies overhead.

Yours gratefully,

*Willard Hinton.*

P.S. I sent you a box of my books last week. Chuck out what you don't want. The candy was for your sister.

(To be continued)



## A DAY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I HAVE but a day, a day,  
And how shall I spend it?

As Heaven shall send it—  
In life's old way.  
With a lifting the load  
That was laid on the shoulder;  
With a shifting the load,  
As the day grows older;  
With a lifting the load  
As a brave heart may.

With a little stopping to play;  
With a fall or two,  
Which one must rue,  
But there's no way to mend it;  
With ten hopes killed,  
And one fulfilled;  
With a taste of joy, as Heaven has willed,  
But grief there shall be, to blend it.  
Then, a full cup spilled,  
A high heart stilled \* \* \*  
A day, a day,  
And the night shall end it.



# THE PERSONALITY OF THE NEW PRESIDENT

## THE HEARTY LAUGH OF THE MAN CONTRASTED WITH THE STERN DUTY OF THE OFFICIAL

THE new President has a distinct personality, as every really strong man has, but it was not revealed to the country till he took the stump in the last campaign. He had been before the people constantly since he went to the Philippines in the spring of 1900, administering important public affairs with marked ability, exhibiting the same high qualities in the solution of all problems that came before him; but the American people had derived only a slight knowledge of his personality. What was the reason for this? It is to be found, I think, in the overshadowing, dominating, absorbing personality of Theodore Roosevelt. So long as Roosevelt held the center of the stage,—and he has held it constantly during his seven years in the Presidency,—the people gave comparatively slight consideration to any one else on the scene. There were strong personalities there, in addition to Taft, but Roosevelt is more than that: he is a unique personality. It is impossible to class him with anybody else, either in his time or in our history. His severest critics and bitterest enemies admit this. He leaves the Presidency the best-known man of his time. His name and features are known to more persons throughout the world to-day than those of any other living person.

Soon after Roosevelt entered upon his elected term as President there were assembled about a dinner-table in Washington a number of Senators and Representatives of both political parties. Criticism of the President was unrestrained, and was not confined to Democrats. Finally a Democratic Representative from a

Western State exclaimed: "It is all well enough for us to sit here and assail him, but what we Democrats of the West want to know is, When are we going to get rid of him? We can have no hope as a party till he is out of the way. He has so caught the fancy of the American people, has so infatuated them, that they believe that everything he says is true because he says it, and that everything he does is right because he does it. Why, if he were to take a sledge-hammer to-morrow morning and go down to the Washington Monument and begin to knock the corners off, the American people would rise as one man and say it was a good thing to do, for the old shaft was too square anyway!"

It is agreed that wherever Mr. Taft went during the campaign, he won the confidence and respect of the people. They had only to see and especially to hear him, to realize the strength and force of his personality. No man more absolutely free from all the arts and practices of the demagogue has come to the front in American politics. He not only does not have those arts and practices, he fairly loathes them. He went straight to the people last year; and without dodging, or equivocating, or evading, or seeking to palliate any act of his public career, he told them the plain truth. Of course the American people liked this; when have they failed to respond in the same way to like treatment?

The one chapter in Mr. Taft's career that was widely regarded as the most serious obstacle to his success was his conduct as a United States Circuit Judge in granting injunctions upon labor strikers.

Down to the moment of his nomination he himself regarded this as not merely a serious, but a dangerous obstacle. It never occurred to any one who knew him that he would, if nominated, take any other course than open and unequivocal defense of his act. Opponents of his nomination cited the certainty of his taking that course as an insuperable bar to his nomination. They knew that nothing would swerve him from it, because they knew from experience that nothing had sufficed to swerve him from any course that he believed to be right. They knew that any effort that had been made—and there were several of these—to induce him to compromise his principles and convictions as the price of a nomination and election to the Presidency, had failed utterly. If he could not be nominated and elected without such concessions, he preferred not to be President. No man who approached him once with a proposal of that sort cared to go a second time, or had any doubt about the futility of further efforts in that direction.

His course on the injunction question, which carried with it his attitude toward all aspects of the labor problem, reveals so clearly the dominating element in his personality that it is worth while to dwell upon it for a moment. Faithful public service is with Mr. Taft a religion. He not only gives it himself, but he insists upon it from every one associated with him in office. Other offenses he may pardon, but unfaithfulness in the discharge of a public trust, unwillingness to bear any burden, no matter how heavy, in the discharge of that trust, these failings he will never pardon. When he was asked by President McKinley to take the chairmanship of the Philippines Commission, he believed it to be a patriotic duty to undertake the task, and accepted the offer. When it was said that in doing so he had made a sacrifice, he resented the assertion, declaring that he considered it a privilege to enter the public service in so important a field. His crushing rebuke of one whom he considered as having failed to meet the test of patriotic devotion was the natural and irrepressible outpouring of righteous indignation.

His ambition from the outset of his career was the bench, yet he twice de-

clined an offer to go upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States because he thought he could be of more service in other fields of work. It is no secret that he not only did not seek the Presidency, but, on the contrary, opposed till the last the efforts of his friends to place him in that office. To all arguments that he should consent to be a candidate, he replied: "I do not want to be President. I am not a politician, and I dislike politics. I do want to go on the bench, and my ambition is to be Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. I believe I could be of more service to the country there than I could be in the office of President, provided I could be elected to it, which is more than doubtful."

Destiny had other views of his powers of usefulness. As President it will fall to him to make a sufficient number of appointments of Justices of the Supreme Court to change radically the constitution of that court. It is not unreasonable to believe that in making selections for these he may perform a larger service to the country than would have been in his power as Chief-Justice.

In his defense of his conduct as judge in injunction proceedings, he declared that he only carried out the law; that as judge it was not within his province to question the wisdom or justice of the law, but simply to execute it. In defining his attitude toward labor questions, he declared that he was in favor of equal justice to all men, no more and no less—the same justice to the laboring man as to all others; no modified or qualified or partial justice for anybody, but plain justice for all. The simplicity, directness, and fearless, uncompromising honesty of the man stood out in these deliverances so clearly that all the world could see what manner of man he was. To the everlasting honor of the American people, including thousands of the workingmen of the land, he who dared to take this position was elected President by an overwhelming majority, the nation saying with Lowell:

I honor the man who has courage to sink  
Half his present repute for the freedom to  
think;  
And when he has thought, be his cause strong  
or weak,



Will risk t' other half for the freedom to  
 speak,  
 Caring not for what vengeance the mob have  
 in store,  
 Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or  
 lower.

The American people admire courage in politics,—they “dew like a man who ain't afeard,”—and they are always in favor of fair play. Mr. Taft gave them a chance to go on record on these points, and they improved the opportunity as they have seldom done in our history. In giving them this opportunity, Mr. Taft did his country a service of inestimable value. He had performed great public services before in many fields, and may safely be expected to perform many more, but he can never hope to surpass this in its far-reaching and enduring national benefit.

Taft the man and Taft the official are two distinct entities. Politicians and office-seekers have discovered with amazement the inflexible rigidity with which the line of separation is drawn. “The best thing in Washington,” said a returned New Yorker who had visited him for the first time while he was Secretary of War, “is Taft's laugh. It is worth a journey from New York just to hear it.” Everybody who has heard it—and who that ever met him has failed to do so?—will concur in this judgment. It is a laugh like the man himself, big, hearty, and full of healthy enjoyment of life—the laugh of a frank, open, generous, thoroughly human man, who likes his fellow-men and wishes to share with them all the fun there is going. It cannot be said of him, as is often said of others, that he laughs with the outside of his face only. He laughs all over, with his whole body, and the laugh is as big as the body. He loves a good joke and a good story, and his sense of humor is as abounding as it is keen.

But with Mr. Taft the fun of life is one thing, and the public business quite another. The Taft laugh has nothing to do with the latter. Many a politician has made this discovery with both astonishment and disgust. While the echoes of the laugh, called forth by the politician's good story, are still reverberating in the room, Mr. Taft will turn to his desk,

transformed in a second from the jolly “good fellow” to the stern, uncompromising official. The late good story and resounding laugh are as far away as “yesterday's seven thousand years.” There is only one question under consideration, and that is, What is best for the public service? Nothing will swerve the big man at the desk from that point. Even the tears still in his eyes from the convulsing effect of the good story have no power to move him.

“What kind of man is Taft, anyway,” asked an eminent politician who had been exposed in some compromising transactions, and in consequence had been denied political companionship by Mr. Taft. “I have known him for a quarter of a century, and we have been friendly all the time, but I do not really know him to-day.” He had made the mistake of thinking the Taft laugh and the Taft jolly good fellowship of private life lapped over and reached into official life. This they never do. Taft the official recognizes none of the obligations that pertain exclusively to Taft the private citizen. When the question of public interest is raised, all personal obligations and relations are put relentlessly aside. A lifelong personal friend is placed upon precisely the same basis as a total stranger. The one decisive factor in the problem is, What is best for the public service? No matter how close a personal friend a man may be, no matter what personal service he may have rendered to Mr. Taft in the past, if he has shown that for any reason whatever his selection for a position of public trust, or his retention in such position, is not for the best interest of the public service, he has no hope before that tribunal. Those blue eyes which a moment before were beaming with joy over that good story of yours, are now as cold as marble, and as unrelenting. You have failed to meet the test—that unfaltering faith to patriotic duty which is, as I have said, a religion with Mr. Taft.

When Mr. Taft went to the Philippines in the spring of 1900 he entered upon his work there animated solely by this ideal of public duty. He had not thought the war with Spain just or even necessary, and had regretted that it had resulted in the acquisition of the Philippines. But when the Treaty of Paris was



From a photograph, copyright, 1908, by the Lumière Studio, Omaha. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

*Wm. A. Taft*



ratified by the Senate and its ratification had been approved by the American people, he acquiesced in the result and, like many others who held similar views, put the past aside and turned to the future, holding it to be the patriotic duty of every loyal American to aid the Government in reaching the best possible solution of the new problems confronting it. He was incapable of taking any other view of the situation, and while he was not surprised that certain sympathizers with his ante-war views could not accept or acquiesce in his later attitude, he was irritated and annoyed by their persistent criticism of and venomous opposition to his official policy in the Philippines. It did not accord with his conceptions of patriotic duty that American citizens should unite with Filipino irreconcilables in opposition to the policy of the American Government. It was difficult for him to understand their inability, or their unwillingness, to comprehend the sincerity of his motives and the patriotic devotion which inspired his conduct. In his mind, the subject was not open to debate. When one of his most violent and irrational critics arrived at Manila, with the avowed purpose of aggravating existing discontent and organizing rebellion among Filipino opponents of American rule, he refused to permit him to land unless he should first take the oath of allegiance to the American Government. There was grim humor, as well as a stern sense of duty, behind that action.

But while he was irritated by the criticism mentioned, and at times was hot with righteous indignation at the extreme form which it often assumed, he soon reached the point of complete indifference to it, having discovered that it represented, in no appreciable degree, the sentiment of the American people. After he had left the Philippines and had been for a year or more in Washington, his attention was called to a fresh outbreak from one of the chief sources of this hostility. With a great roar of laughter, he exclaimed, "What, is that old thing"—naming the newspaper—"going on yet?"

Mr. Taft's long experience in public life, while it has not made him indifferent to criticism, has taught him that certain kinds of criticism are unworthy of notice. Like most men of similar experience, he has found out that much of so-called independent criticism is in fact the most intensely partizan and the most recklessly dishonest that public servants are subjected to. Criticism of this sort defeats itself. As John Hay said in one of his later utterances concerning the freedom of the press: "Not only is the course of the Government in all matters subject to daily comment, but the motives of public men are as freely discussed as their acts, and if, as sometimes happens, criticism proceeds to the point of calumny, the evil is left to work its own cure."

To that philosophic state of mind, Mr. Taft long ago brought himself. "Strong in himself as in a fate," conscious of the rectitude of his own purposes, and grounded inflexibly upon principles that he has never violated, he welcomes intelligent and just criticism and ignores serenely, or finds material for amusement in, all other kinds.

No one who has followed his career or has had the inestimable privilege of his friendship has any doubt as to his success in the Presidency. He will enter upon its duties not only the most thoroughly trained man that has ever held the office, but the only man who has long and specific training for it. He has been the wheelhorse of the Roosevelt administration for seven years, taking a leading part in the solution of its problems, in the formulating of its policies, and in the execution of many of the most difficult of them. His capacity for work, like his intellectual capacity, is well-nigh inexhaustible. His is literally a sound mind in a sound body, and it works with the ease, precision, and effectiveness of a perfect machine. He will represent in the White House all that is best in our national life, and in his policies and acts he will seek to attain those results which will conform most nearly to the ideals and aspirations of the American people.





THE TAFT HOME IN CINCINNATI WHERE WILLIAM H. TAFT WAS BORN

W. H. Taft is standing at the fence; H. W. Taft is sitting on the gatepost; Horace Taft is sitting near the tree in the background. Fanny Taft, now wife of Dr. William H. Edwards of Los Angeles, is sitting with her mother on the bench. The standing figure is that of Miss Delia C. Torrey, sister of Mrs. Alphonso Taft.

## TURNING POINTS IN MR. TAFT'S CAREER

### AND HIS ATTITUDE AS REVEALED IN HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM HIS PEN

- I. HE DECLINES TO BE CONSIDERED FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF YALE
- II. HE ACCEPTS THE APPOINTMENT ON THE PHILIPPINES COMMISSION

#### I

IN 1899 members of the Corporation of Yale desired to have William Howard Taft permit the use of his name in connection with the vacancy in the presidency of the University, and at the request of these members, his brother Henry W. Taft wrote him a letter, which ran in part as follows:

"The persons in the corporation advocating your selection, fear that you think that the man selected should have qualities which no man living could possess, or, in other words, that you have idealized the position beyond the possibility of realization. What they are striving to obtain

is a broad-minded man of affairs, of reputation and position in the country at large, of good presence and scholarly, though not professorial, attainments, of executive ability, popularity and progressiveness. They do not think the man should be one who could give points to the professors in their specialties or dictate to them in matters of curriculum, though he should have some appreciation of the work that they are doing and should be able to be a creditable representative of the University when coming in contact with the world in general. Their idea has quite naturally led to the suggestion that there should be established a position of Vice-President and Dean of the



Academic Faculty, which should be filled by promotion of one of the professors. The Dean would naturally come in close touch with the Faculty in all academic questions, and the President would be the head of the University and its representative in all questions of its broader policy. It is thought that no one man can be found who will combine in himself the qualities which two men in these two positions might require. It is the belief of your friends in the corporation that you possess in an eminent degree the qualities which a president, performing functions like those mentioned above should have, and they are anxious, before you reach a conclusion, that you should consider the question from their standpoint. I perhaps do not convey very well the idea which these men have, who have been giving the matter more thought than I. But from what Winthrop says, I think I know you and your aptitude sufficiently well to say that you would fill

the position with entire credit and without detriment to your reputation, although I do not yet say that I would advise you to take it. I have my doubts."

In response Judge Taft, on January 23, 1899, wrote in part as follows:

"There are . . . insuperable objections to my accepting an election to the Presidency of Yale University. . . . While I agree that a great University needs at its head a man of affairs and of executive capacity, I cannot forget that a University is an organization for the purpose of imparting the highest and broadest education to those who seek it. Its President should, first of all, therefore, be an educator. He ought to be the real presiding officer in each of the faculties that make up the governing and teaching bodies of the University. He must have such broad culture and wide learning that he may be able to enter intelligently into the general discussions likely to arise in each faculty meeting.



From a stereopticon photograph made in front of the stable at the homestead in Cincinnati

#### THE TAFT BOYS AND THEIR PONY

William H. is at the head and Henry W. at the flank of the pony; Horace is in the saddle.

The profession of the educator is as distinct from that of the lawyer or that of the minister as those two professions are distinct from each other. It is true that one of the important functions of a President is to look after and conserve the material interests of the University. He has a duty to perform in acquainting persons of wealth with the responsibility that wealth imposes and the dependence of the higher educational interests of the country upon them for support. He must represent the University to the world. The exalted position of independence and disinterestedness which is accorded to a President of a University like Yale gives him an influence and power for good in the discussion of public affairs and the guiding of public thought that can hardly be exaggerated. It is this opportunity of the President of Yale which most attracts me.

"I venture to think, however, that in our enthusiasm over the material advancement of our University and the pride we may feel in a president who worthily represents our Alma Mater to the world and is a power in the nation that makes for righteousness, we may become unmindful of the fact that the prime object of a university is to maintain the highest educational standards and that the first duty of the head of a University is to see to it that the educational opportunities it affords are progressively higher from year to year. It makes comparatively little difference whether we have 1500 or 2500 undergraduates or 100 or 200 men in the graduate department, but it makes a great deal of difference whether the standards of scholarship and literary excellence are as high as they should be, whether the methods of study are the most approved, and whether it is really a university in the sense that the best opportunities are offered for study in every branch of human knowledge. The President should be one having the wide learning, the liberal spirit of progress, the comprehensive grasp of the whole educational field to enable him to give the initiative if it be necessary to real progress in each department and on the other hand to restrain ill-advised changes proposed by one-sided enthusiasts.

"A man like myself who has had the benefit of only the usual academic educa-

tion, who has occupied himself since graduation with the practice and study of a jealous profession like the law, and whose general reading and study have been of a desultory character is necessarily lacking in the wide culture, breadth of learning and technical preparation in the science of education which are needed to discharge the duties I have attempted to describe. He would make a great mistake and would injure both the University and himself were he to assume the high obligations of the office of President.

"For these reasons, I have no hesitation in saying definitely that were the Corporation of Yale to invite me to become President I should decline the great honor."

That this was no perfunctory expression of his appreciation of the "great honor" may be inferred from the traditional loyalty to Yale which is expressed in the fact that since 1830 the Taft family has held a continuity of representation among undergraduates of the University. The brothers of Judge Taft's generation cherish with filial pride the letter of commendation given to their father, the late Hon. Alphonso Taft, attorney-general in the cabinet of General Grant, by President Theodore Dwight Woolsey and others of the faculty, after his graduation, which letter is here reproduced by permission.

## II

WHEN President McKinley tendered to Judge Taft the appointment as a member of the Philippines Commission, the former wrote to his brothers Henry and Horace on January 28, 1900, as follows:

"The President said he had sent for me to induce me to accept an appointment as a member of the Philippines Commission which he expected to reappoint to visit the Islands and organize a civil government and prepare a provisional code adapted to the present circumstances. He said that he did not think that President Schurman of Cornell was going back again and in that case he wished to make me president of the Commission. He asked me how I felt about the Philippine question. I told him I was very much opposed to taking them, that I did not favor expansion, but that now that we were there we were under the most sacred



Mr. Alphonso Taft, a gentleman  
of liberal attainments, and very estimable  
character, having been educated at  
this college, where he ranked among the most  
distinguished in literature and science, and  
having afterwards discharged, for some time,  
the office of Tutor in the institution,  
with great fidelity and success, he is com-  
mended to the respectful regard and atten-  
tion of the patrons of talent and learning,  
wherever his lot may be cast, in the dis-  
charge of his professional duties.

Jeremiah Day  
B. Silliman  
J. L. Kingsley

Yale College,  
Aug. 10. 1830

Senison Olmsted  
J. L. Kingsley

LETTER OF COMMENDATION OF ALPHONSO TAFT, FATHER OF WILLIAM H. TAFT

duty to give them a good form of govern-  
ment; that I did not agree with Senator  
Hoar and his followers that the Filipinos  
were capable of self-government or that  
we were violating any principles of our  
government or the Declaration of Inde-  
pendence so far as they were concerned;  
that I thought we were doing them great  
good, but that I deprecated our taking  
the Philippines because of the assumption  
of a burden by us contrary to our tradi-  
tions and at a time when we had quite  
enough to do at home; but, being there,  
we must exert ourselves to construct a  
government which should be adapted to  
the needs of the people so that they might

be developed into a self-governing people.  
I said, however, that I was not a Spanish  
scholar and did not feel that I could ren-  
der the service he could secure from  
others. He said that he had selected me,  
that Hay, Root and Long had all said I  
must go, when my name was suggested. I  
asked him whether he expected me to re-  
sign my judicial office. . . . 'Well,' he  
said, 'all I can say to you is that if you  
give up this judicial office at my request  
you shall not suffer. If I last and the op-  
portunity comes, I shall appoint you.'  
'Yes,' said Long, 'it means judicial pro-  
motion to you.' 'Yes,' said the President,  
'if I am here you 'll be here.' Root said,

'This will make you a great deal broader judge on your return.' . . . I took a week in which to decide. The President is evidently very anxious to have me accept and if I do and opportunity arises, I have no doubt that promotion would follow. If it does not I should have to go back to the practice after the service terminates. . . . The question of course is, Am I willing, and ought I, to give up my present position for what is offered *in presenti* and *in futuro*? The opportunity to do good and help along in a critical stage in the country's history is very great. Root especially urged this view. I am still young as men go and I am not afraid to go back to the practice, though I confess that I love my present position. Perhaps it is the comfort and dignity and power without worry I like. Ought I to allow this to deter me from accepting an opportunity thrust on me to accomplish more important and more venturesome tasks with a possible greater reward?"

In October, 1901, Judge Taft had an illness in Manila the severity of which was not known in the States. He was taken to the First Reserve Hospital in Manila and at one time was so low that not only was hope abandoned, but his death was actually placarded in the hospital.

On August 31, 1900, Judge Taft, writing to his brother Charles, said:

"The Filipino people are full of music. It is their one national occupation. Every Filipino plays on some instrument, and their family meetings are nothing but little family soirees. They have no conservatory of music here. They are a people who are easily touched by comparatively small things. If, after McKinley's election, I could announce on behalf of a certain number of Americans that they would contribute one hundred thousand dollars to the founding of a Filipino con-

servatory of music, I cannot exaggerate the good effect that this would have, especially if we named it the 'Rizal Conservatory.' Rizal was a man much given to music. I have no doubt that the Filipinos, many of whom are wealthy, would contribute a substantial fund, and that we might establish the beginning of an institution which would start an art dear to the hearts of these people."

This is the more significant of the writer's sympathy and tact when it is stated that, like General Grant, he has no fondness for music.

The following extract from one of his letters shows not only the spirit in which Judge Taft prosecuted his work in the Philippines but the imperturbability with which he regarded criticism.

"You may perhaps have seen Roosevelt's speech at Harvard in which he flatters Root and Wood and me. I confess that, while I value the good feeling and generous spirit he manifests toward me in saying such things, for once in my life I agree with the Evening . . . in deprecating the representation that we are sacrificing ourselves when we ought to be rejoicing on the opportunities we have for such interesting work. I am not a martyr, nor am I sacrificing anything. I count myself very fortunate to be where hard work may do some good. If the thing were put to Roosevelt in this way, I know he would agree; but he was led away by what he regards as the unjust criticism and lack of appreciation of us. No one ever did work in a public way which accomplished anything that he did not encounter the opposition of good, conscientious men, as well as that of the politician and the scalawag; and it is useless, in my judgment, to pay much attention to such opposition, though it appears in respectable journals."





# THREE LYRICS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

## I

### LOVE IN A LOOK

LET me but feel thy look's embrace,  
Transparent, pure, and warm,  
And I'll not ask to touch thy face,  
Or fold thee with mine arm.  
For in thine eyes a girl doth rise,  
Arrayed in candid bliss,  
And draws me to her with a charm  
More close than any kiss.

A loving-cup of golden wine,  
Songs of a silver brook,  
And fragrant breaths of eglantine,  
Are mingled in thy look.  
More fair they are than any star,  
Thy topaz eyes divine—  
And deep within their trysting-nook  
Thy spirit blends with mine.

## II

### MY APRIL LADY

WHEN down the stair at morning  
The sun-rays round her float,  
Sweet rivulets of laughter  
Are bubbling in her throat;  
The gladness of her greeting  
Is gold without alloy;  
And in the morning sunlight  
I think her name is Joy.

When in the evening twilight  
The quiet book-room lies,  
We read old songs of sorrow,  
While from her hidden eyes

The tears are falling, falling,  
That give her heart relief;  
And in the shadowy twilight,  
I think her name is Grief.

My little April lady!  
Of sunshine and of showers  
She weaves the old spring magic,  
And breaks my heart in flowers!  
But when her moods are ended,  
She nestles like a dove;  
Then, by the pain and rapture,  
I know her name is Love.

## III

### A LOVER'S ENVY

I ENVY every flower that blows  
Beside the pathway where she goes,  
And every bird that sings to her,  
And every breeze that brings to her  
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme  
That moves her heart at eventime,  
And every tree that wears for her  
Its brightest bloom, and bears for her  
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night  
That paves her path with moonbeams white,  
And silvers all the leaves for her,  
And in their shadow weaves for her  
A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires  
Of her a gift, a task that tires:  
I only long to live to her,  
I only ask to give to her  
All that her heart desires.



# TAFT AS ADMINISTRATOR

TRAITS AND METHODS AS REVEALED BY  
HIS WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY JAMES A. LE ROY

A MAN does not become President of the United States without having had the main facts of his life, and many minor incidents of it, published and republished. Mr. Taft had experienced this sort of publicity long before the campaign of 1908. We are now asking, What has he done? and, What manner of man is he? solely with reference to the larger question: What sort of President will he be?

Nobody can be ignorant of the fact that the new President is a very genial man. Only those who have come into personal contact with him can comprehend the full force of his winning personality. But the "Taft smile," once celebrated only in the Philippines, has become proverbial around the world, and surely that hypothetical being known as the "general reader" has long since learned that there is more than "hail-fellow-well-met" in this man's make-up, and that his stock of good-nature is a compound of magnificent tactfulness, a sane outlook upon life in the broader as well as in the lesser aspects, and a vigorous optimism that is almost invincible.

Something more than mere diplomacy was at the basis of Mr. Taft's success as a witness before the Senate Committee at Washington in 1902. It was shortly after his first return from the Philippines, and for days he had to undergo a searching and critical partizan examination, being meanwhile under the care of surgeons. The logic and the mastery of the subject he there displayed, impressed not only official Washington, but the whole nation; and it may be said that from that day to this there has been a general con-

sensus of opinion that the policy he advocated ought to have a fair trial in the Philippines. Any one will appreciate Mr. Taft's achievement who recalls what a tangle of conflicting views and contradictory testimony had been our "Philippine question" from 1898 to 1902. Afterward, in the heat of the bitterest partizan debate for years, not a Democrat critic—at least, in the Senate—but turned for a moment from personal recrimination and partizan attack to pay a compliment to Mr. Taft's fairness and honesty. He has never had a more striking tribute than that.

We human beings are, sadly enough, too cynical to accept such good humor quite at its face value at once. I have to be lenient with those who, after one or two meetings with Mr. Taft, pronounce him just a "good politician"; for, when I left newspaper work, a calling wherein one easily comes to think that every one treats him well because he has an ax to grind, or as a matter of policy, and went out with the Taft Commission in 1900, I made at first the same explanation of Mr. Taft's beaming smile and ever-ready joke. It required some months to learn that this was a man whose outlook on life was a constantly happy one, rather a constitutionally happy one; that he met and treated high and low in the same way, whether Japanese 'rickshaw man, Filipino servant, clerical subordinate, diplomat, or official.

I had begun to doubt whether Mr. Taft had a temper, when, one day, I happened to be the bearer of a written message, petty in tone and on a minor matter, but the more amazing because it came as the climax of a series of attempts to put



obstacles in the way of the Commission's program. Knowing the nature of the message, I lingered to observe its effect. As he read it, Mr. Taft's face flushed with sudden anger; then the redness passed as his lips tightened in a firm line and his features became hard and stern and his powerful frame straightened rigidly in his chair. Then his features relaxed suddenly, he leaned back in his chair, and burst into a hearty laugh, throwing the paper across the desk, and saying: "Read that. Is n't it funny?" This ability to laugh off annoyances over which some men would waste nervous energy, is one of the chief elements in his equipment as a public man.

No man can excel Mr. Taft in sense of duty. It is well known that the argument which finally prevailed over his objections to going to the Philippines in 1900 was Secretary Root's appeal to his sense of duty.

Though often told, no story about him better reveals what has been the guiding motive in his career than that concerning the place on the Supreme Court offered to him at the end of 1902. This was the place coveted by his ambition. He had given more than the two years of service in the Philippines that he had originally promised. Moreover, the year before he had come near to death's door in Manila, and physicians at home had warned him against returning. It was open to him to step from a life full of risk and worrying problems into the judicial life which had been his ideal. But he knew that his constructive work in the Philippines had only the outward semblance of completion; he knew, too, that his own personality was a large factor in a situation as yet not entirely clear. Hence his first reply to President Roosevelt's offer of a place on the Supreme bench was to cable a modest statement of these considerations and his declination with thanks. The President seemed not to appreciate fully these reasons, and renewed the offer, urging it upon a man who could not be replaced where he was. Mr. Taft's reply was the true soldier's, saying in substance: "Feeling that the reasons already stated are paramount, nevertheless, if you think that I can best be used there, I am at your service." In modesty he could not insist that he was indispensable to the existing

Philippine situation. But the Filipinos promptly took that off his hands, making demonstrations of protest until the President abandoned the project of placing on the judicial bench the man who was yet to remove from Philippine politics its most dangerous problem, the friars' lands, to supervise the construction of the Panama Canal, to avert disorder in Cuba, and finally to succeed Mr. Roosevelt as President.

Further on, it will be in point to discuss his habit of sacrificing minor aims or opinions to secure larger ends, a plainly marked policy with Mr. Taft. This, too, has played its part in his relations with Mr. Roosevelt. It hardly need be said, so generally recognized is it, that his *ways* are different from Mr. Roosevelt's. Yet, though this be true, and though he has undoubtedly disagreed with his former chief on some matters, there can be no question at all that his loyalty, in its larger aspects, has ever been strained. No one could hear one speak of the other without appreciating the enthusiastic friendship which exists between them.

Mr. Taft has said at times: "It is too hard for me to say no." This is true, however, where men rather than measures are concerned. He "stands by" the men who work with or under him,—and sometimes finds it hard to get rid of a man for the sake of a work. The "Wallace incident" might be taken as indicating the contrary. The truth is, rather, that his outburst on the occasion of Mr. Wallace's relinquishment of the work in Panama was due to considerations which entirely overpowered his ordinary impulses. That episode finds complete explanation in Mr. Taft's own career—in his sense of loyalty to duty.

Mr. Taft's gentleness in refusal has had a part in causing some to believe that he lacks positiveness. He has the knack, as disappointed seekers after favors have put it, of "refusing you, yet sending you away thinking he would have granted what you asked if he could." But, just as this giant of good humor sometimes gets thoroughly angry, so, too, no one could be more flat-footed in refusal of a request or in condemnation of a proposition than he is on occasion. Where matters of policy or principle are clearly outlined he has no difficulty in saying no.

Those who think that he has not

forcefulness and persistence should examine his Philippine record. No man without the fighting spirit, as well as loyalty to principle and unflagging optimism, could have done such a work or would have clung to it as he has, in the face of discouragements arising therein, of opposition from all sorts of parties and interests and criticism from all angles of view, native, foreign, and American. Coming from an interview with an American general commanding in the Philippines, wherein the latter, who had at first undertaken to coöperate heartily with the Taft program, had expressed a very speedily developed pessimism as to the possibility of its success, Mr. Taft said:

"Why, if I felt as he does, I should ask to be relieved and go home. A man can never accomplish anything who does not believe in what he is trying to do, and in his ability to do it."

The public, impressed by the great rewards Mr. Taft has had for his Philippine work, has overlooked the opposition he has faced, for the truth is, that even in the moments of his greatest prestige and popularity, he has had a steady uphill pull. When he is on the spot, his tact and geniality disarm much of the opposition; occasionally, even when on the ground, he has had to crush or smother a rising spirit of hostility, showing the sterner side of his nature, as he did in his famous speech at Iloilo in 1903, when he said, in substance, that those Americans and foreign whites who could not accept in spirit the policy expressed in the phrase "The Philippines for the Filipinos" were free to leave the islands, not being under any compulsion to remain to criticize and to thwart the government's efforts.

When he was absent from the islands, all the elements of hostility to his policy were at work to undermine it. Swaggering adventurers, who talked grandiloquently of representing "American commercial interests," and barroom-loafers posing as journalists, were not the only enemies on the ground. Even the minority of responsible business men and the few respectable journalists and lawyers were against a policy which subordinated the material development of the Philippines to the advancement of the Filipinos, and sometimes even to their prejudices. Finally, the majority of the Americans in government

service, including some high officials as well as clerical or other subordinates, acquiesced in the policy only on the surface, and quite lacked the missionary spirit so necessary to its proper working. All these critics, public and private, paid court to Mr. Taft when he revisited the islands, and for a time the talk was of peace and good will. He poured oil on the waters in 1905 and again in 1907, finding them each time very turbulent, in a sort of tempest-in-a-teapot fashion. But six months after his last visit, the sentiment of hostility to him nearly found expression in the election of two anti-Taft delegates to the Republican National Convention, merely in the hope of thus attracting attention in the United States to the unpopularity of the Taft policy among Americans in the Philippines.

His popularity with the Filipinos is also overrated in the United States. He himself has no illusions on the subject of having elicited from them the gratitude he has really earned. They are yet more easily smoothed over than the American residents, when he is in his customary rôle of diplomat and peacemaker. But, even in 1903, when his popularity was at its height, the radical element and the less revolutionary but even more hostile element of Latinized Filipinos who hate and distrust all things which the term "Anglo-Saxon" means to them, were secretly jealous and alarmed at his prestige—jealous because his diplomacy had won over a large and influential following of Filipinos, and alarmed at the possibility of what they vaguely call the "Americanization" of their people. And whenever he has spoken freely of Filipino faults as well as virtues, as he has done frequently since 1903, and to their faces in 1905, these enemies among the natives have magnified and distorted what he has said, and have painted him as a two-faced man, posing as a friend of the Filipinos only in order to pacify them, then slandering them and betraying their interests. Many intelligent and honest Filipinos sincerely view his Philippine record in this light, especially those who are bitter against the friars and Rome itself and who resent all compromises on these lines. But the men who have tried most to spread this opinion among their countrymen are men who know better.



Still, Mr. Taft has his worshipers among the Filipinos, and these, too, among the very best of them. And he fills the imagination of the whole people, even down among the ignorant masses in a surprising degree, and looms before them as an almost superhuman figure. I shall not try to explain how Mr. Taft, so soon after his arrival in 1900, almost instantaneously in fact, gained such a hold over the Filipinos and mastered their ways of thought and action; for it remains a mystery to me yet. Also to Mr. Taft himself, perhaps, though, when asked once to explain it, he laughingly disclaimed knowledge of any magician's power. Nevertheless, there was, and is yet, something of the waving of the wand in it.

Two weeks after the Commission's arrival in Manila, when General MacArthur was trying to bring about peace under amnesty, Mr. Taft first showed his insight into Oriental indirections. The military authorities had sanctioned all arrangements for a "peace banquet," the principal feature of which was to be a high-flown speech by an utterly unreliable Filipino, wherein the United States was virtually represented as finally accepting an impossible protectorate. Learning of it at the last moment, Mr. Taft informed General MacArthur that the Commission could not appear to sanction such a scheme by being present and remaining silent. The banquet was held that evening, but the speech was not delivered. Had the program of the Filipinos whom General MacArthur was accepting as proper leaders of their people been carried out, the military authorities would have been put in the light of surrendering virtually all those things the refusal of which had caused the fighting of the preceding year and a half. Yet the opinion now current in the Army is that Mr. Taft robbed it of the fruits of its campaign.

Almost from the outset, Filipinos of the type above described, who purely out of habit will lie to their own comrades, would come before Mr. Taft and tell him the truth,—after their fashion of telling it,—but the truth, even when detrimental to themselves. There seemed to be something about him which impelled, nay, compelled, it from them. Yet he talked to them through an interpreter; and his subtleness was merely that of his usual jovial

diplomacy. He was as frank and outspoken with them as with any Anglo-Saxon.

The charge that he made possible the Federal Party's movement for peace in 1900—1 by leading the Filipinos to believe that their country might become a state or states in the American Union ought to need no refutation. The truth is, that movement was primarily, and for a time solely, a Filipino movement for peace, and as such was indorsed and aided in every way by the Commission; and the statehood idea, put forth as an "aspiration" for the future, was adopted only in order to placate and keep in line a certain few whose hobby it was at the moment. Moreover, what is of most importance as regards Mr. Taft's use of this party, he did not fail to tell its promoters frankly, when they formally submitted the platform to him, that, while he certainly could not but praise their declaration of American principles of government, yet statehood was a matter that the American people no less than the Filipino people would have to pass upon.

Hard work and an "infinite capacity for taking pains"—whether or not "genius" be something more than these—are elements in Mr. Taft's success with the Filipinos, as in other matters. The story about his dancing in the Philippines has gone the rounds in many forms; but, since it so well illustrates how he gives attention to the little things as well as to the great, it will bear repetition. In 1901, as the Commission sailed out of Manila Bay on its tour of the provinces, Mr. Taft called upon a young Spanish-Filipino in the party to diagram for him and explain the figures of the Spanish quadrille which (danced without "calling-off") is a prominent feature of balls in the Philippines. The next night he danced it, with only one mistake, at the first provincial capital visited; and he speedily became letter-perfect in the graceful old quadrille, sometimes even correcting the Filipino dancers in the same set with him. At every provincial capital he would spend the morning in a sweltering hall packed with delegates from all the towns of the province, explaining in a long speech the new form of government to be instituted and answering questions about it; then sit down to an elaborate "ban-

quet" at midday, and eat with apparent gusto dishes innumerable and indescribable; afterward go through another public session, and hold conferences with his colleagues and the American military officials of the district in the afternoon; then don evening attire (perhaps after a tedious trip to the transport, anchored a mile or miles from shore) and endure another banquet; and finally rising at nine or ten o'clock, would head the "official rigodon" wherewith the ball was opened, having for partner the wife of the leading citizen. If diplomacy required a distribution of his honors, he would waltz or dance the rigodon with two, three, or half a dozen other women of the native aristocracy. He would do all this in spite of his three hundred pounds and the lethargy which overtakes one in the tropics,—a lethargy to which we young members of the staff frankly succumbed. Mr. Taft seemed really to enjoy this self-imposed task of diplomacy, and not infrequently waltzed with Mrs. Taft as an addition to his evening program.

When the transport made a run of half a day or more between islands, Mr. Taft was busy in his cabin examining the new code of civil procedure which had been drafted under Judge Ide's oversight. Sometimes, in shorter runs, he burned lights in the cabin till late hours, engaged on this and other features of the program of legislation to be adopted before a new civil government for the archipelago could be set going. Always this work had to be done in a hurry; yet always he seemed unhurried.

It is in point here to consider Mr. Taft as a student, in relation to the public questions with which he deals, and as a man of culture in his general social relations. Some recent estimates of him imply that he is a sort of good-natured giant whom marvelous industry and a genius for diplomacy have served as a substitute for great talent. Indeed, there appears in certain quarters a tendency to congratulate the country because he is not "brilliant"—or eager to display "versatility." Yet his record certainly shows him to be versatile, in a far-reaching sense. It is certainly a distortion of language to call a man a mere plodder because he gets up his subjects thoroughly. Any one who has heard Mr. Taft dictate to a stenographer,

and has observed how rapidly and yet perfectly knitted with thought come out the sentences even of an important public paper, realizes that his brain is a splendid machine, powerful and accurate, and also swift, in its workings. The fact is, he has deliberately cultivated a certain simplicity of style in his addresses and reports, aiming primarily at clearness of exposition; his sentences, when conversing rapidly or when dictating a paper, are, while most logically interwoven, apt to be somewhat packed with thoughts and modifying considerations, and he revises not a little with his pen.

His reading in English literature has been very considerable, as his conversation regularly shows. He quotes quite frequently from French and German authors, and of course is now familiar with Spanish, especially on the side of legal, political, and administrative matters. He still uses an interpreter whenever a conversation in Spanish is to turn upon important matters. In common with many Anglo-Saxons, Mr. Taft never seems to acquire the accent of a foreign language.

It would not seem that, since 1900, he could have had any time at all for general reading; nevertheless, he apparently has, when or how it would be hard to say. The home life of the Tafts has never been allowed to be entirely interrupted, even in the busiest periods. And to revert to what has been indicated, Mr. Taft must possess a brain which selects and assimilates with marvelous rapidity; he certainly does not get things as the plodder does, by main force. Repeatedly, in his first year's work in the Philippines, as also since, he has given evidence of his study of the colonial history and present colonial problems of other nations, especially Great Britain. It was a surprise more than once, when Mr. Taft was apparently almost buried in the work accumulated right around him, to note the evidences of these outside investigations. He would be first to disclaim the title of "colonial expert"; but some of the gentlemen who are ready to wear that title, and who have criticized his Philippine program as one adopted in blithe ignorance of the experience of other nations, might be surprised to learn that this "Jeffersonian-ideals foolishness," as one called it, was adopted not solely out



of American sentimentality, but after deliberate rejection in some respects of foreign experience and aims.

Mr. Taft's knowledge is broad and thorough, indeed, yet there is in it a great element of insight and intuition, to carry our analysis further. It hardly needs reiteration, then, that he has imagination, and that, too, in the most comprehensive sense of the word. Perhaps we may come nearest to explaining him and his greatest achievements if we say he has "sympathetic imagination." A splendid illustration is his insight, first, into Spanish institutions and into Spanish-Malay character in the Philippines, then, secondly, into Spanish-American character in Cuba. It could not have been attained through deep study. There was no time, and such insight comes not by investigation into books and documents: it can only be aided thereby. The same is true, to some extent at least, with the knowledge Mr. Taft displays of the fundamentals of the civil law, a knowledge which has not only helped him much in the reconstruction of semi-Latinized societies, but which makes him to-day a greater and broader Anglo-Saxon jurist.

Surprise need not have been felt that, when drawn from the quiet of the judge's life, Mr. Taft speedily showed ability as an administrator overshadowing his judicial record. Before he became a Federal judge he had been a newspaper-reporter, a lawyer in private practice, a prosecuting officer, an internal-revenue collector, legal adviser to county officers on taxation matters and details of administration, and United States Solicitor-General, dealing with tariff and seal-fishery matters among others; and both while a State judge and while a Federal judge, he dealt with not a few cases, such as railroad receiverships, strikes, boycotts, and trusts, which took him deeply not only into the study of the law on socio-economic matters, but into their practical aspects.

Still, it was in the Philippines that he had his first real opportunity as an administrator. And side by side with the aptitude for administration which he so speedily showed, there developed a liking for the rôle. Yet he still thought of himself as only a recruit, temporarily drafted from a judicial career. In a little party of

three or four, one Sunday in 1901, a subordinate said to him (what had already been the gossip of his staff):

"Judge Taft, you may very likely be made President for what you have been doing out here."

"Oh, I hardly think the Philippines look so large to people in the United States as they do to us out here," he replied with a laugh, then adding soberly: "And if I had time to nourish ambition, it would be in the line of the Supreme Court. You see, I'm a sort of rough-fit as an administrator."

His early newspaper experience, apart from his geniality and diplomacy, from the very outset made it easy for him to deal with writers for the press. Still, he shrank for a long time from the intrusions of photographers and interviewers into his personal and family privacy. In this age of publicity, even to the point of impertinence, a man of prominence soon grows callous to that sort of thing; but an occasional quick protest has shown that it sometimes strains even Mr. Taft's good nature. A specially persistent "snap-shooter" may be cut short with: "Don't you think six exposures of me in my most ungainly postures ought to suffice?"

Mr. Taft asks advice and information not only from his subordinates, but also from outside as well as official sources, and from authorities on a subject in hand. He told the exact truth of himself when he said, in opening public sessions of the Commission on the proposed new fundamental laws and inviting Filipino discussion and criticism: "We have no pride of opinion, I hope."

More important still, his attitude is such as to invite advice and information. He can listen; he does not resent criticism, and if convinced, will admit himself in the wrong. I know this from experience, both when I was merely the private secretary of one of his colleagues on the Commission and later when I had no official connection with Philippine affairs. I once challenged a line of procedure for which Mr. Taft had already declared himself quite vigorously. He listened for several minutes in silence, while it was urged upon him that this procedure was in contradiction of the spirit of the policy he had declared in the Philippines. Suddenly he broke in, saying:

"You are right. I had not considered all the implications of it."

Will he fight for reforms? In considering that question we must discuss him frankly as a compromiser. He will fight, but he will first deliberately exhaust all peaceful means. As he said once to a pugnacious official whose methods won enemies for his measures: "Pull in your elbows. You can't make headway jabbing the crowd in the ribs." He believes in adjustment, in reconciliation of conflicting interests, in diplomatic negotiation, in compromise. His whole record is proof of this. The general plan of Philippine government, the Philippine church-property and friar-lands settlements, the pacification of Cuba—these are only the more commonly cited evidences of his preference for compromise, as well as of his remarkable talent for it. We might have sent to the Philippines in 1900 a man who would have been more concerned about squaring his every official act with a worked-out theory as to what the "constitutional fathers" thought of government from their eighteenth-century outlook upon the world than in meeting the practical issues of the moment. Such a man would have kept us in a myddle. Yet the man who did reconcile differences and harmonize factions in the Philippines never once lost sight of the genuine ideals of American government.

To say that Mr. Taft looks upon life as a process of self-adjustment, and upon government as a reconciliation of conflicting aims and interests, would, I think, express his attitude fairly. To him a person is not wholly good or wholly bad, a course of action is not perfectly ideal or utterly to be condemned. He has no such crude view of men and measures. He knows that every man is a mixture of good and bad, with one or the other perhaps predominating. So, also, he knows that there may be good in a political proposal in conflict with his customary way of looking at things; nor has he any illusions about finding panaceas, or accomplishing "sweeping reforms." On the one hand, he has an open mind; on the other, he would ordinarily advance only step by step, proving the way. He has, we may say, "the practical ideal of British statesmanship,"—a phrase often seen in English biographies,—with something of the contempt for theo-

rizing about government that goes with it. Other comparisons with British statesmen will occur: if not quite the "scholar in politics," to the degree that some of them have been, he brings to the leadership at Washington the sort of administrative training which has long been common in England, but which we in America have in the past not always weighed or valued.

In matters economic, Mr. Taft was trained in the old *laissez-faire* school, and is not so ready as some to reject all its teachings. On the legal side, he has the Anglo-Saxon lawyer's respect for property rights. In both these phases, he is still an individualist of the old school, though with an open, progressive mind, little given to dogmatizing in the face of conditions demanding a remedy. Thus, while adopting fiscal measures and political institutions that were deliberately designed to foster individualism in the Philippines, he has not hesitated to employ paternalistic measures where long-established custom or present exigencies seemed to demand their continuance or even their implantation, as recently in the case of the government land bank.

Any one who imagines he was a cloistered judge, his thinking limited entirely by musty precedents, should read his speech before the American Bar Association at Detroit in 1895. Incidentally serving as a reminder that there was a Pingree in Michigan before there was a La Follette in Wisconsin, it will show that Mr. Taft was studying politico-economic questions and considering reforms on broad lines long before he entered the cabinet of Theodore Roosevelt. In 1900 he said to me of Pingree, whose methods he did not at all approve: "I believe he has done considerable good, nevertheless. He has at least helped to draw public attention to evils, and that is a necessary step in reform."

Mr. Taft, personally generous, is typically American in his belief in a large-handed government. That has always been the American disposition, and a decade of great prosperity has accentuated the tendency. Since this is the popular attitude, and since in our system of government no adequate method of balancing income and outgo has yet been evolved, it is hard to criticize any of our public men on this score. Nevertheless, one feels that



here is Mr. Taft's greatest weakness as a statesman. It is, therefore, perhaps a matter of congratulation that his administration begins in the face of a treasury deficit, and with the revision of the tariff as its first pledge to be redeemed. This may prove a blessing in disguise to Mr. Taft, and it is not unreasonable to hope that we shall now begin to develop a more scientific system of handling our national budget.

Party lines are breaking up, have indeed broken up to an extent not generally realized. In part, this explains Mr. Taft's rise to power; and, at the same time, it gives him a great opportunity. Can we not now shake off a large part of the incubus which the Civil War left resting on our politics for over a generation? Mr. Taft has stood firmly for the essential rights of a colored race in the Philippines. At the same time, he would not confer on them political rights and duties far in advance of their preparation. And he has a very sympathetic understanding of the Southern white man's attitude. One day in 1905, in the mid-Pacific, a little crowd of Congressmen from the North and South were talking of the "race question" with him. The Northerners, of the

Civil-War generation, were stiff in the prejudices which had been hardened in the old contests over reconstruction. The Southerners, young men, though also strong in their particular prejudices, could still come half-way in the argument. As the party broke up, Mr. Taft said quietly to one of them: "Well, there is one thing that our conversation shows us, anyway, and that is, we younger men on both sides can get fairly close together."

Though our foreign relations were scarcely considered in the late campaign, they may very likely prove to be the overshadowing features of the coming administration. And it is highly significant that a man who has had such a career as Mr. Taft comes to the front at this time. The Philippine Islands may be an incubus; but on the credit side of the ledger it must be set down that they have given us such a man as William H. Taft for President, and have greatly helped to open before our young men of talent and ambition a way to like careers in the public service. Only the pessimist who is determined to see nothing but evil in the legacies of 1898 can deny that this is a benefit to American politics.



## UNBURIED

BY HELEN HAY WHITNEY

IN the wood the dead trees stand,  
Dead and living, hand to hand.  
Being winter, who can tell  
Which is sick and which is well?  
Standing upright, day by day  
Sullenly their hearts decay,  
Till a wise wind lays them low,  
Prostrate, empty; then we know.

So through forests of the street  
Men stand dead upon their feet,  
Corpses without epitaph.  
God withholds His wind of wrath:  
So we greet them, and they smile,  
Dead and doomed a weary while;  
Only sometimes through their eyes  
We may see the worm that plies.

# OUR PRESIDENTS OUT OF DOORS

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON

WITH SKETCHES BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

THE general interest in President Roosevelt's hunting, riding, and other athletic pleasures naturally suggests the habits of his predecessors in office. Some misinformation on this subject has been given from time to time in the press. It has been assumed that the present Chief Executive is the first of our rulers to be an enthusiast about outdoor exercises, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Cleve-

some intimate glimpses into the lives of our Presidents, will be found in appropriate places throughout this article.

In fact as well as in order of time, Washington has just claim to the very first place among our chieftains as a mighty out-of-doors man. He certainly spent a much larger proportion of his life in the open air than did any of the others.

Washington began his career as a



land, whose fame as a fisherman is known to all. But this is wide of the mark.

While certain facts bearing on this topic have been gleaned by reading, we have given further authenticity to this paper by obtaining from living representatives of many of the Presidential families what they know as to the recreations of their relatives who have occupied the White House. These letters, which give

sportsman while still a very young lad. One day, without permission, he ordered a negro to saddle a horse for him, and rode several miles from home to a fox-meet. The grown-ups jibed him, asking if he could stay on his horse and if the horse knew he had any one on his back. On this first hunt he saw two foxes killed. Among his favorite pastimes in youth and in mature life were running, leaping,



wrestling, jumping, and tossing heavy bars. He was a daring rider, and no horse was too fiery for him. As a boy he broke the colts of the neighborhood. Early in life he learned the use of foils and of the broadsword. He threw stones across the Rappahannock, over the Palisades, and to the top of the Natural Bridge. In 1772, the painter Peale said that while he was at Mount Vernon he saw Washington cast a heavy bar much farther than the most expert of the young men who were competing in the trial. Few men cared to wrestle with him.

He was an enthusiastic fox-hunter. He imported all his hunting regalia from England. His costume was made by the best tailors in London; it consisted of a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top-boots, velvet cap, and a whip with a long thong. His horses were the finest in the country. None could surpass "Blueskin," "Chinkling," "Valiant," "Ajax," and "Magnolia." He had a goodly kennel; and two or three times a week, when at home, he followed the cry of "Vulcan," "Ringwood," "Singer," "Music," "Sweetlips," "Forster," "Rockwood," and the rest. After the war Lafayette sent him hounds. He rode with the hounds everywhere, and was always in at the death.

Washington both shot and fished. In the journal of his surveying tour on Lord Fairfax's lands he noted occasionally the shooting of wild turkey. He hunted stags with Fairfax, who taught him venery. His last hunt was in 1785, when he killed a stag weighing one hundred and forty-six pounds. He shot ducks on many a morning, and was an expert fowler. As to fishing, he practised it from childhood. As boy and man he helped draw in the big seines, laden with shad and herring, and he caught many a fish with the line. While he was President he captured a codfish on the fishing-banks off Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

During the session of the Federal Congress in Philadelphia, he noted in his diary a fishing party near Valley Forge. He was in the habit of taking a breakneck dash on horseback, if anxious in mind, to scatter his cares. On his numerous engineering tours he nearly always slept, even in the coldest weather, in the open with a bear-skin around him. He had been

warned on his Western trip that the Indians had a jocular custom of squeezing the hand very hard when greeting a stranger. When he met Big Bear, he gave the chief a grip that made him cry out, to the amusement of the other Indians. He could wade breast-high across a swollen, rushing stream by carrying a heavy stone to keep him on his feet. He laughed at the suggestion that any horse could throw him. One day while he was Commander-in-Chief of the Continental armies he visited the headquarters of his friend Colonel Pickering, who at the time was absent. Pickering had a negro named Primus, whom Washington told that he was in need of exercise and that he must help him. He bade the negro tie a rope breast-high to a neighboring tree, and had him stand off and keep the rope taut. Then Washington ran back and forth, leaping over the rope until he said he had had enough exercise.

We must omit many details of his recreations—his walks about the Battery when he was President, his long drives and horseback rides up the old King's Road, One Hundred and Eighth Street, across to Bloomingdale, and down on the west side of the island to the city, as well as hunting memoranda of his expeditions with the Fairfaxes and others after game. Time fails also to tell of his Indian fights and the wild creatures he killed for food or in self-defense when in the wilderness.

JOHN ADAMS apparently made no effort to follow in the footsteps of Washington in physical culture. His great-grandson, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, writes me:

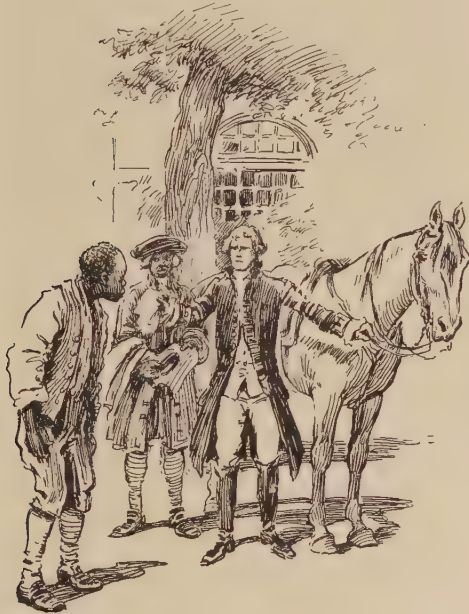
I know nothing in this respect of President John Adams, but I have no reason whatever to think that he ever took outdoor exercise simply because he loved to be out of doors and enjoyed physical movement. He took it in connection with his farm and the work thereon. I doubt, for instance, whether he ever dreamed of handling a scythe or cutting a tree with his own hands. The exercise he took was of a pottering character. In his younger days he rode on horseback. I doubt whether he ever rode on horseback after he went to Europe in 1780.

THOMAS JEFFERSON belongs distinctly among the physically strenuous Presi-

dents, and he revived the traditions of Washington, which had lapsed during the term of John Adams. Like the first President, he was a notable horseman and fox-hunter. From his youth up he followed the chase. Before his father died, when Jefferson was fourteen years of age, he had learned to "ride his horse, fire his gun, boldly stem the Rivanna when the swollen river was 'rolling red from brae to brae,' and press with unflagging foot through the rocky summits of the contig-

sonal habits from my father, and largely also from the old negroes. As a youth he was very fond of hunting, and spent a great deal of time in the mountains back of Edgehill and Shadwell, which in that day were filled with wild turkeys, possums, and coons. He and his companion, afterward his brother-in-law, Dabney Carr, were said to be very successful. I have heard that his erect carriage and long and healthy life were due to his habits at that period. There is a tree on the mountain side of Monticello under which the young men spent the days in study.

Men of that time were generally much more accomplished horsemen than are we of the present day. Mr. Jefferson was said to be second only to General Washington as a horseman. He rode constantly, and carried his horse with him to the College of William and Mary, to Philadelphia and to Washington. He was said always to ride a Virginia thoroughbred, the best he could get. The old negroes used to tell amusing stories of his particularity as to the keep of his horse. For instance, they said that he wiped a white silk handkerchief over his horse, and woe to Cæsar if it was soiled. I recollect distinctly his last horse, which died at Edgehill at thirty years of age. He was a handsome bay and was used by my brother and me in learning to ride. It used to amuse my father very much when we were riding with him on the public road that he would be remonstrated with for trusting those two little children on such a fiery horse. He would reply, he "would n't do it except the horse knew more about it than we did." Mr. Jefferson lived largely out of doors. He rode two hours every day, even in his old age. He never would allow a servant to accompany him, but always rode alone.



uous hills in pursuit of deer and wild turkeys." Parton says that without leaving his father's land he could shoot turkeys, deer, foxes, and other game. His father in his last hours specially charged his mother not to permit him to neglect the exercise requisite for his health. The advice was not needed, however, as the youth was then, and continued to be, a keen hunter.

He was all his life fond of riding and was a bold horseman. He had always a taste for fine horses. Dr. W. C. Randolph of Charlottesville, Virginia, a great-grandson of Jefferson, writes me:

Mr. Jefferson died eight years before I was born, but I obtained knowledge of his per-

While at the College of William and Mary, it was Jefferson's habit to run daily at twilight a mile out of Williamsburg and back again. He was fond of races, attended them frequently, but ran only one. While he was President, he took horseback exercise daily from one to three o'clock. He kept up this practice until within three weeks of his death. He was fond of lonely rides in the region about his home. At the White House he had four horses, but seldom drove them. After long outings, he was accustomed to receive guests in his riding-habit, whip in hand. He was always master of his horse,



and if the animal rebelled, he gave him a sound thrashing such as would shock us if a modern President should administer the like to his steed. But in those days Virginia gentlemen were permitted to exhibit their spirit without censure.

That Jefferson knew a great deal about the wild game of America, and took a deep interest in it, is shown in his "Notes in Virginia." He supplied the naturalist Buffon with American skins, skeletons, horns, and similar objects for his collection. Indeed, he was more of a naturalist than any President before Mr. Roosevelt.

WE obtain glimpses of the habits of President Madison in the following letters from members of his family. Mrs. W. B. Willis of Orange, Virginia, is the great-granddaughter of General William Madison through her mother and the great-granddaughter of Ambrose Madison through her father; these gentlemen were brothers of President James Madison, to whom she is thus doubly related. President Madison himself had no children. Mrs. Willis writes:

My acquaintance with the character and habits of President Madison is derived from my father and his mother, the latter being a favorite niece of the President and the former her only son. His habits were always spoken of as simple and domestic. His outdoor pursuits were of a pastoral nature. He was fond of farming, especially of gardening and beautifying his homestead, Montpelier. An artistic ice-house, the first ever made in this section, a terraced garden fashioned in a semicircle in imitation of the House of Representatives, and many beautiful trees, remain as monuments of his individual taste.

Mrs. Jane C. Richardson, also a relative of President Madison and now living in St. Joseph, Missouri, states:

I am quite sure President Madison was a good horseman. He gave personal oversight to his large estate in Orange County, Virginia, and horseback was the usual mode of travel in that section in his day. I have often heard of his driving from Montpelier to Monticello, but presume he was driven by a servant.

Another member of the Madison connection, Mr. R. C. Macon of Orange County, Virginia, says:

So far as I am informed, Mr. Madison was always a close student to his death, and took little pleasure in out-of-door amusements. He did watch his farming interests closely. These were very extensive. Montpelier was then a farm of about five thousand acres, with one hundred or one hundred and fifty slaves. I have tried to find out if he ever had a dog that he cared for, but my father, who was his nephew and saw much of him, could never recall his owning one.

There is in the Library of Congress a curious old book, classified with the negro bibliography, which is the narrative of Paul Jennings, the body-servant of Mr. Madison. Jennings states that Mr. Madison had a pronounced love of horse-flesh, and that no jockey ever cheated him. While President, he never had fewer than seven horses in his Washington stables.

PRESIDENT JAMES MONROE was accustomed to ride both morning and evening, and, in passing, always bowed to and spoke to every one, even a slave, as respectfully as if he had been the finest gentleman. He was a man of very great endurance. During the War of 1812, after the retreat of the British from Washington, when the burden of the State, Treasury, and War departments were on him, he did not undress himself for ten days and nights, and was in the saddle the greater part of the time.

OF President John Quincy Adams, Mr. Charles Francis Adams says:

He was passionately fond of swimming, and during his term as Secretary of State at Washington, and afterward as President, he took daily baths in the Potomac, swimming long distances. He was a very early riser, and it was his custom every morning to watch the rising of the sun from the hill near his house. He also had a great love of trees, and would potter round his grounds observing their growth.

A further passage from the letter of Mr. Adams is of interest because it gives expression to a current opinion, which, however, is not entirely accurate:

So far as I know, it was not the custom in those days for men to take exercise as they take it now. For instance, before the year

1850 no man dreamed of such games as golf; nor did they ride on horseback, or otherwise take what it is not uncommon for men of mature life now to take in the way of exercise. What exercise they took was in a formal way and in the medicinal spirit; that is, they took exercise as necessary to health, not because of the enjoyment they derived from it. In fact, I gravely question whether any President we ever had took any exercise because he loved it and for the enjoyment he got out of it anterior to the President we now have—Roosevelt. They were all sedentary men. Probably Washington moved about a good deal upon his estate, and kept up his



horseback exercise to the end. I doubt whether any of the others did. I am very confident that neither of the Massachusetts Presidents ever did.

This is, however, by no means a complete statement in regard to John Quincy Adams. He was, in fact, fond of horse-racing and used to walk to Holmead Course, two miles from the White House and back, whenever there was a race. He seems to have given up horseback riding when he was about fifty-five years of age. He was during his whole life a systematic walker, though possibly for the medicinal reasons suggested by Mr. Adams. In his "Memoirs" occur frequent references to his daily walks. Sometimes he gives a résumé of his habits at the close of the month's journal. At the end of December, 1796, under the heading "Day," he details his routine. Among other facts noted is "Walk of three or four miles immediately before or after dinner." June 5, 1797, being then in Holland, he notes,

"After dinner took a long walk with Mr. Cutting, out at the Haarlem gate, and went round the Canal beyond the walls." During his mission to Prussia, he writes, "As we were going out this forenoon to walk, we met Count Golowkin, who was coming to see us." On the 26th, "Walked again after breakfast"; and on the 28th he made a similar entry. On January 28, 1802, he wrote, "Walked in the mall just before night." While in Washington he continued this custom. In October, 1803, at the end of the month, in giving his usual résumé of his habits, he states that "soon after ten begin my walk to the Capitol. The distance is two miles and a half, and takes me forty-five minutes." In February, 1805, he writes: "Walk to the Capitol. Walk home, which I usually reach much fatigued and exhausted, between eight and nine."

In some verses called, "A Winter's Day. To Louisa," he writes, in the fourth and fifth stanzas:

Then forth I sally for the day,  
And musing politics or rhyme,  
Take to the Capitol my way,  
To join in colloquy sublime.  
The labors of the Senate o'er,  
Again with solitary pace,  
Down to Potomac's glassy floor,  
My morning footsteps I retrace.

On his way to Russia, in August, 1809, he writes: "Occasionally visit the deck for a walk until seven in the evening." December 21, 1809: "I took this morning a long walk over the part of the city we inhabit." During the same month he notes: "I left the Count after an interview of about half an hour, and then went with Mr. Smith to the French Ambassador's ice hills at Kammenoi-ostrow. We got there about half an hour before dinner, just in time to see a little sliding down the hills and take part in the amusement. There was a company of about fifty persons, the men with fur-lined spencers and caps, pantaloons over boots, fur caps, and thick leather mittens, the ladies with fur-lined riding-habits." January, 1810, he writes: "Walk one or two hours." "I passed this day altogether at home, excepting the time taken for a walk of exercise." March 17, 1811: "In taking my walk, I met upon the quay General Pardo, and



walked with him." There are few allusions in his journals to driving; such as there are refer to carriages used in going to official assemblies at night.

During his term as President, Mr. Adams had a narrow escape from drowning, which, in his "Journal," he attributes to his vanity as a swimmer. He one morning started in a skiff in company with another man to row across the Potomac to a point where they could strip and bathe. Half-way over the river, the boat took in so much water from a leak that they were forced to get overboard with their garments on, and it was with great difficulty that they made shore. He recorded his resolution that thereafter he would swim for exercise and pleasure, and not to show what he could do.

From these facts, John Quincy Adams must be considered to some extent an outdoor man, a swimmer, a walker, fond of horse-races, a rider until fifty-five years old, and, on one occasion, presumably oftener, a tobogganer.

PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON'S physical prowess was considerable. As a boy he became skilful with the rifle and hunted in the woods of Woxham for deer, wild turkeys, and other kinds of game, which were then plentiful. He did his killing at that period of his life from necessity; the household needed meat for the table. He seldom missed his mark. He was expert in all boys' games and sports, and was always ready for a wrestling match. He excelled in running and jumping. A horse-race was always a delight to him, and it must be confessed that during part of his career he took more interest in chicken fights than would now be deemed worthy of a coming President. His horse-racing was done before he was elected to the office of Chief Executive. He bet freely on the races, and now and then ran his own horses. Any one who wished for a duel could have it on application.

In the immediate neighborhood of Nashville, the Indians at that period murdered, on the average, one person every ten days. From 1788 until 1795 Jackson made the journey of nearly two hundred miles between Nashville and Jonesboro twenty-two times. On these trips there were frequent attacks by Indians; several times these grew into a forest campaign.

In one of these fights, having nearly lost his life in a daring adventure, Jackson made the characteristic remark: "A miss is as good as a mile. You see how nearly I can graze danger." John Fiske says: "It was this wild experience that prepared the way for Jackson's eminence as an Indian fighter." While President, his favorite exercise was riding and driving.

Mrs. Amy A. Jackson of Nashville, Tennessee, writes me in regard to President Jackson:

I have heard Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, who lives near the Hermitage, say that General Jackson would often take her on horseback with him when making his morning rounds on his plantation, and I do not think he ever had time or inclination, after reaching mature years, for other sport save racing his fine horses. I do know from the mass of his home correspondence from 1789 to his death that he was passionately fond of country life and attached to his home, the Hermitage, expressing continually therein the most minute directions for the care of the land, the stock, and for his "poor slaves," that they should be humanely treated.

THAT President Van Buren indulged in the pleasures to be found on the back of a horse and on the banks of a stream, we learn from his granddaughter, Miss M. Van Buren of Fishkill, New York. She writes:

I am afraid I cannot give you many details as to Mr. Van Buren's outdoor pursuits, except that in early life he was probably too busy a man to give much time to them. Later, when he had retired to Kinderhook, he was very fond of riding and fishing, which were his principal out-of-door occupations, combined with the general supervision of his estate.

While at the White House, President Van Buren had a fine team. The carriage was considered very elegant for the time; it was of olive color, with bright ornaments; the footman and the coachman were in livery.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was habitually an active man, and he was a noted horseman. Even on the day of his inauguration, he refused a carriage and rode on a white horse, in cold and

wind, without an overcoat, and hat in hand. As he was already weakened by age, this trying experience brought on the illness which caused his death. When out of office he was a practical farmer, and in the cultivation of his land labored with his own hands.

In regard to President W. H. Harrison, Colonel James Findlay Harrison of Mound City, Kansas, writes:

I was in constant companionship with General William Henry Harrison from early youth until his death in 1841. I never knew or heard of his having a gun or fishing-tackle in his hands. The only exercise he indulged in was riding. He always had a fine saddle horse and took great pleasure in riding every suitable day. He was a splendid horseman. He kept a carriage for his wife, but I never saw him in it.

The Hon. Carter B. Harrison of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, writes:

Having been born the year my grandfather William Henry Harrison died, I have no personal recollection of the matter of which you speak. There is no tradition in the family of my grandfather's fondness for either the gun or rod. In the stirring days of the settlement of the Northwestern Territories all the pioneers were perforce handy with their rifles, and I take it he was no exception, especially as I never saw one of his descendants who was not fond of the sports on both land and water.

Colonel David W. McClung of Cincinnati, whose wife is a granddaughter of President William Henry Harrison, states:

It is not known that President W. H. Harrison was given to either hunting or fishing, as was the case with his grandson Benjamin. He was, however, much given to riding on horseback, a habit probably formed in Virginia and made almost permanent by his military experience and the bad roads of early days. He had an extensive landed estate at North Bend, and in supervising it his horse was in use. His journeys to Cincinnati, fifteen miles away, were always made on horseback. An equestrian statue was very appropriate for him.

WHILE President John Tyler was in office, he kept a carriage, and he used

both this and the saddle during his residence in the White House. His daughter, Mrs. Letetia Tyler Semple, sends me this letter:

I am in receipt of your letter asking my father's preference for out-of-door sports. In all you mention, shooting, fishing, riding, etc., he took delight, though generally too fully occupied with affairs of state and country to give himself many such pleasures. But, as was the custom of all Virginia gentlemen living on their own plantations, he followed the way of his people. He was especially fond of horses. In the graveyard at Sherwood, Charles City County, his last evidence of this is the grave of his horse "The General," known by his family and friends in the days of his youth. The grave is marked by this inscription, "Here lies the body of my good horse 'The General.' For twenty years he bore me around the circuit of my practice, and in all that time never made a blunder. Would that his master could say the same! John Tyler."

PRESIDENT JAMES K. POLK in early life worked on his father's farm and assisted him in his surveying excursions. He was often absent for weeks in the forests and cane-brakes. He was very fond of sports and pastimes, and indulged in them whenever it was possible for him to do so. As President he kept a carriage and four horses, and drove about Washington a great deal. On retiring from office, he gave much time to the improvement of his grounds. His nephew, Mr. Tasker Polk, states in reply to my inquiries:

I was too young to have any personal knowledge of my uncle's, President Polk's, habits. I have been looking over a lot of his letters to my father, who was Major William H. Polk of Tennessee, in the hope that they might throw some light upon his outdoor habits, but none of them touch upon that subject. My mother thinks he did not take especial interest in any open-air exercises.

PRESIDENT ZACHARY TAYLOR tilled the soil as a young man. He became a splendid horseman. His boyhood was spent amid Indian adventures, and frequently the house was barricaded at nights. There was an alarm nearly every week, and on the way to and from school he was often



in danger from Indians. On one occasion several of his companions were killed by Indians a few moments after parting from him. When he was seventeen years of age he swam across the Ohio River from the Kentucky to the Indiana shore in March, when the water was filled with floating ice. He took great delight in hunting and fishing, and was often absent, roaming through forests and over prairies, for days and nights together in pursuit of game. He took part in many bold and dangerous adventures. The old horse that he had used in the Mexican War accompanied him to Washington. It was a fine-looking, white, spirited animal, and pricked up its ears at the sound of martial music.

Mrs. C. A. Doremus, who is not related to President Taylor, but is writing a history of the Taylor family, sends me the following:

President Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," was more of a fighter than anything else, and was very fond of horseback exercise. He took more interest in agriculture in every form than he did in almost anything else. He loved planting cotton and corn,—in fact, everything useful that would grow,—and he was passionately fond of flowers. His love of simplicity was excessive. He wore plain clothes, and his speech and manner were directness itself. He was almost blunt, but never unkind, for he had a most tender heart, and was one of the kindest and best of men. He was passionately devoted to his farm near Baton Rouge, and would never have left it had he not been forced into the Presidential chair, and he always looked forward with the keenest pleasure to returning to his farm. Unfortunately his death within two years of his election put an end to that, and his grave without even a monument is as simple as his life was in every respect.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE, according to his biographer, rarely as a youth engaged in the sports of other boys. He was never known to hunt or fish as a boy, but spent his time in reading. Mr. L. G. Sellstedt of Buffalo, New York, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Fillmore, informs me:

There was absolutely nothing in President Fillmore's life that savored of the sportsman.

In his boyhood he probably may have tried to get a trout out of some brook in East Aurora, but I am sure he never owned or handled a fish-rod or gun after he began to study his profession. The nearest he ever came to acquaintance with deadly weapons was in the first year of the Civil War, when the older citizens organized a military company for the defense of this city. They called themselves the Continentals and made him captain. I remember they had special light muskets made, as they were almost all somewhat "descended into the vale of years." They were not expected to leave the city unless the enemy threatened its safety. They wore the Continental hats. I was then about forty years of age, and with many others looked upon the organization more as fun than otherwise.

Neither have I any idea that Mr. Fillmore's pleasures out of doors had anything to do with piscatory matters, though Mr. Harlem and Mr. Hall, his former law partners and intimate friends, in the later days of their lives found much enjoyment and relief from work in sport on our Niagara River. I am very sorry I cannot give you a better account of Mr. Fillmore's good sense in these matters, as I used to be a devotee in the direction you speak of; for personally I cannot comprehend how so good a man as Mr. Fillmore could have had so little regard to Walton's directions for happiness.

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN PIERCE was a fine horseman and was very fond of horses. While he was at Washington he rode a fiery but blind animal. He kept eight horses in the White House stables. As a youth his dreams were of war, and he played at mimic warfare. He had a strong constitution, and when, in the war with Mexico, he was at one time wounded, he remained on his horse and, in spite of his pain and loss of blood, continued to fight. His nephew, Mr. Kirk D. Pierce, writes:

The sports in which President Pierce indulged were horseback riding, walking, occasional fishing, and frequent hunting. He was particularly devoted to riding, and most of his leisure moments were spent galloping over the hills and cantering along the smooth roads of his native town. He frequently took long tramps into the dense forest and secluded pastures, always having with him

in the hunting season a trusty rifle with which to bring down a partridge. He possessed an intense love for nature, and enjoyed more than anything else his riding and driving in the open country. For fishing he had a strong passion, it being a frequent occurrence for him to visit the brooks and rivers in search of the finny tribe.

WHEN President Buchanan was a youth, the forests of Pennsylvania often resounded with the crack of his rifle. He learned how to handle this weapon at an early age, and so dexterous was he with it that he considered it a disgrace to go home with squirrels or similar game unless the ball had been sent directly through the head. Throughout life he had wonderful powers of endurance. He was very fond of his home at Wheatland, and spent much of his time in superintending the care of it. As President he had what was then considered a magnificent turnout; one set of his harness cost eight hundred dollars; but he seldom drove, and never rode on horseback. His niece Harriet Lane was fond of the saddle. Mr. Buchanan rode on horseback, however, on his circuit as a lawyer, and he exercised much in the open air from his youth up.

Mr. James R. Patterson writes me in regard to President Buchanan:

Although my mother, who was his cousin, often talked of Mr. Buchanan's character and habits, I do not remember anything in regard to his fishing, hunting, etc. As he lived during his boyhood in the country, and in later years on his country place, "Wheatland," he no doubt frequently rode about on horseback.

Miss Alice C. Patterson writes:

I have inquired of my cousin, Mrs. Susan Reynolds Smith of Springfield, Ohio, who states: "I never heard of Mr. Buchanan's fishing or hunting. He walked a great deal, and rode in his carriage often. I had a letter from him in his 77th year, in which he said he could walk and ride and attend to all his business without the aid of glasses.

Mrs. A. J. Cassatt, whose husband was the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, is a niece of President Buchanan; she writes me:

My uncle, James Buchanan, was not interested in outdoor sports in any way, having been a very hard-working lawyer, and led a very sedentary life.

As to President Lincoln, his son, Mr. Robert Lincoln, sends me the statement that he knows absolutely nothing about his father's shooting, although he supposes that in common with other boys of his time and circumstances his father used a rifle and probably shot a great many turkeys. But Mr. J. H. Barrett, author of a life of President Lincoln, writes me:

In early life Mr. Lincoln shot, fished, rode, drove, swam, and indulged in all the exercises, like other backwoodsmen. He took special interest in wrestling and other contests of an athletic sort. He was a good walker all his days, and not an unskilled horseman, though appearing somewhat awkward in the saddle. After he became President, he rode much on horseback, particularly in going to and from the Soldiers' Home, and on his many visits to the army in camp. I have heard of his spending a day, during this time, on a shooting excursion, in which he was said to have shown himself expert with the rifle. I do not think he was specially fond of fishing, or that he often, if ever, indulged in that sport after he settled down in his profession at Springfield.

May it not be that the use of the rifle mentioned by Mr. Barrett was in shooting at a mark rather than killing game? In Lincoln's day nothing was more common than for villagers and farmers to give their holidays and odd hours to rifle practice. Indeed, it is difficult to get at the truth in regard to Lincoln's attitude toward killing game. In spite of the fact that he lived in the woods when they were full of game, I can find no mention, apart from Mr. Barrett's personal letter, except by one biographer, of his ever having used a gun for slaughter. That writer states that when Lincoln was quite young he one day saw a wild turkey near the house; he rested a gun on a log, fired and hit the turkey, which that biographer asserted was the only thing he was ever known to kill.

Whether or not President Lincoln was entirely out of the class of gunners and fishers, he was distinctly in the class of all-round athletes. He was physically



one of the most powerful men of his day, and he was the tallest and strongest of the Presidents with the exception of Wash-



ington. He was a mighty wrestler and a strong runner, and could hurl a bar farther than any of his competitors, and could bend in his sinewy hands a bar of iron or break a stick of wood that most other men could not move from a straight line. It was a striking coincidence that the two men who broke the shackles of slavery in the modern world, the Russian Alexander and Lincoln, were physical giants. The Czar is said to have been able to bend a silver coin between thumb and finger.

Lincoln as a youth thought nothing of walking many miles for any end he had in view. He had all kinds of muscular exercise in the various employments of his early days, on the farm and on flatboats, so that he was a man of steel. He once challenged a bully who insulted a woman in the store where he was clerking, daring him to accompany him outside; there he threw the fellow down and rubbed his face with smart-weed until he screamed with pain and promised to behave better. Lincoln did this in a good-natured way, and the two were friends ever after. Mr. Lincoln was exceedingly fond of quoits (colloquially "quates," usually horseshoes), and never missed an opportunity, when practising law in Illinois, to tie up his horse and join in a game for shoes nearest the "meg"; and a "ringer" gave him pure joy. While President he walked much about Washington, rode in a carriage, and frequently on a horse.

CONCERNING the habits of President Johnson, Mr. A. J. Patterson, his grandfather, sends me this note:

My grandfather, President Johnson, in early life, I have been informed, was very fond of fishing. But since I can recollect he never showed any marked interest in outdoor sports.

As President, he kept eight horses, one team of fiery blacks. He bought his horses out of those which the army sold at the close of the Civil War.

PRESIDENT U. S. GRANT tells in his "Memoirs" much about his own boyhood and the liberties allowed him by his parents. He states:

There was no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

General Grant had an unusual love for horses. He had a stock farm near St. Louis before he became President, where he kept one hundred horses. Among his famous horses used in Washington were "Cincinnati," "Egypt," "Jeff Davis," and "Butcher Boy." He visited his stables daily while President. His record for a feat of horsemanship as a cadet at West Point has never been equaled there. In the period immediately before the Civil War, while living on his farm near St. Louis, he was distinctly an outdoor man, cutting down trees and hewing and build-



ing with his own hands. This doubtless had much to do with his extraordinary endurance during the Civil War,

when it was declared he could stand more than any soldier in the army, sleep out in the rain, and bear exposure and hardship of all kinds without ill effects.

General Frederick D. Grant writes me:

In answer to your questions, I hasten to reply that my father had no taste for hunting or fishing. His chief pleasure was in driving, and riding on horseback for out-of-door sport and exercise. As a horseman he was quite remarkable.

PRESIDENT R. B. HAYES was a capital shot with the rifle, and he allotted a due share of his time to hunting as well as to fishing, and to swimming and skating, to which he was even more devoted. As a boy he loved all manly sports. While at college, one Christmas time, he walked the forty miles to his home in Delaware, Ohio, in twelve hours, and after Christmas walked back to Gambier in four inches of snow. In college Hayes was a champion on the foot-path. He was never sick a day, and was indefatigable. His greatest amusements were fishing and chess.

As to President James A. Garfield, his son Harry A. Garfield, now President of Williams College, Massachusetts, writes:

My father enjoyed out-of-door sports and had a native skill which enabled him to do fairly well whatever he undertook. Occasionally he hunted and fished. I remember several trips he took with small parties for duck or quail, and some white fish brought home from Lake Erie. But he found very little time for the sport, and so far as I know never hunted big game.

PRESIDENT CHESTER A. ARTHUR kept good horses. He seldom drove about Washington without a coachman in livery. During the latter part of his term he rode horseback a good deal. His son-in-law, Mr. Charles Pinkerton, states:

President Arthur was devoted to fishing, particularly for salmon, and was a member of the Restigouche Fishing Club in Canada. Up to within three years of his death he had the record of having killed the largest salmon in those parts; it weighed fifty pounds, and was afterward on exhibition in the United

States. However, he never fished there while President, as he did not believe in leaving the United States while occupying the chair of Chief Executive, and that would have put him over the border. He was considered a very fine fisherman. He also hunted somewhat, and made a trip to Yellowstone Park while President, and was escorted there by General Sheridan and others. He had a beautiful gun presented to him by the Emperor of Germany. Some years ago my wife picked up in London a beautiful card-case of leather on which was painted President Arthur salmon-fishing. The picture was a very fair likeness. Mr. Arthur regarded a day's fishing as the greatest rest and pleasure he could get.

PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND looms large as an outdoor President. The country knew and esteemed him in the double capacity of statesman and fisherman. He also penned charming essays in defense of the piscatorial art. His flies were cast upon many waters, and his impressive shadow fell from banks of uncounted lakes and mountain streams upon the homes of finny tribes. One of his friends and companions writes me:

Mr. Cleveland was a perfect specimen of the genus out-of-doors man. He could sit longer waiting for a bite than almost any other fisherman, and he had studied thoroughly the habits of the fish and their traits. Once when he was fishing in a lake on Cape Cod his companions lost patience and sat down on a bank to talk, but Mr. Cleveland kept on changing his position, bait, and method until at last he caught a fine bass. His friends went over to look at it as he proudly held it up. He showed them the fly by which he had succeeded, and said, "I call this my restaurant fly." When asked why, he replied, "Because the fish can get anything he likes on it." Sure enough, it was a wonderful collection of feathers, etc., of all colors and shapes. Mr. Cleveland was also a duck-hunter and a very good shot from a boat or a blind, and showed the same care and skill as in fishing. He was not a hunter of big game, as that requires riding or walking, neither of which he did well.

Professor John Uri Lloyd writes me:

For several years in succession it was my good fortune to be one of a party invited by



Mr. Le Roy Brooks to be his guests at his cottage on Middle Bass Island, Lake Erie. During those years the party consisted of our host, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Cleveland, the Honorable Judson Harmon, the Honorable Charles Foster, Admiral Robley D. Evans, Admiral B. P. Lambertson, Mr. Jethro Mitchell, Mr. Edward E. Dwight, and myself. During two or three weeks each year we were together by the fireside of the cottage and in the outings that such an occasion affords.

From the beginning to the end of our companionship, Mr. Cleveland impressed me as one of the most honest and earnest men it has ever been my good fortune to meet—a man possessed of the utmost sincerity in word and action. His methods of life, even in the freedom of a summer outing on a retired island, with a few intimate friends, were in all respects such as might well be taken by any one as an example.

As a fisherman, Mr. Cleveland enjoyed a



reputation earned by reason both of his expertness as an angler and of his patient methods where other men become discouraged. In one case that I have in mind, after all others had given up after a fruitless morning's efforts and were resting in the cabin of the steamer, Mr. Cleveland persisted for a full hour in sitting in his rowboat, searching the bottom of the lake for a bass that neglected to return the compliment even by a nibble. It seems to me that study of Mr. Cleveland as a fisherman indicates his nature as a man, and accounts for his record as a successful citizen. He was ever an example of persistent determination to yield to no discouragement. Regardless of temporary nonsuccess, he seemed to enjoy angling for the fish that would not bite fully as much as, or more even than, for those that would bite too freely.

I considered Mr. Cleveland a sportsman who fished for recreation. He was not a butcher; never would he take more than twelve fish in a day, and he always carried a measuring-stick, throwing back into the lake all fish less than twelve inches in length.

Mr. Cleveland did much fishing at Buzzard's Bay in the company of Mr. Joseph Jefferson and others. He sometimes went duck-hunting in Virginia and North Carolina. While he was in the Presidency, he frequently waited in sink boxes and blinds on the famous "Flats" at Havre de Grace for the wary redheads and canvasbacks; traditions thereabouts are to the effect that he made some fine "mass shots." Rabbit-shooting in the vicinity of Princeton was one of his chief recreations in his later years, and he made this form of sport the theme of an essay treating in a common-sense way the ethics of the matter and defining the sportsman-like and the unsportsmanlike methods of tracking down and slaying the cottontails. His essays on fishing and shooting have been issued in book form. Except the hunting books of Mr. Roosevelt, these are the only books on sport written by a President. While Mr. Cleveland occupied the White House he was accustomed to drive every afternoon.

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON was from boyhood expert with a gun, particularly the rifle. We find in an account of his life the homely touch that he often helped the negro who served the household as cook to carry wood and water, and even to clean the dishes, that the black man might have leisure to go along with the lad to hunt and fish. Mr. Russell Harrison writes me:

My father's only pastime and recreation was hunting. In later years he did not have opportunity to go often, but he enjoyed it thoroughly, and confined his sport largely to bird-shooting.

While Mr. Harrison was in the Presidency he used frequently to go duck-shooting along the arms of the upper Chesapeake Bay; he belonged to one or more of the numerous shooting clubs in that region.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY was a good horseman and a notably fine walker. It is said that when at one time he had quit smoking and required vigorous exercise to allay the nervousness that came from absence of the accustomed narcotic, he wore out all the men whom he could persuade to accompany him on his rapid and prolonged foot tours. His friends at that period rather shrank from an invitation of this kind. As a lad, the young McKinley was expert with marbles, bows and arrows, and he seems to have acquired more accuracy with the latter weapons than do most boys, for he was able to kill game by that method. He loved a kite, and was always supplied with a stone bruise. He had no taste for fishing, but was very fond of swimming. The Rev. Dr. Russell A. McKinley, a cousin of the President, writes:

President McKinley was especially fond of walking and driving. However, he never kept fast horses. So far as I know, he never manifested any interest in other sports. He was a home man and a student.

PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a born naturalist; he has made statecraft his vocation, but his study of nature has con-

nently or not remains to be seen. We think it more within his nature that he should henceforth grow along the line of a Humboldt than that he should return to office-holding. Incidentally, though on a large scale, he has devoted a share of his energies to physical culture. The enthusiasm of this phenomenal man for bodily exercise arose partly from the ill health of his childhood and youth and partly from the example and encouragement of his father, who was also an outdoor man; an uncle also was well known for his love of the open and was a naturalist. Mr. Roosevelt as boy and man aimed with unwavering purpose at health and not at athletics for their own sake or for competitive honors at college or elsewhere. Physical culture is with him a serious business in order that he may be equal to his responsibilities. He is first of all a great worker, and for the work's sake he trains for bodily condition. While he enjoys thoroughly his exercises, these are a means to an end. Doubtless Washington leaped a rope for the sake of suppleness of body, that it might serve better his purposes; and so Roosevelt has "splendid purpose in his eyes" when he rides, hunts, bouts with single-stick, or handles a tennis-racket.

Mr. Roosevelt has hunted big game almost everywhere in the United States, is an authority on this subject, has written books on hunting which contain as much of natural history as of incident or adventure. His prospective trip to Africa will doubtless yield abundant adventure congenial to his nature and interesting and informing books from this passionate lover of the wilds. Such of our countrymen as do not themselves care for tents and guns have good-naturedly enjoyed Mr. Roosevelt's enjoyment of his hunting trips while President. America likes his healthfulness and the people understand him better because of his love of the open. The report of his interest in the new tent for his African expedition, setting it up on his lawn, "playing about it like a boy, tightening ropes here and there and arranging the folds to the best advantage" gave a glimpse of Mr. Roosevelt as an enthusiast in all matters in which he is interested; it showed that he has all the buoyancy of youth and is fifty years young. One editor commented:



tinued throughout his career an avocation. He is just now about to turn to natural history as his vocation, whether perma-



It is a great thing for a man who has rounded the half-century mile-post to feel that he has not outlived the enthusiasm of his earlier years. We can easily imagine him at seventy years of age "playing about a tent." We suspect he will never grow old as his years.

Not the least of Mr. Roosevelt's services to Americans is the effect of his example in keeping young by his interest in outdoors and in physical culture. Tyndall declared that the reading of Carlyle's powerful exhortations to "produce," to "work," got him out of bed at five o'clock of mornings, into a cold bath, and started him to earnest endeavor while he was a student in Germany. Roosevelt has awakened the energies of countless numbers of his countrymen not only by his words, but by his physical example. He has constantly distinguished between physical culture for prize winning, exercise for its own sake, and that which recreates for the duties of life. Somewhere along in his early struggles with disease and for a robust constitution he discovered for himself that first-class bodily condition means power of accomplishment for intellectual tasks. He has done what the Greeks did—made a serious matter of physical culture. Coming in a later generation, under different conditions, he has had to seek for that development by other means than did Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. His athletic exercises have been more exploited by the press than were those of his predecessors; yet he is fairly in line with a good many strenuous Presidents; and the newspapers of Washington's day had more to say about that great man's fishing and hunting than most of us to-day are aware of.

MR. TAFT has taken a moderate interest in athletics all his life. He was from childhood a large and powerful boy. His early companions relate that in their marble-playing days, when the custom of shooting the marble of the winner of a game at the knuckles of the defeated ones, young Taft's capacity to shoot hard and straight at the hands of his opponents was something to be remembered. He was always the protector of the small boys from bullies. At college, as throughout life, he has worked when he worked and played when he played. As Mr. Roosevelt was driven to athletics by a feeble consti-

tution, Mr. Taft has been compelled to exercise to keep down superfluous flesh. Some time ago, through a dietary regimen, he reduced his weight by many pounds and he has kept himself at about two hundred and seventy-five pounds by occasional returns to this regimen, by horseback-riding, by golf-playing, and by systematic use of certain indoor exercises.

In regard to his golf-playing, we can let him speak for himself. It appears that during his campaign for the Presidency, it was intimated that he ought to visit South Dakota and convince the people that he was not an aristocrat or above the



people. In a speech at Wolsey, South Dakota, Mr. Taft said:

They said that I had been playing golf this summer, and that it was a rich man's game, and that it indicated I was out of sympathy with the plain people. I want to state my case before the bar of public opinion on the subject of that game of golf. In Scotland golf is the game of the people, and in this country, where you can get a place to live and play it, it is a game for people who are not active enough to play base-ball or tennis, or who have too much weight to carry around to play those games; and yet when a man weighs 295 pounds you have got to give him some opportunity to make his legs and muscles move, and golf offers that opportunity. It may be that it is the game of rich men, but I beg to assure you that I am personally advised of the fact that a very poor man can play it, and somehow or other my friends were certain that if I could only come out here and show you what kind of man I was in appearance, you would get over the impression that there was anything that resembled a dude.

Taft was a big, rollicking boy who liked play, but still got fun out of work. He did enough in athletics to keep his numerous pounds of muscle in good condition, but gave most of his time to his studies. During the autumn of 1880 there occurred one of the most characteristic incidents of his life. There was a certain man in Cincinnati who was in charge of a blackmailing paper. He had the reputation of being a dangerous man; he had been a prize-fighter and was usually accompanied by a gang of roughs ready to assault any one whom he wanted punished. Alphonso Taft (father of the President-elect) had been the unsuccessful candidate for governor of Ohio at that election, and this man's paper had slanderously assailed him. For once W. H. Taft forgot his judicial temperament and legal training, and instead of setting the law on the blackmailer, he marched down to his office and gave the scamp a terrific thrashing. The blackmailer left Cincinnati that night and his paper never appeared again.

So we find a gentle satisfaction, though

perhaps not one of breathless importance, in reëxhibiting to ourselves the genial pleasures and recreative exercises of our Chief Magistrates. We take it that John Quincy Adams is a more human creature to us because a certain vanity over his swimming mixed with his enjoyment; that Lincoln was not less great when chuckling over a "ringer"; that Grant was most amiably unwarlike when stroking his horses; that Benjamin Harrison was no less a legal heavy-weight because he was a hunter. We know how in our own good times the American heart warmed to Cleveland the fisherman, and that men who hunt with Roosevelt love the man so much that they wish the sport would never end. Many a good time have these Presidents of ours had out in the open, and we suspect that the simplicity of their lives and natures has had something to do with keeping us all at bottom a simple people, lovers of natural things. We are glad our Presidents have so much enjoyed themselves, and we wish for the new Chief Magistrate, and all his successors, in the words of Roosevelt, "a corking time."



## LEIPSIĆ, THE HOME OF FAUST

ROMANTIC GERMANY—V

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY KARL O'LYNCH VON TOWN

AFTER the aggressiveness and modernity of Berlin, it was a relief to mingle with the quiet, matter-of-fact people of Leipzig, to rest my eyes again on a Renaissance gable, again to loiter in streets with quaint and homely names. About many of these old names there is poetry that brings the stranger at once into terms of intimacy with Leipzig. They touch the imagination because they were christened naturally by the wit of the people, and always christened for their most salient feature.

Windmill Alley led in bygone days to a mill beyond the wall and ditch; along

Sparrow Mountain, a thoroughfare almost as flat as Sahara, ran a prison-wall, crowded winter and summer with sparrows. Begging Street pierced the slums. In Barefoot Alley was a cloister of ascetic monks, and the chivalry of the Middle Ages lived in Knight Street. "Along Milk Island" was over against a dairy, while from Pearl-stringer Alley, Tub-maker Street, Golden-hen Alley, Bell-caster Street, Night-watchmen Street, and Rubber Alley the corresponding occupations have not yet wholly passed away. In olden times one tiny lane actually bore three names simultaneously: Town Piper Alley,



Constable Alley, and Midwife Alley; for these personages all dwelt there. The Brühl, called after a Slavic word for swamp, is the only street to commemorate the Wendish origin of the city and the patience of its builders; but though a few of these delightful names have passed away through sheer anachronism, enough are left to give the place an intimate Old World, human flavor. A city that preserves a Barefoot Alley deserves well of mankind, and I prefer small beer within its shadows to the bright new champagne of North Street.

To one who for a time had half forgotten that the larger German cities still held anything old, the Princes House in the Grimmaische-Strasse brought a delightful shock of recognition. From those round, red bay-windows that flank the gable, the sixteenth century princes used to display their finery to the folk below—student princes who came to study in the university round the corner. Their arms are among the simple, exquisite carvings on the window-sills. The house is Leipsic's loveliest example of the German Renaissance, a style that held to the medieval with such loyalty that it was called the "New Gothic."

Through a narrow gulf of street the oldest church looks down upon this corner. The Church of St. Nicholas was built in 1017, two years after the city was first mentioned in history as *Urbs Libzi*. Like the later churches, it suffered many things during the sieges of the Thirty Years' War, but not so sadly as from its "restoration" in the "Wig Time," late in the eighteenth century. Then the jealous vandals of classicism, with a naïveté pathetic to recall, destroyed what beauty the baroque time had spared and threw the beautiful altar pieces of Cranach into the loft where Goethe discovered them in 1815, publishing the matter with righteous wrath. They are now in the museum.

Opposite the gracious green of St. Nicholas's tower is a hearty, rustic kind of architecture too seldom seen in cities, a red-timbered house with piquant gables, and a carved bay-window in rococo crowned by the motto,

Ohn' Gottes Gunst all Bau'n umsunst.

(By God ungraced, all building's waste.)

The roof, broken by charming little gable-windows, leads the eye onward to the vivacity of old Leipsic's sky-line—red tiles tossed into heaps and flowing together as in a choppy sea, yet with a large unity, as if composed by a modern French sculptor of the rugged school.

Next door is the gaily frescoed façade of a peasants' inn, "The Village Jug," with uncouth windows of glass stained in every sense, the head of a red ox serving for signboard; while over beyond the church is a Renaissance gable with three superimposed orders of classical columns, its ancient colors quite worn away. For in the sixteenth century these stone façades were all painted, "mit gar kunstreichen und lustigen Gemälde gebauet und ausgeputzet," writes an old chronicler. (Built and furnished with paintings "real art-rich" and jolly.)

Passages as narrow as Venetian streets run through baroque courtyards, or *Höfe*, to the Reichs-Strasse,—the *Via Imperii* of the Middle Ages,—one of the two principal merchant highways through the Holy Roman Empire. This is richer than the Nikolai-Strasse in such façades as the "Castle Cellar," with its massive, undulating gable, its flat-arched doors of worm-eaten, iron-bound wood, and its barred, diagonal window.

From the Grimmaische-Strasse close at hand I entered a large court and warmed one of Leipsic's reticent sons gradually into garrulity.

"Look about you," he said. "In olden times this *Hof* was called 'Little Leipsic,' just as Leipsic was then called 'Little Paris.' During the fairs the costliest articles of luxury were sold here, and it was the resort of fashion. Behold!" He pointed out a half-hidden door. "I advise you to enter. You will see the most interesting nook in town."

I groped my way down a crooked passage into a wine-cellar the Romanesque vaulting of which, mellow with old colors, was upheld by a single pillar covered with manuscripts. I spelled out a signature. It read "J. W. von Goethe." On the walls were pictures of the poet, a black silhouette of his student days, a musty print of Doctor Faustus. Bewildered, I sat down and strove to conjure up a sophomoric acquaintance with "Wahrheit und Dichtung." Then the



Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by W. G. Watt

#### THE OLD RATHAUS OR CITY HALL

waiter brought a bottle of wine labeled "Auerbach's Keller," and with a gasp of joy I realized that this was the immortal den where Mephistopheles once bored holes in the table and made red and white wine spurt in fountains over the good burghers. Down in an ancient sub-cellar was a fresco from the time of the Thirty Years' War. Doctor Faustus was seated, with a convivial company and quaint musical instruments, above the following inscription:

Vive, bibe, obgraecare, memor Fausti  
hujus et hujus  
Poenae. Aderat claudo haec—ast erat  
ampla—gradu.

Freely rendered:

Live, drink, go to the devil; mindful  
of Faustus' damnation.  
It had a step that was halting, but it  
came swiftly enough.

Another scene showed the Doctor galloping out of the arched entrance on a cask accompanied by this doggerel:

Doktor Faust zu dieser Frist  
aus Auerbachs Keller geritten ist  
auf einem Fass mit Wein geschwind  
welches gesehn viel Menschenkind  
solches durch subtile Kraft gethan  
und des Teufels Lohn empfangen daran.

These lines might be paraphrased:

At this season Doctor Faust  
Out of Auerbach's Cellar coursed  
On a wine-cask running wild,  
Seen by many a mother's child,—  
Subtle artist at his play,—  
And the devil was to pay.

It appears that tradition actually connected some old master of Black Art with Auerbach's Cellar, which he used as a stable, to the confusion of all honest citizens. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the tradition was transferred to the still more legendary Faustus, and in this romantic setting, more than two centuries





Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by W. G. Watt

#### VIEW OF THE NEW RATHAUS FROM THE PROMENADE-RING

later, the student Goethe met with the shade of his greatest hero. There is a long subterranean passage still leading from the sub-cellar to the university.

Behind the old Rathaus opposite is the Nasch Markt, or Candy Market. Near a statue of Goethe stands the old exchange, an early example of the sandstone baroque that was imported from Dresden and began to flourish after the barren times of the Thirty Years' War. Much of this architecture is yet visible in the northeast corner of the old market and in the patrician houses of Katharinen Strasse, the Fifth Avenue of the eighteenth century. Strangely enough, the style has almost dis-

appeared from among the dwellings of Dresden, and now Leipsic is richer than any other large German city in private baroque architecture. Even two hundred years ago the French and Italian student journeyed hither to study this gay and beneficent art that was transforming low dingy rooms into spacious, brilliant halls and chambers with great windows flamboyant in fruit, flowers, leaves, and shells, and tasseled lambrequins; with portals topped by urns of plenty bulging in significant relation to the well-fed pillars below,—an art evolved directly from the interior decoration of the period.

The market is dominated by the old

Rathaus, a Renaissance building with many brick gables, dusky tiles and a duskier green tower which are devoutly worshiped by every true Leipsicker. Yet somehow it lacks the atmosphere of poetry which one expects in a Rathaus of its age and traditions. It is solid, matter-of-fact, mildly pleasing, like the average citizen, and appeals little more than he to the imagination until, inside, one sees the small pillared balcony, "the pipers' chair," where the town pipers used to play at patrician and plebeian festivities in the days when Leipsickers loved to dance in the great hall.

There is more atmosphere about the house on the Brühl where young Goethe used to visit his Gretchen, the awakener of his genius; and significantly enough, on Käthchen Schönkopf's roof, a well-weathered Apollo stands above Romanesque gateways and gratings, pointing toward heaven. The Brühl is a distinguished street. At Number 3 I entered, walking between rails into a *Hof* full of trucks and meal. And, set in a wall of brick and cement, was a simple tablet with the inscription:

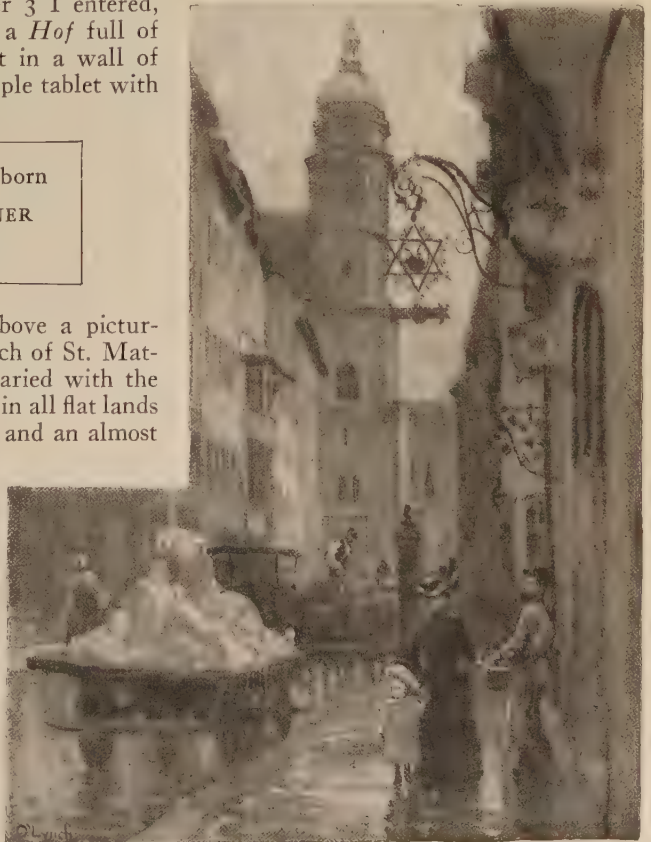
In this house was born  
RICHARD WAGNER  
May 22, 1813

On a hillock, perched above a picturesque line of roofs, the Church of St. Matthew is grateful to eyes wearied with the levelness of Leipsic. Here as in all flat lands every elevation is cherished, and an almost imperceptible rise in the Promenade-Ring, famous for its view of the new Rathaus, has been popularly christened the Promenade Wart. Indeed, in seeking the Schiller House in Gohlis, I was directed "*bergauf*" (literally, "up the mountain") along a road where the rain-water was standing in pools. The site of St. Matthew's is more remarkable than its architecture, for the church is based on the ruins of Leip-

sic's first citadel, and looks over across the Pleisse to little Naundörfchen, which was a swampy fishing hamlet of Wends when the first Teutonic pioneers wandered here.

A Nuremberg astrologer once found, on consulting the stars, that the Germans discovered Leipsic on Sunday, April 16, 541 A.D. at 9:41 A.M.; but the less exact historians agree in dating this event about the year 700.

As in so many old German towns, the Promenade-Ring encircles the original city, converting the ancient wall and ditch into a girdle of turf and foliage. In the Historical Museum are some mellow, enameled tiles with curious reliefs which decorated the medieval rampart. Such a transformation symbolizes the unmilitary spirit of this place of commerce and music. Although Leipsic is called "The Battlefield of the Nations" and a huge monument is being built outside the city to



Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins



commemorate the bloody victory over Napoleon in 1813, war talk is not considered good form. Soldiers are seldom seen in public and the officer hastens into civilian garb as soon as he may. Here the musician has always been mightier than the sword, and the Saxons are as proud of their Church of St. Thomas as the Prussians are of their "Lion Monument" to William I. For this plain Gothic church might almost be called the cradle of modern music. From 1723 until his death in 1750 Bach was its cantor and composed his greatest works for its services. He was director as well of the school for choristers, and even to-day it is an event to hear the boys of the Thomas School sing their Saturday motet in the old church.

Bach needed all of his creative power, for when he came, the musical resources of Leipsic consisted of four town pipers and three "art-fiddlers,"—called "Kunst Geiger," to distinguish them from the ordinary musician. The town pipers drew a municipal salary, and their oath of office made curious reading. They swore to pipe for all church services, to sound the hours from the Rathaus tower, and to provide the music for weddings and other festivities in the Rathaus "with patience and without extortion." They swore not to bemean their art by piping wantonly in the street nor to sleep out of town without the permission of the Rat.

When Bach came, he complained to the authorities in an amusing letter that of the four town pipers one blew the hautboy, two the trumpet, and the fourth did not blow at all (*gar nicht bläst*), but fiddled first violin. Of the three "art-fiddlers" supported by the church, one fiddled second violin. Two, on the other hand, fiddled not at all, but blew second hautboy—and bassoon. ("*Die beiden wiederum gar nicht geigen sondern blasen. . .*")

Out of this chaos the master built the Gewandhaus Orchestra which, in 1743, gave its first concert in the old Gewandhaus, or Hall of the Foreign Cloth Merchants. In 1835 young Felix Mendelssohn took up the baton and taught all Germany to love Bach, Handel, Beethoven, and Schubert. He encouraged struggling geniuses like Schumann and Gade by playing their works, and his efforts cre-

ated the famous Conservatory in 1843. To-day these concerts are given in the new Gewandhaus under the direction of Arthur Nikisch, one of the foremost of living conductors.

From every part of the city a round tower of gray stone is seen, now through a lane of old gables, or down a stretch of Ring, or backing the façades of one of the numerous squares,—a mighty, rugged thing dominating the city, like an all-seeing



Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town. Half-tone plate engraved by S. M. Northcote

#### AN OLD HOUSE IN THE NIKOLAI-STRASSE

guardian of the public weal. It is the tower of the Pleissenburg, the city's medieval citadel. The Pleissenburg was wrecked by the wars of the seventeenth century, but the old tower with a fresh top became the nucleus of the new Rathaus, the finest modern building in Leipsic, and quite worthy of its site. The great Renaissance façades are built of the French coquina with which Messel has lately beautified Berlin, and, new as the building is, parts of its masonry look as though they had weathered the ages and frowned down upon "the drums and trappings of three conquests." Two

lions of a fairly Grecian majesty ramp at the portal, the one clutching a serpent, the other throttling a limp dragon. But they perform these functions like duties, and with no vulgar, military zest.

"Who could bear to imagine our city," writes Wustmann, a historian of twenty years ago, "without the portly tower of its Pleissenburg and the immemorial gray of its gable-crowned Rathaus?" Since then, alas! both have been severely "improved." The old Rathaus is being taken apart and put together again, its crown of gables emerging spick and span from out their immemorial gray; while the portly neck of the Pleissenburg has received a new body and a neat copper head.

Across the Pleisse, offsetting the spirited walls of the new Rathaus, rises the Reichsgericht, the Supreme Court of the Empire, a cool, dignified, poised structure, a judicial and monumental counterpart of the new Gewandhaus, the University Library, the School of Arts and Crafts, and the Conservatory, which are all huddled together in the "concert quarter." But for this tradesman-like economy of space these buildings might have been composed into an effective scheme. One is thankful, however, that this economy saved the Supreme Court from being overloaded with ornament in the northern style.

Leipsic is no town of the *nouveau riche*. There is nothing tawdry about it; and mingled with its homely intimacy is that air of elegance and good taste to be found only among folk of breeding. The proverbial Saxon cunning which one misses in Dresden is in evidence here among the lower classes. In their lack of any striking local characteristics these Leipsickers symbolize their central position in the heart of the land. And just as Luther made the standard speech of Germany out of their official language, so they have made themselves types of the average German. The Leipsicker has known how to fuse Hessian traits with those of Würtemberg, Prussian with Bavarian, simplicity with the love of elegance, business with music and poetry and scholarship. His generous instinct for the common municipal good has made him a loyal son of the Empire. He is not so much a Saxon as a German. "There is no other great city in the land,"

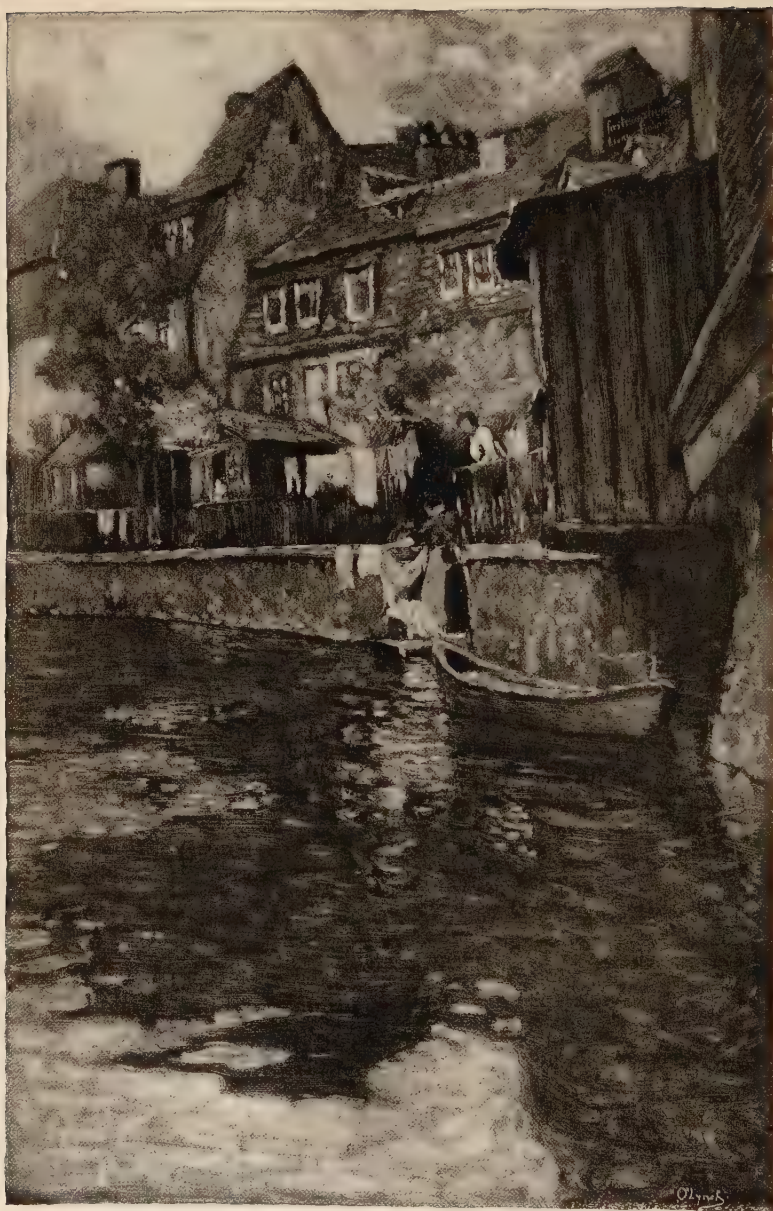
writes August Sach, "that more fully represents real Germanism in its universality."

True, Leipsic has produced such extraordinary men as Leibnitz and Wagner, and attracted to itself Bach, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Goethe, Schiller, and Gellert. Yet the Leipsicker is an extremely normal type, and normal types seldom fail to be colorless. Leipsickers have no great *savoir faire* and are scarcely more charming than the sharp, witty, omniscient people of Berlin. But, unlike the Berliners, they do not outrage the foreign breast, for they are not malicious. They are simply colorless, like a sensible merchant who has failed to make a sale. On the whole a sturdy German conscience makes their deeds better than their words. Ask for a direction on the street, and the Leipsicker will answer indifferently, looking the other way. But five minutes later, when you have forgotten him, he will surprise you from the rear with another direction. In this ungracious way he will shadow you through the town with the best will in the world. But it is better not to change your mind, for the Leipsicker will see that you arrive at the place of first aspiration, though it take the afternoon and the police.

A character so negative as the Leipsicker's may perhaps explain his love of music, an art which returns more spiritual stimulus than any other for a given imaginative effort.

Through its *Messen*, or fairs, Leipsic has become one of the most important business centers of Germany. Here crossed the two important old trade routes between Poland and Thuringia, and between Bohemia and north Germany. From Otto the Rich, Margrave of Meissen, the town obtained a monopoly of fairs which was largely extended in 1497 by the Emperor Maximilian. These fairs grew rapidly, and came to be the greatest functions of their kind in Europe. Spring and autumn the booth-filled squares were crowded with the costumes and clamorous with the tongues of all nations. Even since the advent of the railway era, the spring and autumn fairs have remained important for the trade in furs, toys, and the other goods which must be seen before being bought. But in 1906 the booths were banished outside the Frankfort Gate, and





Drawn by Karl O'Lynch von Town, Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

#### ON THE PLEISSE IN THE NAUNDÖRFCHEN QUARTER

now the fair-time interest centers in the Grimmaische and Peters Strassen and the Neumarkt. Here the 5000 wholesale merchants have their headquarters. The houses flame with posters, and the merchants perform a sort of college-boy parade through the streets, clothed as for a masquerade ball and howling their wares to the accompaniment of every unmusical

instrument known in the musician's purgatory. "A heathen scandal is that!" confided an old Leipsicker to me.

Even more important than the fair is the book-trade, for since the middle of the eighteenth century Leipsic has been the publishing center of Germany. There are almost 1000 local publishers and dealers in printed matter; there are 190 printers;

and at Jubilate 11,475 book dealers are represented in the handsome building of the Book Exchange.

This tremendous trade is due in part to the authority of its 500-year old University on the Augustus Platz. The venerable home of this famous institution was recently destroyed in a "restoration." In its Pauliner Kirche there remains some noteworthy statues, including a precious Gothic portrait of Dietzmann, the Margrave of Meissen who, in 1307, was assassinated in St. Thomas's.

The museum opposite is famous as the home of Max Klinger's Beethoven, the greatest achievement of recent German sculpture. Beside the Cranachs, a Rembrandt, and a fresco from Orvieto, there is little old art of interest. The gallery owns the original cartoons of Preller's *Odyssey* cycle in Weimar, and Uhde's tenderest work, "Suffer little children." There is Hartmann's whimsical bust of Schumann, and Kolbe's of Bach, both made for Leipzig's memorable music-room at the St. Louis Exposition. And there are Klinger's early experiments in colored marble—the *Salome*, the *Cassandra*, and the *Bathing Girl*. The one part of indoor Leipzig that lives most vividly in my memory is the room where the pallid spirit of Beethoven dreams forever on a throne of blue and bronze and ivory.

Out of doors the most attractive part of town to me is Naundörfchen. There is something of Venice and Amsterdam

and old Hamburg in the way it nestles down to the curving, canal-like river, with its charming, nondescript houses on piles. Back from the tiny cottages on the tiny river, with their glamorous windows, whence old men fish the livelong day, and with these blooming, unordered gardens full of romping children, the roofs swing tier on tier in a hundred gracious curves, with a lilt and an Old-World grace that recalls the roofs of Nuremberg. In a ramshackle skiff floating below Naundörfchen—that is the place to rid one's feet of the last grain of modern, metropolitan dust,—that is the place to ruminate the strange history of Doctor Faustus, or to discover in some black-letter book a lyric such as this by the dusty poet Golmeyer:

Leipzic die fürnehm Handels Statt,  
ein Windisch Volk erbawet hat,  
welchs man Soraben hat genandt,  
das weit und breit worden bekandt.  
Es war zwar Liptz ihr erster Nam,  
den sie vom Lindenbusch bekam,  
so in der Gegend g'standen ist,  
wie man hiervon g'schrieben list.

(Leipzic, the stately town of trade,  
Was by a Wendish people made,  
A people that were Sorbs yclept,  
Whose fame about the land hath crept.  
Liptz was indeed its earliest name,  
Which from a wood of lindens came  
That stood in the vicinity,  
As all the scribes of old agree.)







Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE SLEIGHING PARTY. DRAWN BY CHARLES D. HUBBARD

(SCENES FROM AMERICAN RURAL LIFE)

# THE CONVERSION OF SEXTON MAGINNIS

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

Author of "The Soul of Sexton Maginnis," etc.

AFTER the marriage of Mrs. Juno Fortescue Towner to Mr. Michael Carmody, echoes of her prosperity floated to the humble home of Maginnis at the Curtice Place. That she had leisure was evident, since hardly a week passed without a letter, written in purple ink, in a large hand, reaching Mary Ann Maginnis. Mrs. Carmody was happy with "her noble husband," who was now earning his "hundred and fifty a week" on the "legitimate" stage. "No human being could ever say with truth that Juno Carmody had forced the man she loved to give up his art even for the best suite of rooms in one of New York's smartest apartment houses, in which a number of the 'Four Hundred' had rooms no better than hers," Mrs. Carmody wrote. Michael Carmody had come into his own at last; she had come into her own at last. He was now acting the title-rôle in her own tragedy of "Heliogabalus" to crowded houses. This information was reiterated.

"She's got him under thumb," said Maginnis, with satisfaction, when Mary Ann had read aloud one of the most glowing of these epistles, which read like a page from the inimitable "Duchess," "and she's made him work—more power to her. Carmody had his faults," added Maginnis, with a sigh, "but I'd give a great deal to hear him sing 'The Kerry Dance.' Sure the freshness of an Irish May'mornin' came over me when I heard his voice—bad luck to him!"

These letters filled both Maginnis and his wife with a consuming desire to see New York. Mrs. Carmody's pen was eloquent when she wrote about the gay "White Way," and Mary Ann began to

dream of "sky-scrapers," the electric lights, the luxury of Mrs. Carmody's "flat," and Mr. Michael Carmody's "art." Maginnis seldom had money ahead, and a trip to the metropolis seemed a hopeless fantasy until, as he expressed it, "a bolt from the blue knocked him into smithereens." The remote cause of this frenzied change was the need of upholding the honor of the House of Magee as represented by Himself; the immediate cause was the visit of Mrs. Magee's nephew, Mr. Martin Dempsey. Mr. Dempsey, at the age of twenty-three, had come from his father's comfortable public house in a flourishing town in the County Kerry to take a look at America. He was a tall youth, made pallid by overmuch tea-drinking (as his father kept a public house, he was not allowed to touch "spirits"). He frankly owned that he did not like America; the American bacon did not please him, and he announced that if he *had* to work, he preferred to work at home. He was dissatisfied, too, he privately informed Maginnis, by his aunt's social position. It was not what he had been led to expect. Whatever Mrs. Maginnis's opinion of her nephew was, she heroically kept it in her own mind.

"Ah—oh," said Maginnis to Mary Ann, "Herself's been attendin' a mission, and is in a state of grace; but wait till she gets out of it, and we'll have her opinion of this upstart." In the meantime the nephew played music-hall airs on the accordion, and tried to teach Mary Ann to waltz in the kitchen of the Curtice Place. "Look at the gentility of him, and him just from the old sod," remarked his aunt. "He has n't the trace of a brogue, and he



is as content with his tea as some people—I name no names, Mary Ann—are more than contented with their whisky.”

Mary Ann understood the allusion, and cast down her eyes. “When I see the like of *him*,” commented Maginnis, on being informed of this remark,—Mary Ann, like a good wife, never kept anything from her husband,—“I begin to believe that the only good Irishmen are in America.”

Mr. Dempsey, who, by command of Herself, was domiciled at the Curtice Place, determined to take his departure. It was then that the bolt from the blue fell. It was necessary for the honor of the Magees that their disdainful relative should be “seen off,” but Herself could not go to New York. The aftermath of neuralgia which regularly followed the annual and breezy housecleaning at the Olympia Laundry was upon her. She moaned over her condition, and finally suggested that Mary Ann should go in her place as far as the steamship pier. “The Kerry people would make a long story of it if the poor, lonely boy had to leave America with never a chick or child to see him off. You ’ll go, Mary Ann.”

“Is it me?” asked Mary Ann. “I ’d be as timid as a hare in that big place *alone*.”

No more was said, but when she reached home she found a more than usually picturesque letter from Juno Carmody. It described the furniture of her “flat” in the “Lonsdale Arms,”—the number of buttons on the bell-boy was even enumerated,—which, Mrs. Carmody continued, was situated “in the swagger Nineties.” To Mary Ann, the Nineties, the Palisades, and the Flatiron Building were equally mysterious and entrancing. There were references to a hurling match which Mr. Carmody had attended, and this made the eyes of Maginnis glitter for the sport of his youth.

“That would be the best of all,” he said, “next to seeing Mike Carmody in ‘*Helio-ga-boo’-lus*.’ Accordin’ to his wife, he ’s great entirely in the part.” Maginnis listened with ardor in his soul while Mary Ann read of what her correspondent called “the Paradise of dreams realized.” Shakspeare was out of fashion in New York, she assured Mary Ann; not even the genius of Carmody could revive him. She, devoted to Art and Carmody, would

have perished rather than live on the wages of infamy earned in *yaudeville*, but happily New York demanded Carmody in something splendid, something that Shakspeare might have conceived had he known Carmody. And New York now had it in the tragedy of “*Heliogabalus*,” which she, the once poor, struggling widow, had been inspired by him to write.

“Does he sing ‘The Kerry Dance’ between the acts?” asked Maginnis. “That would bring down the house.”

Mary Ann shook her head. “He ’s above that.”

“I pity him then,” said Maginnis, emphatically.

Mrs. Carmody continued to describe the wonderful success of “*Heliogabalus*,” and then she analyzed the drama. “I was, as the authoress, called out thirteen times after the third act,” she wrote, “and the spangled satin and chiffon of my court train were quite worn out trailing over the stage.”

It appeared from the analysis that Mrs. Carmody, now known as the famous author Juno Fortescue, could take liberties with history. She had represented *Heliogabalus* as a gentle creature, forced into wickedness by the world, and especially by the Roman senate, which had passed a decree forbidding him to marry a beautiful slave-girl. The great scene, Mrs. Carmody wrote, was in the third act, after *Heliogabalus* had determined to smother the senators with roses, in order to soothe the pangs of a death which they richly deserved. “The showers of roses, red,” Mrs. Carmody wrote, “as the heart of love and June, amber as the dying blush in a daffodil sky, and white as the un-driven snow, illuminated by a crimson calcium light, drift heavily and sullenly down. Carmody is simply grand here. He stands,—you should see him in a Roman toga,—on an *atrium* and says:

So ye must die in odorantine scent  
Which wells in clouds in the ambrosial air,  
And, like the Orient with its frankincense,  
Chokes while it giveth life. O luscious rose,  
Thou emblem of my pride, which cannot see  
Aught but the joy of death; ah, strew them  
deep  
And bury them, the cold and soulless men  
Who know not love! Let not the cruel  
thorns

Sting them amain; I would not have them  
know  
The pangs that are not needful! Yellow  
rose—”

“Who says that?” asked Maginnis.  
“*Helio-ga-boo'-lus*.”  
“And they dyin’?”  
“Yes.”

“It is n’t natural,” said Maginnis, indignantly knocking the ashes out of his pipe by striking it on the kitchen table.

Mary Ann seldom felt superior to her husband, but she did now.

“Maginnis,” she said, “from what I can make out, you can’t be legitimate in the theater and be natural, too. Carmody was natural in ‘The Kerry Dance’; that ’s the reason he despised himself for doing it. If you ’re natural in a big, fashionable theater, you ’re gone.”

“I was never much for poetry,” continued Maginnis, “except for ‘Moore’s Melodies’ and ‘Willy Reilly and His Colleen Bawn.’ But let ’s hear the rest of it.”

“Then,” continued Mary Ann, reading Mrs. Carmody’s letter slowly, “the slave-girl *Aurelia* begs for the life of *Glaucus*, the youngest and handsomest of the senators. I intended to act *Aurelia* myself, but Carmody thinks I am too patrician-looking to take the part of a slave-girl. When *Aurelia* had finished her speech there was not a dry eye in the theater. She says:

I will not,—nay, I cannot call thee god,  
O Emperor, though thou art, indeed, a god,  
Until thou givest me from yonder pyre  
All scented with the odors of the East,  
That pile of death upon the marble floor,  
Making a stain of red, where Marshal Niel  
Mingles with pink La France, when Jacqueminot,

Thy favorite flower, Emperor, flames among  
The glory of Die John, and roseate Lancaster  
Tinges the snow of York—the one I love!  
Oh, spare him! See the odiferant buds  
Rise to his very throat. I beg thee, spare  
him!”

“It ’s not natural,” reasserted Maginnis.

“It ’s poetry,” said Mary Ann.

“G’wan!” answered Maginnis, resignedly.

“You cannot imagine what Carmody is in the next speech, where he says, to slow music, adapted by myself from the well-known waltz, ‘My Queen’:

O thou *Aurelia*, do not think I change  
My great ideals so lightly. They must die,  
And he, too, with them; yet I soften pangs  
With roses and the pulsings of the lute—

“Here *Aurelia* starts. She alone is aware that *Glaucus* is really the brother of *Helio-ga-boo'-lus*, and though she knows that it is dangerous to remind even Emperors of relatives they do not wish to acknowledge, her brave spirit does not quail:

He is thy brother, hidden for a time  
By one who hated thee, who thought to still  
Thy young affections by disuse, and make  
thee monstrous.  
O my Emperor, how oft the loving heart can  
see  
To love indeed where there is none to love!

*Helio-ga-boo'-lus*: ’T is true!

*Aurelia*: This *Glaucus* is thy brother!

*Helio-ga-boo'-lus*: Say not so! ’T is true indeed?

My very heart-strings twang, and like the  
minstrel harp,  
Struck by the sounds of home, I echo love.

“Carmody is *magnificent* here.

Then for thy love, and also for the love  
I bear my youngest brother, I forbear  
To lessen *Glaucus*’ life. Why let him live!

“While the roses fall, Chopin’s ‘Funeral March’ is played by a concealed orchestra.”

“What ’s that about choppin’?” asked Maginnis, growing a little sleepy.

But Mary Ann went calmly on: “When Carmody waved his scepter and embraced *Glaucus*, who rushed from among the dying senators, the applause was deafening; I, even I, wept. A lady in the right-hand box, one of the Four Hundred, threw her ermine from her ivory shoulders and actually howled.”

“’T was a fool thing to do,” commented Maginnis; “but I suppose them



that 's used to theayter-goin' understand it."

"They do," said Mary Ann, emphatically, "or Mike Carmody and his wife would not be living in luxury now. There 's not much more of it," continued Mary Ann, returning to the letter: "Carmody, looking every inch a *Helio-ga-boo'-lus*, calls out:

'T is my imperial will that he be saved—  
He, Glaucus, and no other, whom gods  
ordained  
To be my brother.

*Glaucus*, in his turn, pleads for the lives of the other senators. *Helio-ga-boo'-lus* yields when he finds out that *Aurelia* is a descendant of Julius Cæsar by the female line, saying:

O manes of Cæsar, I refuse thee nothing!

*Helio-ga-boo'-lus* clasps *Aurelia* to his heart, the proud senators, hearing that *Aurelia* is of the House of the Cæsars, withdraw their opposition, and the curtain goes down, while only pink roses—emblems of hope—fall. And love is triumphant. The managers that once spurned Carmody," the author continued, "are now anxious for his 'Hamlet' at any price; but no immortal bard for him as long as his wife can write. Ah, my friend, it pays, in the mind and heart, to spurn the low ideas of the populace. You say that you will never be able to come to New York. That is sad; I wish you could see our apartment. We are at home on Sunday night, when we have a little saloon—"

"Saloon," said Maginnis, decisively, deceived by Mary Ann's pronunciation, "if I had to keep a saloon, and was any kind of a man, I 'd not leave it to my wife. But I thought there was Sunday closin' in New York."

"It 's not that kind of a saloon; it 's spelled with one o," answered Mary Ann, hastily passing the word. "Mrs. Carmody says, 'If you ever come to New York, though that seems impossible, I shall be happy to entertain you. I shall never forget your motherly kindness to a homeless girl.'"

"Girl!" echoed Maginnis. "The old creature 's dreamin'; but let that pass. She means well, and she 's made an honest

working-man of Carmody, which I never expected. 'T would be a great thing if we could go, Mary Ann; we never had a weddin'-trip yet, an' I 've never seen New York. I 'll be sorry all my life that when I came to this country I took a tramp steamer from Queenstown to Norfolk. 'T would be a pleasure, Mary Ann," sighed Maginnis, thinking of the hurling match.

"'T would, indeed," echoed Mary Ann, reflecting on the beauties of Mrs. Carmody's flat and the splendors of "*Helio-gabalus*."

The unexpected happened. Mrs. Magee's neuralgia increased in violence, and, in desperation at the thought of the disgrace that must come to her family if her nephew were permitted to board the departing steamer without one of his "kith or kin" to present him with, at least, a box of cigars, at the last moment the custodian of the family honor reluctantly consented to pay the expenses of Maginnis, as well as of Mary Ann, to the city of desire. This was, as Maginnis said, as unexpected as a bolt from the blue of a smiling heaven. The biggest trunk was packed, with the addition of appropriate souvenirs; Mrs. Magee graciously sent for the children, so that their mother's mind might be clear; and Maginnis and Mary Ann left Bracton in an ecstasy of anticipation.

"Mind," said Mrs. Magee, "to find out all about the Carmodys. I don't believe a word of all that woman has written. '*Helio-ga-boo'-lus*,' indeed! It 's only song and dance *he 's* fit for. To think of his marrying a woman as old as his grandmother," she added, with a scornful laugh.

The relative from Kerry was "seen off" on Saturday morning. He said very frankly that he was glad to leave a country where you could not sit still a minute; he scorned some of the souvenirs,—with apparent reason, as one of them from his aunt was a huge conch-shell, spotted like a tortoise-shell cat, and another, "*Lives of Famous Irishmen*" in six volumes. He did not hesitate to say ungratefully that they were not easy to carry. The last words of this unsatisfactory relative were that there was n't a decent cup of tea in America, and that he would never leave his native land unless compelled to by

staryation. Maginnis, whose pride was hurt, merely substituted a box of Pittsburg stogies for the Havanas he had been commissioned to buy, and shook hands untearfully. Then he and Mary Ann faced two days of delight.

"Keb?" called a man as they left the dock, and, with a recklessness that struck Mary Ann as fearful, her husband took a hansom. New York is the city of the Celt. Why? is a question the answer to which might reflect on the temperament of the Celt, and the nature of the attractions of this fascinating city. Maginnis sniffed the sea air with delight, and for the midday dinner found a place the polished cherry-colored tables of which pleased Mary Ann. Maginnis soon put himself on terms of comradeship with the white waiters; he was in the habit of disdaining the colored "help" at home. He pointed out celebrities with an air that almost deceived Mary Ann, but as she knew that these celebrities really existed in New York, she was not keen as to whether her generous husband showed her the real thing or not. The Brooklyn Bridge, the Cathedral, all the wonders!—and then after a short supper at Sweeny's Hotel, the theater, to see the miracles of "Helio-ga-boo'-lus." But in the papers the waiters had amiably brought there was no mention of this tragedy. Maginnis could not understand this. "Perhaps Carmody, the lazy devil, is taking a night off. 'T would be like him," said Maginnis.

Mary Ann was visibly disappointed. "I have set my heart on it," she said dolefully.

The search was in vain, but Maginnis found an announcement under the head of "Vaudeville." It was in big letters, and read: "Unlimited success: 9:30: Rafferty in the Kerry Dance."

"There we'll go, Mary Ann," he said.

To these country-folk, the turns on the program preceding the great Rafferty were delightful. When the curtain rose on "Number five" and revealed a delicately lighted green landscape, with a stream in it that might have been painted by a young and hopeful Constable, Maginnis whispered:

"You can see the water-cresses in that little run. 'T is home."

A prelude on the air Maginnis knew so well, and Rafferty, apparently young, very

alert, and with a del. began Mary "Top o' the mornin' to every body," entered.

"He 's one of the boys at home," whispered Maginnis, clutching Mary Ann's arm. "How it takes me back! I've seen him somewhere before, Mary Ann. It brings a lump in my throat to hear his voice: I feel just as I did when Carmody sang that same song."

The melody rose lark-like and full, with a softness sweetened by the brogue which seemed to be all little curves and grace notes.

"I smell the primroses and see the fairy-ring," said Maginnis, as the delicious notes melted into longing for past happiness, and then rose again in ecstasy for present joys, and moonlight fell over the scene.

Mary Ann's eyes were moist. "'T is beautiful," she murmured. "'T is better than 'Helio-ga-boo'-lus' a thousand times, and I should think Carmody would do this rather than the great, big tragedy. The singing is just like his, only better."

Maginnis shook his head; his eyes were full of tears. The house was silent; it was the fine touch of nature, and even those who could not see the water-cresses and smell the primroses and knew nothing of the fairy-ring, felt the truth and beauty in the air.

"'T is like Carmody at his best, I must say," said Maginnis, his eyes glistening.

The sketch was slight, a monologue in which an old woman was quoted as to the past of her happy youth, with a snatch of song:

Look on the wren who pays no rint,  
And is contint.

Only a little ballad of the primrose-time, and the joyous dance, and yet Maginnis, and those with memories like his among the auditors, were touched; many eyes filled with tears. The "boy" of the sketch had the magic of a voice that made heart-strings vibrate. Again and again he was recalled. He was lithe and he appeared young; his hair was brown and curly. Maginnis knitted his brow. "Mary Ann," he said, as the curtain fell after six recalls of the actor, and "Number six" went up, "'T is Carmody!" The tears dried up in his eyes. "And he 's ashamed of *this*!"



"'T is not to theayate," answered Mary Ann, amazed at the discovery.

"But it 's nature, it 's real, it 's not make-believe!" exclaimed Maginnis. "And from this he 's drawin' his money, and he ashamed of it. Carmody and his 'Helio-ga-boo'-lus,' " he added with contempt. "I 'll give him a piece of my mind! Heaven and earth," he added, with conviction, "how I hate a liar!"

"I 'm thankful that we 've found it out without their knowing it," said Mary Ann. "'T is the kindest thing to say nothing when we see them."

"Helio-ga-boo'-lus!" muttered Maginnis. "And he ashamed of this!"

Maginnis was moody during the rest of the entertainment. "His art," he muttered, "and he makin' his wife lie about it all the time! I 'll teach him! oh, I 'll teach him!" he vowed, and nothing that Mary Ann could say softened his fierce resolve.

On Sunday night, after some happy hours slightly embittered in the mind of Maginnis by the memory of Carmody's perfidy, the "Lonsdale Arms" was found. There was a little boy in a blue suit with innumerable brass buttons in the arched doorway, two top-heavy plants in green buckets, and other evidences of splendor.

Maginnis had not thought it necessary to announce his arrival in town, so when the pair had made their rather tremulous journey upward some distance in the elevator, they found Carmody unexpectant in his own drawing-room. He was thinner, his hair was grayer, but he was happier-looking. He reclined on a turkey-red sofa, almost buried in Sunday papers. He welcomed the visitors somewhat perfunctorily, but when Mrs. Carmody, more blondined than ever, appeared in a mauve and purple teagown, enthusiasm filled the room. She was unmistakably fairer, fatter, and fortier; but the stamp of success was upon her.

"I 'm the happiest girl on earth," she said, "but Carmody does n't love me," she added coquettishly; "he lives only for his art."

Carmody protested, with an air of having learned his lines. Maginnis warmed under the welcome, accompanied later by high tea in a tiny dining-room, furnished "in Mission," as Mrs. Carmody described

it. The drawing-room was mostly occupied by a Turkish "cozy-corner," over which a statue of "The Bather" bent between two crossed scimitars and a large colored engraving of "Alone at last," on which Mrs. Carmody said she "doted."

"Are you staying over to-morrow night?" she asked with a slight trace of fear in her voice.

"No," said Maginnis, promptly.

"What a pity, Carmody," said Mrs. Carmody, who was evidently relieved. Then her regret became gushing and girlish. She was desolate. "You can't see Carmody in my play. He 's great in 'Helio-ga-boo'-lus,' as I told you. It took me nearly a year to write it, and every manager in New York rejected it—nearly every manager," she corrected, with a slight flush. "But *now*—oh, now!"

"He 's great," said Mary Ann, who was absorbed in the Morocco brass tray that glittered under a Japanese lantern in the "corner"; she spoke unconsciously, as one in a trance. "I never recognized Carmody until the people called him out for the sixth time. Yesterday——"

She paused, flushing and realizing the mistake into which her absorption in all the splendor had led her. A strained look came into Mrs. Carmody's face; Carmody gazed at Maginnis, appalled.

"'T was great," said Maginnis, rapidly, "when *Helio-ga-boo'-lus* stomped on the stage, and them roses as big as cabbages began to fall down, it was as exciting as a prize-fight. You 'll never do anything finer, Carmody."

Mrs. Carmody recovered herself almost instantly.

"Ah, Mr. Maginnis, what that play cost me!" Carmody seemed unnerved, but Mrs. Carmody took the cue instantly, and Maginnis was on the alert.

"Ah, ma'am," he said, more rapidly, "Carmody seemed six and a half feet high when he called out in centurion tones, 'Them roses must cease to fall,' or something to that effect. 'T was grand. If *Helio-ga-boo'-lus* had been born in our time, they 'd have had him in a movin' picture. I never expect to see the like again."

Mary Ann, bewildered, looked in open-eyed astonishment at the singularly gifted speakers.

"I never expect to see the like again," Maginnis repeated.

"You never will, Mr. Maginnis," answered Mrs. Carmody, calmly; "but you simply cannot forget it. If I had a husband who did not love his art, who would sacrifice it for even two hundred dollars a week, what would my life be? Life without ideals of art is a desert."

"True enough," said Maginnis, with decision, as the punch was brought on; "true for you!"

"When you come again," said Mrs. Carmody, generously, "you must let me give you a stage-box. I think that later I will portray the slave-girl myself."

Maginnis began a sound that seemed like a groan, but he stifled it, and asked for more lemon. After this the conversation between the two women drifted to Mrs. Carmody's social position and the New York price of hats. Maginnis and Carmody drank in silence. "Each of us," reflected Maginnis, "has his own thoughts!"

Just before midnight Mrs. Carmody threw her arms around Mary Ann's neck and bade her an affectionate good-by. Carmody and Maginnis shook hands gravely.

"Oh, Maginnis," began Mary Ann, as they descended, "how *could* you?"

"I don't know how I could or how I could n't," he answered shortly; "'t was what Mrs. Carmody calls 'temperament' that carried me away."

"'T was my mistake," said Mary Ann, humbly; "but I wondered at you."

"It 's hard," answered Maginnis, as they entered a car, "to show a man you think he 's a liar when you 're eatin' his meat. I would n't like it myself. Helio-ga-boo'-lus!" he repeated with a hollow laugh. "Mary Ann," he added solemnly, "I 've taken liberties with the truth myself, I admit *that*; but a *real* liar like Carmody is too much for me. And to think of him being ashamed of doing a good Kerry song and dance! I swear, Mary Ann, that when I get home to Bracton I 'll take a pledge before his reverence to stick to the truth as far as I can. And I 'm glad Carmody is no kin to me; I 'm done with liars, and he and his 'Helio-ga-boo'-lus.'"

And Maginnis became red in the face from violent and suppressed indignation. "If a man was ever converted by a terrible example, I 'm that man, Mary Ann," he added, as the couple reached Sweeny's Hotel.



## DISCHARGING MARTHA

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

Author of "The Adopting of Rosa Marie"

THE first applicant to respond to Brice & Pendleton's advertisement for an office-girl appeared fairly promising to Tom Page, who was too busy with tax-titles to look very closely at the young woman; so Martha Pratt, with "country-bred" written all over her, was promptly engaged.

At first Martha's innumerable mistakes were ascribed to her newness; but by the end of the first week, when no improvement was visible, Mr. Brice, clearing his throat ominously, waylaid Mr. Pendleton near the street door.

"By the way, Pendleton," said he, "that new girl does n't fill the bill."

"Tell Page to advertise for another tomorrow," advised Mr. Pendleton. "I meant to mention it this noon. He 'd better tell the girl, too. Of course we 'll give her a week's warning."

Martha, however, entertained no suspicion of this threatening state of affairs when, the next morning, she bounced into that quiet office, carrying three substantial buttonhole-bouquets.

"My grandmother sent them," beamed good-natured Martha, presenting her solid



gifts, without a trace of either coquetry or partiality, to Mr. Brice, Mr. Pendleton, and Tom Page. "They 're fresh from the country."

Elderly Mr. Brice glared at the matter-of-fact girl; Pendleton made queer, embarrassed noises in his throat; Tom Page, controlling with difficulty the twitching corners of his mouth, pinned his unexpected gift to the lapel of his coat. Martha, observing nothing and apparently entirely satisfied with herself, retired to her own corner.

Indeed, Martha was not observant. Perhaps if she had been, she would have made a more satisfactory assistant. As it was, she had much to learn; but unfortunately, no one in that busy office possessed either the time or the inclination to struggle with incompetence. Not only was Martha's ignorance of office methods colossal, but the girl seemed disorderly and untidy to an astonishing degree. Her desk was always in confusion. Her figures staggered down the page like a rail fence on end. Her writing was smeared with blots. She eyed these with good-natured tolerance.

"I never could use ink without spilling it," she confessed to Tom Page. "We Pratts are generous even with our ink."

Yet, in spite of the general untidiness of Martha's belongings, about the girl herself there was a clean wholesomeness that was rather pleasing. She was not a pretty girl. Her countenance was too broad, too freckled, too ruddy for beauty; but the lines of her large mouth were neatly cut, and her big brown eyes fairly beamed with honesty and kindness.

However, in the frigid atmosphere of Brice & Pendleton's it was not customary for the clerks to beam with anything. Tom Page had recognized that fact at once, and had promptly suppressed his own natural tendency toward exuberance. But Martha, who lacked Tom's keen perception, remained her simple, kindly, radiant, and disorderly self.

Of course neither Mr. Brice nor Mr. Pendleton, with Martha's unwelcome gift perched on his desk, could bring himself to the point of mentioning the matter of Martha's dismissal that morning. It seemed too much like betraying a trusting child. So, all unconsciously, Martha had postponed the evil moment.

Then, before the flowers had quite faded, beaming Martha appeared one morning with six splendid, big, red apples in a plebeian yellow paper bag.

"Uncle Ben sent them," explained Martha, who, in spite of the announced fact that she was an orphan, seemed bountifully supplied with country relatives. "There is n't another tree like that in our country. Eat them right now; they 'll take you back to boyhood."

Again Mr. Brice glared at Martha; again Mr. Pendleton made queer, embarrassed noises in his throat; again Tom Page struggled with his twitching lips. All three were at an utter loss of words. But they ate the apples, for such perfect fruit was indeed rare. And again was the moment of Martha's dismissal postponed.

Before the memory of those delicious apples had quite vanished, Martha arrived one rainy morning accompanied by a large circular object, which she unwrapped on Mr. Brice's sacred desk. It was a pie—a huge, thick, golden pumpkin pie with a tender, fluted crust.

"Aunt Julia made it," confided radiant Martha. "I noticed you had a cold, Mr. Pendleton, and I thought this pie might save your going out to lunch; but there's plenty for all—wait, here's a knife and three forks. This is all *your* pie; I had mine for breakfast."

It was certain that no pie had ever before been eaten in the formal, businesslike atmosphere of that expensively furnished office. But, little as the idea appealed to them, the three nonplussed men ate Aunt Julia's handiwork and found it extremely good.

Martha's numerous relatives, it developed, were not only generous, but well-to-do. They were fond of ambitious, orphaned Martha; and, being kindly disposed generally, were interested in her employers. They were as simple and as guileless as Martha herself. In Ridgeway it was customary to give way to generous impulses. That this was not the fashion in the business circles of Bolton was an idea that had not occurred to any of the Pratts.

During the noon hour one day the three men found themselves alone.

"Pendleton," said Mr. Brice, eyeing the golden russet pear on his desk, "that woodenheaded girl is buying us."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Pendleton, glancing at the twin pear on his own desk, "she certainly is; but she does n't know it—I'm convinced of that."

"Perhaps not," returned Brice, doubtfully; "but the fact remains that we've been bought. What are we going to do about it? I—well—I *can't* eat a pear like that and then deliberately crush the donor."

"It's a tough proposition," admitted Pendleton.

"There's a first-rate girl in Hooper's," suggested Tom Page, "that we could have for the asking. They're cutting down their office force. We could let Miss Pratt do the drudgery—there's enough of it, and she's certainly willing enough. That would let her down by degrees, and give us the efficient help that we lack at present."

Thus weakly temporizing, the partners agreed to this plan.

The new girl, Miss Emmons, proved all that Martha was not. Neat, slender, efficient, self-contained, Miss Emmons was like a piece of well-oiled office furniture. Within forty-eight hours of her arrival, Messrs. Brice and Pendleton were all but oblivious to the fact that Miss Emmons existed. They did realize, however, that the office work was going with unprecedented smoothness.

Martha realized it also. But Martha could not regard the new-comer with indifference. To the deposed clerk Miss Emmons was a revelation. Her clothes, her reserved yet assured manner, most of all her systematic neatness, profoundly impressed country-bred Martha. There was no doubt about her unstinted admiration for Miss Emmons. Martha began at once to copy the older girl's clothes, her way of doing her hair, her noiseless manner of moving about the office. She even tried to imitate Miss Emmons's neat figures and precise handwriting. By the end of a fortnight, ill-taught Martha was improving by leaps and bounds.

"By Jove!" said Tom Page. "I never supposed she had it in her, or I'd have given her a lift or two myself. Perhaps, after all, there's the making of a good business woman in her. Perhaps she was merely raw and green. They say that width between the eyes denotes intelligence; the width's there, all right. But

of course Brice & Pendleton's is no kindergarten for greenhorns; *we* could n't be expected to teach her. But she's certainly picking up."

There was no doubt about it, Martha was "picking up." But in one respect she was still unchanged. Russet pears from Uncle Rowan, Baldwin apples from Uncle Ben, Aunt Julia's famous pumpkin pies, and bouquets from Grandma Pratt's luxuriant houseplants, continued to invade the office.

Whenever one of these incongruous gifts arrived, Miss Emmons wore a superior smile, which Tom Page easily interpreted, but to which Martha remained sublimely impervious. The thanks of Miss Emmons for her share in these gifts were delicately ironical. This also missed fire with honest Martha.

One morning the usually prompt Mr. Brice arrived late. It was evident to the least observant that he was suffering with a stiff neck. Mr. Brice at his best was an unapproachable person; Mr. Brice in pain was formidable even to his most courageous relative. Mr. Pendleton wisely postponed certain business matters that he had intended to mention; Tom Page quietly effaced himself; Miss Emmons as quietly became a piece of insensate office furniture; but Martha, nothing daunted, exclaimed sympathetically:

"Mercy, Mr. Brice, you must be feeling just awful! I had one of those necks once, and it hurt like all possessed. I'm real sorry for you."

Mr. Brice glowered, Mr. Pendleton gulped, Tom Page controlled his treacherous lips. Miss Emmons shot a satirical yet guarded glance in Tom Page's direction.

"Don't worry," assured oblivious Martha; "it won't last long."

That noon Martha was late; she was likewise flushed and disheveled from unusual exertion. She placed a tall, brown bottle on Mr. Brice's highly polished desk.

"Sorry I'm late," said she, easily; "but I had to go way out to Cousin Sarah Caliper's for this mixture. It's the best stuff ever made for stiff necks. Take off your collar and rub this liniment on the cords. Don't be afraid; Cousin Sarah made it herself."

Even on the hottest day of midsummer Mr. Brice had never committed the im-

propriety of removing his coat or loosening his collar in that austere office, but now, under Martha's compelling eye, the collar came off, the evil-smelling liniment went on.

"Now," said Martha, producing a compact roll of coarse flannel, "wrap this about your neck."

Mr. Brice, still glowering, obeyed. There was simply nothing else *to* do with those kindly, insistent brown eyes compelling him. Mr. Pendleton considerably removed himself from the premises; Tom Page discovered instant and pressing business within the fireproof vault.

At intervals during the afternoon Martha insisted on fresh applications. At closing time, Mr. Brice, whose bravest relative would have hesitated, in a matter of life or death, to ask him to carry a parcel, walked meekly out of the office with a big, brown bottle distending the pocket of his faultless coat. A muffler, impulsively borrowed by Martha from Tom Page, mercifully concealed the red flannel.

And then Miss Emmons, who felt that matters had gone far enough, turned to beaming Martha. In cold, cutting, unmistakable words she told her that she was a simple-minded greenhorn; that office-girls were expected to work, not to conciliate their employers with foolish gifts; that when a business firm employed a girl, it did not wish to be burdened with obligations to all that girl's relatives. She ridiculed the apples, the pears, the pumpkin pies, and the brown liniment. She made poor Martha see how ludicrous a thing it was for old Grandma Pratt to send her home-grown bouquets to such men as Messrs. Brice and Pendleton and Tom Page.

There was no doubt that Martha needed some such lesson; but, as the well-aimed blows landed neatly, the girl fairly staggered under the battery.

"I—I did n't know," she gasped. Then, plunging blindly into her wraps, Martha fled toward the elevator.

"That was a hanged shame," confided Tom Page to the contents of his desk. "No man could have knifed her like that."

Thereafter, there were no more apples, no more pears, no more pies. When Tom Page came down unmistakably with

quinsy, Martha, knowing that her home contained the perfect remedy, remained outwardly as impassive as Miss Emmons herself.

Then came the startling days of the panic. Brice & Pendleton found themselves suddenly and uncomfortably involved. For a week even obtuse Martha could see that Messrs. Brice and Pendleton were exceedingly troubled. She gathered vaguely that an alarmingly large sum of money was needed for some immediate contingency; that the money was not forthcoming, and that the world in general was not to be apprised of the pressing need. She learned, too, that both Mr. Brice and Mr. Pendleton had tried, and failed, to secure a large portion of the needed amount; and that both men were surprised, shocked, and bewildered at finding the firm in this unlooked-for predicament.

But Martha was now sophisticated. She knew now that she lived in a world where it was not considered proper to "rush in" with eager offers of assistance. It was not in Martha, however, to permit even an ice-clad employer to sink with human aid in sight. A month previously, the task would have seemed simple. Now, enlightened by Miss Emmons, Martha found it exceedingly hard to extend to the drowning men her straw, even though it proved, like her apples, pears, and pies, rather a substantial straw.

Yet, gathering all her courage, she forced herself to cross the room under the fire of Miss Emmons's hard, inquiring eyes and to stand, inwardly cringing, beside Mr. Brice's desk.

"Mr. Brice," said she, abject in her consciousness and crimsoning and paling by turns, "I know now that it is n't proper for me to offer to do anything more in this office than you tell me to do. I've learned that—and I'm awfully sorry I have learned it, because we Pratts *like* to do things for others. I guess it's part of our religion out in Ridgeway; but I see now that it is n't that way in towns. But—but—well, would eighteen thousand dollars be of any use to you?"

"Use!" gasped Mr. Brice, clutching the arms of his chair. "*Use!* Why, girl, if I could have that sum before noon tomorrow it would just about *save* Brice & Pendleton!"



"Well," returned Martha, now as calm as if she were lightly proffering eighteen cents, "Uncle Ben, Uncle Rowan, and Uncle Henry—he 's Aunt Julia's husband—could lend you that much money and hold their tongues about it. If you 'll ride out to Ridgeway with me now, you can fix it up with the men folks."

Leaving Mr. Pendleton, Tom Page, and Miss Emmons gasping like three freshly landed trout, the senior partner

and Martha departed hurriedly to catch the suburban car.

"That girl," said Mr. Pendleton, recovering finally, "is as sound and wholesome as one of Aunt Julia's pies."

"And her kind," agreed Tom Page, "is as rare as that apple-tree of Uncle Ben's."

"Fortunately," breathed Miss Emmons.

"No," shouted Mr. Pendleton and Tom in chorus.



## QUEEN VICTORIA AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN<sup>1</sup>

BEING THE LETTERS OF MRS. SALLIE COLES STEVENSON, WIFE  
OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER IN LONDON, 1836-41

ARRANGED BY WILLIAM L. ROYALL

### THE QUEEN HAS HER OWN WAY

IN the following letter, Mrs. Stevenson tells of Sir Robert Peel's ill-advised and unsuccessful attempt to coerce Queen Victoria into parting with the ladies of her bed-chamber, and particularly with Madame Lehzun, who had been like a mother to her.

"*London, May 11, 1839.*

"MY BELOVED SISTERS;

"London is even gayer than this time last year. The presence of the Grand Duke of Russia has given rise to fêtes and parties not only at the palace, but among the nobility, and at the Russian embassy. On Thursday evening we were at Ashburnham House, at a magnificent soirée, to meet the future Emperor of Russia [Alexander II]. All the royal family were present except the Queen herself. I was taken up by the Countess Pozzi de Borgo, and presented to him. He addressed me first in French. I answered in English, and said I did not speak French. He then conversed in tolerably good English with me about a few *royal* questions—how long I had been in this country; if I liked it &c. Wished I

would go to Russia, &c. He is in appearance about 22 or 23; graceful and symmetrical in person; a full face, though not very intellectual, with a small, well-shaped mustache on his upper lip. His manner is dignified and kingly, though silent and reserved. I think him rather handsome, but I find the English will not admit that he has any claim to be thought so, and say that his grandfather was infinitely his superior in personal appearance. The Queen received him with great distinction, sent 4 state carriages to take him and his suite to the palace for a private audience, and gives, on the 13th, a splendid ball in honor of his arrival. He entered, it is said, the House of Lords, just as Ld. Melbourne tendered his resignation. It must have been an interesting scene for him. By the way, her Majesty has been in great trouble. She accepted the resignation of her ministers, and sent for Sir Robert Peel, who insisted, if he accepted the office, that she should give up all her ladies, especially the Baroness Lehzun, who is every thing to her—mother, nurse, friend, companion. The Queen, I suppose, would feel lost without

<sup>1</sup> See other articles of this series in the January and February CENTURY.

this early friend and faithful attendant, who has declined all honor and distinction but that of being near her beloved pupil. It was a cruel situation for this young and innocent creature, but she met it with Jacksonian firmness—refused to give up her ladies, and re-installed her old ministry. The night of her ball it was made known, and Ld. Palmerston himself told me that he was still Minister for Foreign Affairs. I told him that I rejoiced, and that I knew Mr. S. would still more. He said that whatever change might take place, that he (Mr. S.) would never have a firmer friend or one more inclined to yield whatever he could both to himself and his country. The Queen looked happy, and danced away with the Grand Duke as if no sorrow had crossed her path. Indeed, it would be a pity that tears should so dim those dovelike eyes or sorrow cloud that innocent face. It is said she wept a whole day when her cabinet was dismissed, or rather, in parliamentary phrase, when the ministry resigned."

#### "A SURFEIT OF JEWELS"

IN a letter, dated May 17, 1839, Mrs. Stevenson tells of presenting her niece Angelica to the Queen. Angelica was the daughter of her sister Rebecca, who married a Mr. Singleton of South Carolina. Angelica married a son of Martin Van Buren, President of the United States.

"On Thursday we attended the drawing-room. Angelica looked very well—sweet, pretty, and lady-like. The Queen received her very graciously, asked her the usual questions—How long she meant to stay? and inquired after the President. And the Duchess of Kent, to whom it is not usual to present strangers, said to me (after a little conversation in which she reproved me for my imprudence in driving in an open carriage), 'Is that your niece?' I replied it was, & if her 'Royal Highness would allow me, I would have the honour to present her,' which I did, & also the Duchess of Gloucester, who made a sign as though she wished it. Her Royal Highness of Cambridge, who is very proud, made no sign, & we passed on to my place among the ladies of the foreign corps. I kept Angelica by me, which is not often permitted, but I did it upon the ground of her being a *person of distinction*. The drawing-room, being the

first day, was crowded, at least 2000 persons, & no one presented but Mrs. Van Buren & a lady attached to the corps diplomatique. Angelica was delighted, and dazzled by the blaze of diamonds. It seems to me only necessary for one to go to the drawing-room once to get a surfeit of jewels, especially diamonds. The Marchioness of Londonderry was literally covered with brilliants, but the *coup d'œil* was nothing like as magnificent as the last season, when all the foreign ambassadors were here, but to a republican eye sufficient to be very dazzling. We did not get back until  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4, when I had to put Mr. Stevenson upon my sofa & put him to sleep for having a bad cold & to go to Ld. Palmerston's to dinner. He required a little nursing. At 7, he took the carriage & went to dinner, & at 10, Angelica & myself went alone to a grand party at Lansdowne House, where the gentlemen joined us. I took her on my arm through the splendid suite of rooms and presented her to every one I knew that I thought it would profit her to know, amongst the number, Lord Lovelace, the husband of Ada Byron, who had sent me an invitation for the following Monday evening, and as I thought it would gratify Angelica to know the countess, I introduced her, and accordingly I received a note from Ada inviting them the next day. On Friday night, the Queen's ball, which perfectly enchanted Angelica. Mr. Stevenson left us before 11, & I should have been glad to have gone, too, but I stayed to introduce Angelica, until after supper, and got her, by a little management, into the court circle at the supper-table, where she saw the Queen take her strawberries, &c., and the Grand Duke his champagne, & all the royal circle make their bows of recognition & courtesy to those who ventured to approach, or had the right to do so. The tables were placed around the room, and at the upper end, where the Queen sups, all the royal plate is exhibited on the sideboard behind the table & lights so placed as to reflect a degree of brilliancy beyond the light of day. I left Mr. Rush with them, & got home by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2."

#### A DUCAL FÊTE TO HER MAJESTY

IN the following letter, dated July 29, 1839, Mrs. Stevenson tells of a fête given

to the Queen by the Duke and Duchess of Somerset.

"On the 24th we attended a fête at Wimbledon given to her Majesty by the Duke and Duchess of Somerset at their villa near Mrs. Marryat's, who invited us to go to her & sleep and remain the next day, which we did. From the extent of the preparations and the Queen's presence much was expected, & indeed it was considered as the affair of the season. The marquee, or temporary tent, was very beautiful. The roof was supported by 12 columns, and the interior lined with crimson stripes decorated with wreaths, festoons, and various forms in natural flowers. It was said to be 180 feet long & 40 feet broad, and 480 persons sat down to the tables in perfect comfort. At one end of this magnificent tent the military band was placed, who played 'God save the Queen.' The illuminations were extremely pretty over the Tuscan portico, which looked upon the beautiful lawn, 'God bless our Queen,' in large letters surmounted by a crown. The grounds were also partly illuminated. At the entrance into the park, which was lined with curious spectators, a triumphant arch of evergreens and roses had a beautiful and striking effect, especially when illuminated. The Queen arrived about 6 o'clock and promenaded the grounds, where the company had generally assembled, on rich carpets, with sofas and chairs. Here also were stationed the Tyrolean minstrels, who sang their national airs; the Russian dancers, who exhibited their national steps; also Alpine singers; and Highland pipers in their national dresses, the tartan and the bagpipes. What amused me most was the old dowager Duchess of Richmond, who is most loyally aristocratic and by whom I chanced to stand. When the bagpipes struck up a Scotch air, she began to shuffle away like a girl of sixteen. Imagine a fat old lady upwards of 70, dressed in a lilac satin with a lace dress over it, attempting to dance! The fact is that no one grows old in England, and if I stay here much longer, I shall live back to gay fifteen. But as yet I have made no step backwards. I wish I could. The old duchess made many, and not content with this exertion of her own strength, she insisted when the Queen came out that I should stand. I had half a mind

to tell her *my republican knees* refused such hard service, but I rose at her bidding, knowing the old lady meant it kindly. Lady Lennox, who married the younger son of the duke, said, 'Her Grace thinks it high treason to sit in the presence of royalty.' After dinner (our party at the table consisted of Ld. & Lady Surrey & daughter & Ld. & Lady Tavistock), there was an accession of company and the ball commenced in the tent. As soon as we could make our escape we did so, & found Mrs. Marryat at prayers with her family. A contrast, you will think.

#### THE QUEEN'S DIMMED POPULARITY

"THE Queen, sorry am I to say, has lost much of her popularity since the sad affair of Lady Flora Hastings. The papers, I suppose, have informed you all about it. Mr. S. & myself have both sent papers to Philadelphia and Richmond, which I hope you have received. It was noticed on the day of the fire by a person who had not been in England since her coronation—the change which has taken place. Then the air was rent with acclamations; now she is received with a silence almost unbroken. . . . And added to all this is the little harmony which exists between mother & daughter. Rumor, who, you know, is always busy about such things, even ventures to give conversations as well as facts to prove their disunion. For instance, it is generally talked of that after the death of poor Lady Flora, the duchess resolved to leave England, and to prevent her executing her intention, the Duke of Wellington, who seems to be general pacificator, was sent for, & he said to the duchess, she must remember, although Victoria was her daughter, she was also her sovereign, and to the Queen that the duchess, though her subject, was still her mother and for the sake of each other and the public weal they must bear with each other & continue to live together, as to part at this time would confirm all the rumors afloat, &c. . . . I am really very sorry for all this, for, independent of her being a queen, I like her as a woman. She looks so innocent and helpless, so gentle and dignified, that when she takes my hand in hers to shake, my heart yearns towards her. And then she is so considerate of others. On perceiving tears in the eyes of



one of her ladies-in-waiting she asked the cause and when told that her nephew had broken his leg, she said, 'What can *we* do for him? Oh, I will order a watch at 30 guineas for him to amuse himself with.' I only hope that adulation and the glittering pomps of the world may not corrupt her heart and turn her little head before she can find out what a heartless pageant it is. Certainly as yet she seems very little injured by what would have perverted the hearts or turned the heads of half her sex."

In a letter of August 20, 1839, she tells of a dinner with the Queen, thus:

"We were also at a very pleasant party at the Queen's, a dinner to which Mr. & Mrs. Webster were invited. I never saw her little Majesty so gracious and so agreeable. Mr. Stevenson was invited to lead her to dinner, at which she talked and laughed with him in a manner more free and easy than I have ever seen her indulge towards any one else. I was given the seat of honor opposite to her between Lds. Palmerston & Holland. After dinner we had a select ball, at which no other foreign minister was invited but ourselves. We have also dined twice with the Duke of Sussex, a luxurious dinner, to which he invited the Websters, whom he had met at our house, and again *en famille* at a grand concert at the Duke of Wellington's, to which the Robinsons were invited. Poor lady! it was the last time we met in public. We were at several other small parties, and declined going to many more, also to the country to make a visit to Lady Hamlyn Williams, the lady who commended me for being so very *natural and unspoiled*."

#### THE QUEEN'S WEDDING

IN the following letter Mrs. Stevenson gives an account of the Queen's marriage to Prince Albert.

"London Feby. 19, 1840.

"32 Upper Grosvenor St.

"MY DEAR NIECE:

"I find there is no other way of getting a letter from either you or your good mother but by addressing mine especially to you, putting your names both inside and out. I must say it is very hard work for me to write such volumes as I do to your Aunt Betsy and then be obliged to

write individually to each person; but as you follow your mother's example, I must not scold you, but reserve the outpourings of my wrath for her. I have written so often and so much lately that I am afraid I must have tired you all, especially since the burning of our old home, the Enniscorthy mansion, has made my letters perfect jeremiads. But I will not blight thy young spirit by touching on anything disagreeable. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I remember, dear niece, when I was at your time of life everything was *couleur de rose*. Hope spread her gay illusions around me, and played the dear deceiver's part. I will not say that my hopes are less bright now than they were then, but they have changed their object, & soared beyond this little scene of things. But I find myself relapsing again, and will amuse you with some account of the Queen's marriage.

"The ceremony took place on the 10th in St. James Chapel Royal, which was fitted up especially for the occasion; but as it is very small, it could hold only a few of her Majesty's subjects, who were dying with curiosity to see a queen married. We ladies of the diplomatic corps began to despair of an invitation, but at the eleventh hour it came, all, however, in good time. It was expected that she would be married at half-past eleven, which rendered it necessary for us to be up before eight at work upon our heads, &c., which were to be full-dressed. I opened my eyes upon a pouring rain, which continued with very little intermission all day; but rain or shine, we must be at our posts. Accordingly the new liveries were well soaked, but, then, everybody else was in the same plight, and you know there is some consolation in that. We of the diplomacy had what is called the Queen's royal closet. It afforded us an excellent view, but we were miserably cold, with our bare arms, necks, & heads, with nothing to cover the latter but the graceful white plumes. As for me, I christened my beautiful India satin cloak, which I exhibited for the first time on that day.

"After two mortal hours of shivering, the trumpets proclaimed the approach of royalty, and Prince Albert arrived, as you will see in the 'Court Journal,' which I send you. Soon after the Queen entered, attended by a numerous cortège. Her

dress you will see described in the 'Court Journal.' It was rich, beautiful, and in perfect taste, the train was held by twelve fair girls, daughters of the highest nobility, all in white, with orange flowers in their hair. The deportment of the royal bride was really beautiful. It blended the sensibility of the woman with the dignity of the queen and that calm and quiet self-possession for which she has been so remarkable ever since her accession to the throne on all public occasions. Her agitation was only discoverable in the marble paleness of her brow and the shaking of the orange flowers. The prince is very handsome and graceful, and looks older than he is by several years. Both made the responses very audibly, but her tones, though soft and low, were yet so perfectly distinct that every one in the chapel heard her vow to love, honor, and obey; and when he promised to love and cherish her, she turned her sweet and innocent looks upon him with an expression that brought tears into every eye that saw it. There was another part of the ceremony that touched me deeply, when she threw herself on her knees at the foot of the altar as if her whole soul was in the petition she was offering up for a blessing. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, with the assistance of the Lord Bishop of London (He asked, 'Who gives this woman,' &c. and 'I, Victoria, take thee, Albert'). The Duke of Sussex gave her away, and the only comic part of the whole affair was when the German prince endowed her with all his worldly goods. They left the chapel together hand in hand, and I must say that, take it all together, it was a beautiful and impressive scene. The whole palace was filled with spectators, through which they passed, and it is said by some of the curious and prying that they were observed to squeeze each other's hands most affectionately. I sincerely wish they may pass through the thorny paths they probably will have to tread hand in hand till they reach that bourne to which even kings and queens must come at last. At night the whole city was splendidly illuminated. We dined with the whole diplomatic corps at Lord Palmerston's, a party of forty, & ordered our carriages to return at half-past ten, thinking we would see something of the illuminations before

we went to the Duchess of Sutherland's grand party, given in honor of her Majesty's nuptials. But at half-past twelve we heard from our footman that the carriage was in Piccadilly, where it had been from half-past seven when we dismissed it, blocked up with hundreds of others, not a very comfortable predicament. Fortunately we got a hack, and returned home after one, and this occurred, as we heard the next day, to one half of the Duchess's invited guests. So much for the 10th of Feb'y, the happiest day in all the year of Britain's youthful Queen. Notwithstanding she is unpopular with the Tories, there is much loyalty and good feeling evinced toward her on this, I hope auspicious day. On her way to Windsor in the evening there were 30 triumphal arches erected to do her honor, and her sight-loving subjects took the rain as quietly as if it had been a passing April shower. And now, dear niece, I must bid you adieu. I have already sent you some cake by Mr. —, a nice young Englishman who is going over, he says, to lose his heart to some pretty American; but you had better keep yours for some of your own countrymen. When Mr. Webb goes, I will send you a larger piece, & I wish you to give the Ritches, Watsons, May Webb, & the Misses Skipwiths some in my name, and be sure to give Mr. Palmer a piece to dream on, if he is not married. . . ."

In a letter dated April 8, 1840, the writer describes a dinner at the Queen's:

"In consequence of the Queen's marriage, the 'season' has commenced at least a month earlier than usual by bringing the nobility so much sooner to town, who have endeavored to pass away this cold and inclement spring by giving dinners, balls, soirées, &c. We have sometimes received four invitations to dinner in one day, and last week 8 for the week, besides two or three parties every night. I have endeavored to follow Lady Grace's example in the play, by taking it 'soberly.' You remember when we used to play Lady Grace and Trunly. 'Oh, my dear Lady Grace, how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this time?' It is, as Lady Trunly says, a very different thing to live 'soberly' in London, especially in our situation, for we receive invitations from all parties, and it is so

ungracious always to refuse. We dined a short time since with the Queen, and are the only members of the diplomatic corps who have yet been invited. It was a very agreeable dinner, more so than any other state dinner we have been at before. The Queen looked so happy that it was refreshing to see her with her handsome, manly-looking young husband sitting by her. The etiquette was the same I have before described to you. She entered the grand drawing-room preceded by her gentlemen of the household, accompanied by Prince Albert, and followed by her ladies-in-waiting, and the mistress of the robes, and the tall graceful, and beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, 'Who moves like a goddess, and who looks like a queen.' We received her standing, and after shaking hands with us, she took her husband's arm and led the way to the *salle à manger*. The Duke of Argyll led me, and I found myself seated opposite the royal pair, between the dukes of Argyll and Norfolk. 'His Royal Highness' Prince Albert sat on the left of his royal bride. Frequently during the evening they conversed, and several times laughed with merry glee at the communications they made to each other. But still there is something dignified and queenly in whatever this extraordinary young creature says or does. She appears much attached to her young husband, and her manner is certainly much more joyous and happy than I ever saw it before. He is said to be entirely worthy of her affections, and has already gained 'golden opinions' from every one. The Baroness Lehzen told me, after dinner, in her broken English, that it was fortunate for 'de nation that the Queen had married such a good and humble-minded person.' He is very handsome, fine figure, and a very sweet and amiable expression of the face, something like his cousin the Queen, particularly about the mouth, when he smiles, and their complexions are very much alike. . . .

#### PRINCE ALBERT AS HUSBAND

"AFTER dinner the Queen conversed with me for some time and I took the occasion of offering her my congratulations, which she accepted very graciously, and then presented me to her husband, who also

conversed about the opera, &c, and told me he had seen me at the play some nights before, when we had gone with Col. Heth. He spoke also of commerce with interest, and when I complimented him on his very good English, he said: 'Oh, no; it is just tolerable. I hope to improve.' But he really does speak admirably well for a foreigner. They went out together to visit the Duchess of Kent, who was indisposed, and confined to her room. On their return, she led the way to a d.-room, where tables were set out, and Mr. S. was invited to play whist. The prince played 4-handed chess, and the Queen invited me to sit near her, with Lady Lansdowne, Lady Littleton, and the Premier, &c. The evening passed rather pleasantly, perhaps I ought to say *very* pleasantly for a royal circle, over which the spirit of dullness always broods. Prince Albert sat not far from his Queen, and when it was time to retire and he was still intent on his game, she leaned over to him and said in the softest, sweetest tones, 'Albert!' But as His Royal Highness was too much employed to hear these soft and silvery accents, she repeated his name again and again, each time modulating her voice to greater earnestness, without losing any of its sweetness or tenderness. They do say, however, that, Queen though she be, he will not allow himself to be, in matrimonial phrase, 'managed,'—that whenever it is necessary, he resists her firmly, though kindly, and I think it is the best security for their future happiness. And I think it is always bad when a woman inverts the laws of Providence by taking the reins in her own hands. You know I never, even in my palmy days, asserted the equality of the sexes. Man is the head of the woman, or rather, in Scripture phrase, 'The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church.' Therefore 'wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands,' &c. You will laugh at all this, and say it does not concern you. True; but it is good for me to remember it, and write it down occasionally for my own benefit; and it will be well for this dear, little, innocent-looking Queen to do the same.

#### A WEARY ROUND OF FESTIVITIES

"THE Marchioness of Lansdowne has given the most splendid fête of the season





From an engraving in the British Museum, by S. Cousins, A. R. A., of the original painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER TWO ELDEST CHILDREN (THE LATE  
EMPRESS OF GERMANY AND KING EDWARD VII)

The original painting, now in the possession of the King, was a birthday  
gift from Queen Victoria to the Prince Consort.

to her Majesty and Prince Albert. There was a platform erected for illuminating the exterior of the mansion and carriage-way with lights, which threw a brilliancy over every object exceeding the light of day. The interior presented even a more inspiring aspect. The grand vestibule, with its Corinthian columns, its beautiful and fragrant flowers, statues, liveried servants, and lights, presented altogether a dazzling *coup d'œil*. The statue-gallery, one of the most magnificent in London, was used as the dancing-room, and besides the supper-room for the Queen and her court, there were three other rooms with supper-tables for the guests, covered with every kind of delicacy. The diplomatic corps had seats assigned them, which was very fortunate for me, I having scalded my foot only a few days ago, and it would have been severe duty to have stood on it all night. The Queen danced with the young noblemen of her court, and the prince with the daughters of the high nobility. We came away early. These things have but little attraction for us now that the novelty is over, and the happiest in the twenty-four is that in which sleep unites me to you. There has also been a d.-room, on the 9th, which was very splendid and crowded. I wore my green velvet train and embroidered satin dress which I got from France the first season I was here, and was the best dressed of the corps, for the others were dressed in gold and tinsel, which I never wear, and looked more like opera-dancers than representatives of nations. However, everybody to their taste. We left the presence-chamber before the court was over, and got home just at 4, tired to death. Fell asleep in my chair, and refused to go out in the evening. You see I shall never become a fine lady, or a lady of fashion. I refused so many invitations this year that I am thought almost unapproachable; but I find it quite as much as I can do to go to those places at which my situation here compels me to be present."

#### AN ATTEMPT ON THE QUEEN'S LIFE

IN the following letter, dated June 12, 1840, Mrs. Stevenson gives a most interesting account of an attempt to assassinate the Queen:

"Just as we were going to dinner, one

of the guests came in and said that he had been detained by an attack made upon the life of the Queen; that in passing down Constitution Hill she had been shot at twice by a ruffian within a few feet of her carriage, but escaped unhurt; that the excitement had been excessive; that instead of turning back in alarm, she ordered the carriage to be driven immediately to her mother's the Duchess of Kent's, to prevent her being alarmed by the report of the attempt on her life. What thoughtful tenderness and presence of mind! And yet this is the daughter who, the Tories say, is neglectful of her mother. On her return through the park, she was followed and cheered by crowds on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, and the enthusiasm was beyond anything. The gentleman who had come in just in time for his dinner said he had been led on by his feelings of loyalty to the palace gates.

"Since writing the above, we have been to the palace to a ball, at which I had much conversation with the Baroness Lehzun. She says the Queen told her that when the first pistol was fired, she said to Prince Albert: 'How imprudent that persons should be allowed to shoot at birds in the park!' and the report of the pistol having frightened the horse of one of the gentlemen in attendance, the prince ordered the postilions to stop. At that moment, she says, she saw the pistol directed at herself, and the assassin deliberately take aim, when she stooped her head towards her husband's bosom, and thought to herself, 'If it please Providence, I shall escape.' And it did please that kind Providence to which she trusted to deliver her. The baroness told me she said she did not feel at all agitated, and how thankful she felt that her equeries had been sent round to meet her at the park gate, otherwise one of them would probably have been shot, which she added, 'would have afflicted me.' This account of the matter I received from the baroness, although there are various others. Some say she stood up after the report of the first pistol and that the prince pulled her down; but I think that the probability is that Baroness L., who was with her immediately after the event, and to whom she speaks most freely, is better informed than any one else. The old lady is decid-

edly in favor of hanging the wretch, as she calls him. I suggested he might be insane, but she said, 'Dere was too much of de method in his madness,' for that she knew he might have been practising for six weeks before he attempted the life of the Queen. I asked if she thought the Queen would sign the death-warrant, when she gave me a piece of information as to English jurisprudence of which I was previously ignorant, that the Queen was not called upon to sign death-warrants, only *pardons*. The deportment of the young man, who is not more than 18 or 19, was very insolent & indifferent as to consequences when first taken into custody, though more serious and thoughtful, it is said, now."

#### THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL

IN her next, without date, she gives an account of the birth of the Queen's first child:

"And now I must hasten, while I have a little time, to tell you of the birth of a princess royal, which took place last Saturday, the 21st, to the surprise of all her Majesty's lieges, who did not expect the happy event for a week or ten days. She was taken at 2, called up the household at 4 in the morning, and by 2 in the day gave birth to the little chubby princess, who gave audible demonstration to the attendant ministers &c., in waiting of her discontent in being brought into this working-day world in so public a manner. The old etiquette of the court has been strictly kept up on this occasion. All the ministers of state, officers of state, were summoned, and waited in the adjoining

room with the door of the Queen's apartment partly open, so that those who deemed it necessary might look in. I dined yesterday with the Lord Bishop of London, whose duty it was to be present, and he told me in one minute after the birth of the child it was wrapped in flannel & brought into the room, the nurse laying it on the table for inspection. He says he saw in the Queen's dressing-room (which was fitted up as a temporary nursery until her little royal highness's apartments were got ready) a marble and a silver bath for the young stranger, & her gorgeous cradle made in the form of a nautilus &c. But I dare say you have no interest in these things, and, to confess the truth, since my husband has turned his face so resolutely homeward, I am losing my interest in all these matters."

In the next, dated December 25, 1840, Mrs. Stevenson gives a pleasing anecdote concerning the Queen and her husband:

"The Queen has recovered sufficiently to go to Windsor for the Christmas. I heard the other day an anecdote of her and the prince most honorable to them both. A day or two after her confinement she asked Dr. South if Prince Albert might read to her. He objected, saying he was afraid the prince would read a *novel*, which would be too exciting. To which she replied, 'No, he would read to me the lessons for the day, and as he has done so ever since we were married, it would be particularly gratifying to me now.' This anecdote came directly from Dr. South himself, and cannot therefore be doubted. The little princess royal is said to be very pretty, & very thriving."

THE END







Drawn by W. M. Berger

VIEW ON THE GRAND CANAL, FROM THE SALUTE

## PENELOPE IN VENICE

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Author of "Penelope's English, Scotch, and Irish Experiences"

WITH PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

THIS noble citie doth in a manner chalenge this at my hands, that I should describe her also as well as the other cities I saw in my journey, partly because she gave me most louing and kinde entertainment for the sweetest time (I must needes confesse) that euer I spent in my life; and partly for that she ministered vnto me more variety of remarkable and delicious objects than mine eyes euer suruayed in any citie before, or euer shall . . . the fairest Lady, yet the richest Paragon and Queene of Christendome.

"Coryat's Crudities: 1611."

I

*Venice, May 12*  
*Hotel Paolo Anafesto*

I HAVE always wished that I might have discovered Venice for myself. In the midst of our mad acquisition, and frenzied dissemination of knowledge, these latter days, we miss how many fresh and exquisite sensations! Had I a daughter, I should like to inform her mind on every other possible point and keep her in absolute ignorance of Venice. Well do I realize that it would be impracticable, although no more so, after all, than Rousseau's plan of educating Emile, which certainly obtained a wide hearing and considerable support in its time. No, tempting as it would be, it would be difficult to carry out such a theory in these days of

logic and common sense, and in some moment of weakness I might possibly succumb and tell her all about it, for fear that some stranger, whom she might meet at a ball, would have the pleasure of doing it first.

The next best woman-person in the world with whom to see Venice, barring the lovely non-existent daughter, is Salemina.

It is our first visit, but, alas! we are, nevertheless, much better informed than I could wish. Salemina's mind is particularly well furnished, but luckily she cannot always remember the point wished for at the precise moment of need; so that, taking her all in all, she is nearly as agreeable as if she were ignorant. Her knowledge never bulks heavily and insistently in the foreground or middle distance, like

Miss Celia Van Tyck's, but remains as it should, in the haze of a melting and delicious perspective. She has plenty of enthusiasms, too, and Miss Van Tyck has none. Imagine our plight at being accidentally linked to that encyclopædic lady in Italy! She is an old acquaintance of

that the climate and associations will have a relaxing effect on her habits of thought and speech. When she was in Florence, she was so busy in "reading up" Verona and Padua that she had no time for the Uffizi Gallery. In Verona and Padua she was absorbed in Hare's "Venice," vaccin-



Drawn by W. M. Berger

MISS ECKS

Salemina's, and joined us in Florence, where she had been staying for a month, waiting for her niece Kitty Schuyler,—Kitty Cabot now,—who is in Spain with her husband.

Miss Van Tyck would be endurable in Sheffield, Glasgow, Lyons, Genoa, Kansas City, Pompeii, or Pittsburg, but she should never have blighted Venice with her presence. She insisted, however, on accompanying us, and I can only hope

ating herself, so to speak, with information, that it might not steal upon, and infect her, unawares. If there is anything that Miss Van abhors, it is knowing a thing without knowing that she knows it, while for me, the most charming knowledge is the sort that comes by unconscious absorption, like the free grace of God.

We intended to enter Venice in orthodox fashion, by moonlight, and began to consult about trains when we were in

Milan. The porter said that there was only one train between the eight and the twelve, and gave me a pamphlet on the subject; Salemina objects to an early start, and Miss Van refuses to arrive anywhere after dusk, so it is fortunate that the distances are not great.

They have a curious way of reckoning time in Italy, for I found that the train leaving Milan at eight-thirty was scheduled to arrive at ten minutes past eighteen.

"You could never sit up until then, Miss Van," I said; "but, on the other hand, if we leave later, to please Salemina, say at ten in the morning, we do not arrive until eight minutes before twenty-one! I have n't the faintest idea what time that will really be, but it sounds too late for three defenseless women—all of them unmarried—to be prowling about in a strange city."

It proved on investigation, however, that twenty-one o'clock is only nine in Christian language (that is, one's mother tongue), so we united in choosing that hour as being the most romantic possible, and there was a full yellow moon as we arrived in the railway-station. My heart beat high with joy and excitement, for I succeeded in establishing Miss Van with Salemina in one gondola, while I took all the luggage in another, ridding myself thus cleverly of the disenchanting influence of Miss Van's company.

"Do come with us, Penelope," she said, as we issued from the portico of the station and heard, instead of the usual cab-drivers' pandemonium, only the soft lapping of waves against the marble steps—"Do come with us, Penelope, and let us enter 'dangerous and sweet-charmed Venice' together. It does indeed look a 'veritable sea-bird's nest.'"

She had informed me before, in Milan, that Cassiodorus, Theodoric's secretary, had thus styled Venice, but somehow her slightest remark is out of key. I can always see it printed in small type in a footnote at the bottom of the page, and I always wish to skip it, as I do other footnotes, and annotations, and marginal notes, and addenda. If Miss Van's mother had only thought of it, Addenda would have been a delightful Christian name for her, and much more appropriate than Celia.

If I should be asked on bended knees, if I should be reminded that every intelligent and sympathetic creature brings a pair of fresh eyes to the study of the beautiful, if it should be affirmed that the new note is as likely to be struck by the 'prentice as by the master hand, if I should be assured that my diary would be read by the entire human family, I should still refuse to write my first impressions of Venice. My best successes in life have been achieved by knowing what not to do, and I consider it the finest common sense to step modestly along in beaten paths, not stirring up, even there, any more dust than is necessary. If my friends and acquaintances ever go to Venice, let them read their Ruskin, their Goethe, their Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth, their Rogers, Gautier, Michelet, their Symonds and Howells, not forgetting old "Coryat's Crudities," and be thankful I spared them mine.

It was the eve of Ascension Day, and a yellow May moon was hanging in the blue. I wished with all my heart that it were a little matter of seven or eight hundred years earlier in the world's history, for then the people would have been keeping vigil and making ready for that nuptial ceremony of Ascension-tide when the Doge married Venice to the sea. Why can we not make pictures nowadays, as well as paint them? We are banishing color as fast as we can, clothing our buildings, our ships, ourselves, in black and white and sober hues, and if it were not for dear, gaudy Mother Nature, who never puts her palette away, but goes on painting her reds and greens and blues and yellows with the same lavish hand, we should have a sad and discreet universe indeed.

But so long as we have more or less stopped making pictures, is it not fortunate that the pictures they used to make have been eternally fixed on the pages of the world's history, there to glow and charm and burn forever and a day? To be able to recall those scenes of marvelous beauty so vividly that one lives through them again in fancy, and reflect, that since we have stopped being picturesque and fascinating, we have learned, on the whole, to behave much better, is as delightful a trend of thought as I can imagine, and it was mine as I floated



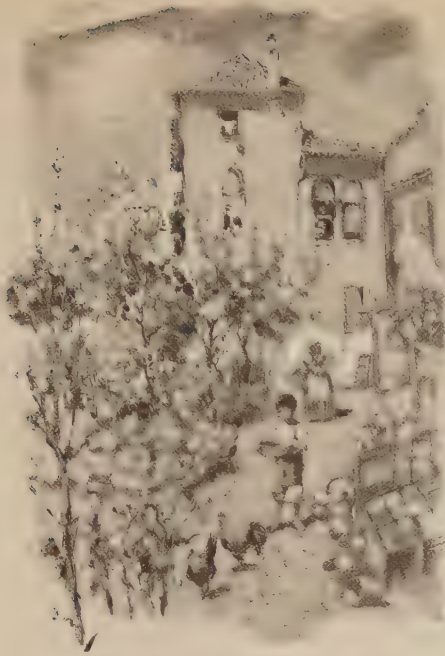
## II

*La Giudecca, May 15*  
*Casa-Rosa*

NOT for a moment have we regretted leaving our crowded, conventional hotel in Venice proper, for these rooms in a house on the Giudecca. The very vision of Miss Celia Van Tyck sitting on a balcony surrounded by a group of friends from the various Boston suburbs, the vision of Miss Celia Van Tyck melting into delicious distance with every movement of our gondola, even this was sufficient for Salemina's happiness and mine, had it been accompanied by no more tangible joys.

This island, hardly ten minutes by gondola from the Piazza of San Marco, was the summer resort of the Doges, you will remember, and there they built their pleasure-houses, with charming gardens at the back—gardens the confines of which stretched to the Laguna Viva. Our Casa Rosa is one of the few old *palazzi* left, for many of them have been turned into granaries.

We should never have found this romantic dwelling by ourselves; the Little



Drawn by W. M. Berger

GARDEN OF THE CASA ROSA

toward the Piazza of San Marco in my gondola.

I could see the Doge descend the Giant's Stairs, and issue from the gate of the Ducal Palace. I could picture the great *Bucentaur* as it reached the open beyond the line of the tide. I could see the white-mitered Patriarch walking from his convent on the now deserted isle of Sant' Elena to the shore where his barge lay waiting to join the glittering procession.

And then there floated before my entranced vision the princely figure of the Doge taking the Pope-blessed ring, and, advancing to the little gallery behind his throne on the *Bucentaur*, raising it high, and dropping it into the sea. I could almost hear the faint splash as it sank in the golden waves, and hear, too, the sonorous words of the old wedding ceremony: "Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii!"

Then when the shouts of mirth and music had died away and the *Bucentaur* and its train had drifted back into the lagoon, the blue sea, new-wedded, slept through the night with the May moon on her breast and the silent stars for sentinels.



Drawn by W. M. Berger

FRANCESCO



Drawn by W. M. Berger

PIPPINA

Genius brought us here. The Little Genius is Miss Ecks, who draws, and paints, and carves, and models in clay, preaching and practising the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of woman in the intervals; Miss Ecks, who is the custodian of all the talents and most of the virtues, and the invincible foe of sordid common sense and financial prosperity. Miss Ecks met us by chance in the piazza and breathlessly explained that she was searching for paying guests to be domiciled under the roof of *Numero Sessanta, Giudecca*. She thought we should enjoy living there, or at least she did very much, and she had tried it for two years; but our enjoyment was not the special point in question. The real reason and desire for our immediate removal was that the padrona might pay off a vexatious and encumbering mortgage which defaced the premises and gave great anxiety to everybody concerned.

"You must come this very day," exclaimed Miss Ecks. "The Madonna knows that we do not desire boarders, but you are amiable and considerate, as well as financially sound and kind, and will do admirably. Padrona Angela is very unhappy, and I cannot work satisfactorily until the house is on a good paying basis and she is putting money in the bank toward the payment of the mortgage. You can order your own meals, entertain as you like, and live precisely as if you were in your own home."

The Little Genius is small, but powerful, with a style of oratory somewhat illogical, but always convincing at the moment. There were a good many trifling objections to our leaving Miss Van Tyck and the hotel, but we scarcely remembered them until we and our luggage were skimming across the space of water that divides Venice from our own island.

We explored the cool, wide, fragrant spaces of the old *casa*, with its outer walls of faded, broken stucco, all harmonized to a pinkish yellow by the suns and winds of the bygone centuries. We admired its lofty ceilings, its lovely carvings and frescos, its decrepit but beautiful furniture, and then we mounted to the top, where the Little Genius has a sort of eagle's eyrie, a floor to herself under the eaves, from the windows of which she sees the sunlight glimmering on the blue water by day, and

the lights of her adored Venice glittering by night. The walls are hung with fragments of marble and wax and stucco and clay; here a beautiful foot, or hand, or dimple-cleft chin; there an exquisitely ornate façade, a miniature campanile, or a model of some ancient *palazzo* or *chiesa*. The little bedroom off at one side is draped in coarse white cotton, and is simple enough for a nun. Not a suggestion there of the fripperies of a fine lady's toilet, but, in their stead, heads of cherubs, wings of angels, slender bell-towers, friezes of acanthus leaves,—beauty of line and form everywhere, and not a hint of color save in the riotous bunches of poppies and oleanders that lie on the broad window-seats or stand upright in great blue jars.

Here the Little Genius lives, like the hermit crab that she calls herself; here she dwells apart from kith and kin, her mind and heart and miracle-working hands taken captive by the charms of the siren city of the world.

When we had explored Casa Rosa from turret to foundation stone we went into the garden at the rear of the house—a garden of flowers and grape-vines, of vegetables and fruit-trees, of birds and beehives, a full acre of sweet summer sounds and odors, stretching to the lagoon, which sparkled and shimmered under the blue Italian skies. The garden completed our subjugation, and here we stay until we are removed by force, or until the padrona's mortgage is paid unto the last penny, when I feel that the Little Genius will hang a banner on the outer ramparts—a banner bearing the relentless inscription: "No paying guests allowed on these premises until further notice."

Our domestics are unique and interesting. Rosalia, the cook, is a graceful person with brown eyes, wavy hair, and long lashes, and when she is coaxing her charcoal fire with a primitive fan of cock's feathers, her cheeks as pink as oleanders, the Little Genius leads us to the kitchen door and bids us gaze at her beauty. We are suitably enthralled at the moment, but we suffer an inevitable reaction when the meal is served, and sometimes long for a plain cook.

Pippina is the second maid, and as ardent a coquette as lives in all Italy. Her picture has been painted on more than one



fisherman's sail, for it is rumored that she has been six times betrothed and she is still under twenty. The unscrupulous little flirt rids herself of her suitors, after they become a weariness to her, by any means, fair or foul, and her capricious affections are seldom good for more than three months. Her own loves have no deep roots, but she seems to have the power of arousing in others furious jealousy and rage and a very delirium of pleasure. She remains light, gay, joyous, unconcerned, but she shakes her lovers as the Venetian thunder-storms shake the lagoons. Not long ago she tired of her chosen swain, Bepi the gardener, and one morning the padrona's ducks were found dead. Pippina, her eyes dewy with crocodile tears, told the padrona that although the suspicion almost rent her faithful heart in twain, she must needs think Bepi the culprit. The local detective, or police officer, came and searched the unfortunate Bepi's humble room, and found no incriminating poison, but did discover a pound or two of contraband tobacco, whereupon he was marched off to court, fined eighty francs, and jilted by his perfidious lady-love, who speedily transferred her affections. If she had been born in the right class and the right century, Pippina would have made an admirable and brilliant Borgia.

Bepi sent a stinging reproof in verse to Pippina by the new gardener, and the Little Genius read it to us, to show the poetic instinct of the discarded lover, and how well he had selected his rebuke from the store of popular verses known to gondoliers and fishermen of Venice:

No te fidar de l'albaro che piega,  
 Ne de la dona quando la te giura.  
 La te impromete, e po la te denega;  
 No te fidar de l'albaro che piega.

(Trust not the mast that bends.

Trust not a woman's oath;  
 She 'll swear to you, and there it ends,  
 Trust not the mast that bends.)

Bepi, Salemina, and I were talking together one morning,—just a casual meeting in the street,—when Pippina passed us. She had a market-basket in each hand, and was in her gayest attire, a fresh crimson rose between her teeth being the

last and most fetching touch to her toilet. She gave a dainty shrug of her shoulders as she glanced at Bepi's hanging head and hungry eye, and then with a light laugh hummed "Trust not the mast that bends," the first line of the poem that Bepi had sent her.

"It is better to let her go," I said to him consolingly.

"*Si, madama*; but"—with a profound sigh—"she is very pretty."

So she is, and although my idea of the fitness of things is somewhat unsettled when Pippina serves our dinner wearing a yoke and sleeves of coarse lace with her blue cotton gown, and a bunch of scarlet poppies in her hair, I can do nothing in the way of discipline because Salemina approves of her as part of the picture. Instead of trying to develop some moral sense in the little creature, Salemina asks her to alternate roses and oleanders with poppies in her hair, and gave her a coral comb and ear-rings on her birthday. Thus does a warm climate undermine the strict virtue engendered by Boston east winds.

Francesco—Checco for short—is general assistant in the kitchen, and a good gondolier to boot. When our little family is increased by more than three guests at dinner, Checco is pressed into dining-room service, and becomes under-butler to Pippina. Here he is not at ease. He scrubs his tanned face until it shines like San Domingo mahogany, brushes his black hair until the gloss resembles a varnish, and dons coarse white cotton gloves to conceal his work-stained hands and give an air of fashion and elegance to the banquet. His embarrassment is equaled only by his earnestness and devotion to the dreaded task. Our American guests do not care what we have upon our bill of fare when they can steal a glance at the intensely dramatic and impassioned Checco taking Pina into a corner of the dining-room and, seizing her hand, despairingly endeavor to find out his next duty. Then, with incredibly stiff back, he extends his right hand to the guest, as if the proffered plate held a scorpion instead of a tidbit. There is an extra butler to be obtained when the function is a sufficiently grand one to warrant the expense, but as he wears carpet slippers and Pina flirts with him from soup to fruit, we find ourselves no better served on the whole,

and prefer Checco, since he transforms an ordinary meal into a beguiling comedy.

"What does it matter, after all?" asks Salemina. "It is not life we are living, for the moment, but an act of light opera, with the scenes all beautifully painted, the music charming and melodious, the costumes gay and picturesque. We are occupying exceptionally good seats, and we have no responsibility whatever: we left it in Boston, where it is probably rolling itself larger and larger, like a snowball; but who cares?"

"Who cares, indeed?" I echo. We are here not to form our characters or to improve our minds, but to let them relax; and when we see anything which opposes the Byronic ideal of Venice (the use of the concertina as the national instrument having this tendency), we deliberately close our eyes to it. I have a proper regard for truth in matters of fact like statistics. I want to know the exact population of a town, the precise total of children of school age, the number of acres in Central Park, and the amount of wheat exported in 1862; but when it comes to things touching my imagination I resent the intrusion of some laboriously excavated truth, after my point of view is all nicely settled, and my saints, heroes, and martyrs are all comfortably and picturesquely arranged in their respective niches or on their proper pedestals.

When the man of fact demolishes some pretty fallacy like William Tell and the apple, he should be required to substitute something equally delightful and more authentic. But he never does. He is a useful but uninteresting creature, the man of fact, and for a traveling companion or a neighbor at dinner give me the man of fancy, even if he has not a grain of exact knowledge concealed about his person. It seems to me highly important that the foundations of Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, or Spokane Falls should be rooted in certainty; but Verona, Padua, and Venice—well, in my opinion, they should be rooted in Byron and Ruskin and Shakspeare.

### III

#### *Casa Rosa, May 18*

SUCH a fanfare of bells as greeted our ears on the morning of our first awakening in Casa Rosa!

"Rise at once and dress quickly, Salemina!" I said. "Either an heir has been born to the throne, or a foreign crown prince has come to visit Venice, or perhaps a Papal Bull is loose in the Piazza San Marco. Whatever it is, we must not miss it, as I am keeping a diary."

But Pippina entered with a jug of hot water, and assured us that there were no more bells than usual; so we lay drowsily in our comfortable little beds, gazing at the frescos on the ceiling.

One difficulty about the faithful study of Italian frescos is that they can never be properly viewed unless one is extended at full-length on the flat of one's honorable back (as they might say in Japan), a position not suitable in a public building.

The fresco on my bedroom ceiling is made mysteriously attractive by a wilderness of mythologic animals and a crowd of cherubic heads, wings and legs, on a background of clouds; the mystery being that the number of cherubic heads does not correspond with the number of extremities, one or two cherubs being a wing or a leg short. Whatever may be their limitations in this respect, the old painters never denied their cherubs cheek, the amount of adipose tissue uniformly provided in that quarter being calculated to awake envy and jealousy on the part of the prepared-food-babies pictured in the American magazine advertisements.

Padrona Angela furnishes no official key to the ceiling-paintings of Casa Rosa, and yesterday, during the afternoon call of four pretty American girls, they asked and obtained our permission to lie upon the floor and compete for a prize to be given to the person who should offer the cleverest interpretation of the symbolism in the frescos. It may be stated that the entire difference of opinion proved that mythologic art is apt to be misunderstood. After deciding in the early morning what our bedroom ceiling is intended to represent (a decision made and unmade every day since our arrival), Salemina and I make a leisurely toilet and then seat ourselves at one of the open windows for breakfast.

The window itself looks on the Doge's Palace and the Campanile, St. Theodore and the Lion of St. Mark's being visible through a maze of fishing-boats and sails, some of these artistically patched in white

and yellow blocks, or orange and white stripes, while others of gray have smoke-colored figures in the tops and corners.

Sometimes the broad stone-flagging pavement bordering the canal is busy with people: gondoliers, boys with nets for crab-catching, 'longshoremen, and *facchini*. This is when ships are loading or unloading, but at other times we look upon a tranquil scene.

Pippina brings in *dell' acqua bollente*, and I make the coffee in the little copper coffee-pot we bought in Paris, while Salemina heats the milk over the alcohol-lamp, which is the most precious treasure in her possession.

The butter and eggs are brought every morning before breakfast, and nothing is more delicious than that freshly churned pat of solidified cream, without salt, which is sweeter than honey in the comb. The cows are milked at dawn on the campagna, and the milk is brought into Venice in large cans. In the early morning, when the light is beginning to steal through the shutters, one hears the tinkling of a mule's bell and the rattling of the milk-cans, and, if one runs to the window, may see the *contadini*, looking like brothers of John the Baptist in their sheepskin trousers, driving through the streets and delivering the milk at the *vaccari*. It is then heated, the cream raised and churned, and the pats of butter, daintily set on green leaves, delivered for a seven-o'clock breakfast.

Finally *la colazione* is spread on our table by the window. A neat white cloth covers it, and we have gold-rimmed plates and cups of delicate china. There is a pot of honey, an egg *à la coque* for each, a plate of brown and white bread, on some days a dish of scarlet cherries on a bed of green, on others a mound of luscious berries in their frills; sometimes, too, we have a bowl of tiny wild strawberries that seem to have grown with their faces close pressed to the flowers, so sweet and fragrant are they.

This *al fresco* morning meal makes a delicious prelude to our comfortable *déjeuner à la fourchette* at one o'clock, when the Little Genius, if not absorbed in some unusually exacting piece of work, joins us and gives zest to the repast. Her own breakfast, she explains, is a *déjeuner à la thumb*, the sort enjoyed by the peas-

ant who carves a bit of bread and cheese in his hand, and she promises us a sight, some leisure day, of a certain *déjeuner à la toothpick* celebrated for the moment among the artists. A mysterious painter, shabby, but of a certain elegance and distinction even in his poverty, comes daily at noon into a well-known restaurant. He buys for five sous a glass of chianti, a roll for one sou, and with stately grace bestows another sou upon the waiter who serves him. These preparations made, he breaks the roll in small bits, and poisoning them delicately on the point of a wooden toothpick, he dips them in wine before eating them.

"This may be a frugal repast," he has an air of saying, "but it is at least refined, and no man would dare insult me by asking me whether or not I leave the table satisfied."

#### IV

#### *Casa Rosa, May 20*

ONE of the pleasantest sights to be noted from our windows at breakfast time is Angelo making ready our private gondola for the day. Angelo himself is not attractive to the eye by reason of the silliest possible hat for a man of forty-five whose hair is slightly gray. It is a white straw sailor, with a turned-up brim, a blue ribbon encircling the crown, and a white elastic under the chin; such a hat as you would expect to see crowning the flaxen curls of mother's darling boy of four.

I love to look at the gondola, with its solemn caracoling like that of a possible water-horse, of which the arched neck is the graceful *ferro*. This is a strange, weird, beautiful thing when the black gondola sways a little from side to side in the moonlight. Angelo keeps ours polished so that it shines like silver in the morning sun, and he has an exquisite conscientiousness in rubbing every trace of brass about his precious craft. He has a little box under the prow full of bottles and brushes and rags. The cushions are laid on the bank of the canal; the pieces of carpet are taken out, shaken, and brushed, and the narrow strips are laid over the curved wood ends of the gondola to keep the sun from cracking them. The *felze*, or cabin, is freed of all dust, the tiny four-legged stools and the carved chair are wiped off, and occasionally a thin coat of black



paint is needed here and there, and a touching-up of the gold lines which relieve the somberness. The last thing to be done is to polish the vases and run back into the garden for nosegays, and when these are disposed in their niches on each side of the felze, Angelo waves his infantile hat gaily to us at the window, and smiles his readiness to be off.

On other mornings we watch the loading and unloading of grain. There are many small boats always in view, their orange sails patched with all sorts of emblems and designs in a still deeper color, and day before yesterday a large ship appeared at our windows and attached itself to our very door-steps, much to the wrath of Salemina, who finds the poetry of existence much disturbed under the new conditions. All is life and motion now. The men are stripped naked to the waist, with bright handkerchiefs on their heads, and, in many cases, others tied over their mouths. Each has a thick wisp of short twine strings tucked into his waistband. The bags are weighed by one, who takes out or puts in a shovelful of grain, as the case may be. Then the carrier ties up his bag with one of the twine strings, two other men lift it to his shoulder, while a boy removes a pierced piece of copper from a long wire and gives it to him, this copper being handed in turn to still another man, who apparently keeps the account. This not uninteresting, indeed, but sordid and monotonous operation began before eight yesterday morning and even earlier to-day, obliging Salemina to decline strawberries and eat her breakfast with her back to the window.

This afternoon at four the injured lady departed on a tour in Miss Palett's gondola. Miss Palett is a water-colorist who has lived in Venice for five years and speaks the language "like a native." (You are familiar with the phrase, and perhaps, familiar, too, with the native like whom they speak.)

Returning after tea, Salemina was observed to radiate a kind of subdued triumph, which proved on investigation to be due to the fact that she had met the *comandante* of the offending ship and that he had gallantly promised to remove it without delay. I cannot help feeling that the proper time for departure had come; but this destroys the story and robs

the *comandante* of his reputation for chivalry.

As Miss Palett's gondola neared the grain-ship, Salemina, it seems, spied the commanding officer pacing the deck.

"See," she said to her companion, "there is a gang-plank from the side of the ship to that small flat-boat. We could perfectly well step from our gondola to the flat-boat and then go up and ask politely if we may be allowed to examine the interesting grain-ship. While you are interviewing the first officer about the foreign countries he has seen, I will ask the *comandante* if he will kindly tie his boat a little farther down on the island. No, that won't do, for he may not speak English, and we should have an awkward scene, and I should defeat my own purposes. You are so fluent in Italian, suppose you call upon him with my card and let me stay in the gondola."

"What shall I say to the man?" objected Miss Palett.

"Oh, there's plenty to say," returned Salemina. "Tell him that Penelope and I came over from the hotel on the Grand Canal only that we might have perfect quiet. Tell him that if I had not unpacked my largest trunk, I should not stay an instant longer. Tell him that his great, bulky ship ruins the view; that it hides the most beautiful church and part of the Doge's Palace. Tell him that I might as well have stayed at home and built a cottage on the dock in Boston Harbor. Tell him that his steam-whistles, his anchor-droppings, and his constant loadings or unloadings give us headache. Tell him that seven or eight of his sailormen brought clean garments and scrubbing brushes and took their bath at our front entrance. Tell him that one of them, almost absolutely nude, instead of running away to put on more clothing, offered me his arm to assist me into the gondola."

Miss Palett demurred at the subject matter of some of these remarks, and affirmed that she could not translate others into proper Italian. She therefore proposed that Salemina should write a few dignified protests on her visiting-card, and her own part would be to instruct the man in the flat-boat to deliver it at once to his superior officer. The *comandante* spoke no English,—of that fact the

sailorman in the flat-boat was certain,—but as the gondola moved away, the ladies could see the great man pondering over the little piece of pasteboard, and it was plain that he was impressed. Herein lies perhaps a seed of truth. The really great thing triumphs over all obstacles, and reaches the common mind and heart in some way, delivering its message we know not how.

Salemina's card teemed with interesting information, at least to the initiated. Her surname was in itself a passport into the best society. To be an X— was enough of itself, but her Christian name was one peculiar to the most aristocratic and influential branch of the X—s. Her mother's maiden name, engraved at full length in the middle, established the fact that Mr. X— had not married beneath him, but that she was the child of unblemished lineage on both sides.

Her place of residence was the only one possible to the possessor of three such names, and as if these advantages were not enough, the street and number proved that Salemina's family undoubtedly possessed wealth; for the small numbers, and especially the odd numbers, on that particular street, could be flaunted only by people of fortune.

You have now all the facts in your possession, and I can only add that the ship weighed anchor at twilight, so Salemina again gazed upon the Doge's Palace and slept tranquilly.

# V

## *Casa Rosa, May 22*

I AM like the school-girl who wrote home from Venice: "I am sitting on the edge of the Grand Canal drinking it all in, and life never seemed half so full before." Was ever the city so beautiful as last night on the arrival of foreign royalty? It was a memorable display and unique in its peculiar beauty. The palaces that line the canal were bright with flags; windows and water-steps were thronged, the broad center of the stream was left empty. Presently, round the bend below the Rialto, swept into view a double line of gondolas—long, low, gleaming with every hue of brilliant color, most of them with ten, some with twelve, gondoliers in resplendent liveries, red, blue, green, white, orange, all bending over their oars with

the precision of machinery and the grace of absolute mastery of their craft. In the middle, between two lines, came one small and beautifully modeled gondola, rowed by four men in red and black, while on the white silk cushions in the stern sat the Prince and Princess. There was no splash of oar or rattle of rowlock; swiftly, silently, with an air of stately power and pride, the lovely pageant came, passed, and disappeared under the shining evening sky and the gathering shadows of "the dim, rich city." I never saw, or expect to see, anything of its kind so beautiful.

I stay for hours in the gondola, writing my letters or watching the thousand and one sights of the streets, for I often allow Salemina and the Little Genius to thread their way through the highways and byways of Venice while I stay behind and observe life from beneath the grateful shade of the black felze.

The women crossing the many little bridges look like the characters in light opera, the young girls, with their hair bobbed in a round coil, are sometimes bareheaded and sometimes have a lace scarf over their dark, curly locks. A little fan is often in their hands, and one remarks the graceful way in which the crape shawl rests upon the women's shoulders, remembering that it is supposed to take generations to learn to wear a shawl or wield a fan.

My favorite waiting-place is near the Via del Paradiso, just where some scarlet pomegranate blossoms hang out over the old brick walls by the canal-side, and whose one splendid acanthus reminds me that its leaves inspired some of the most beautiful architecture in the world; where too, the ceaseless chatter of the small boys cleaning crabs with scrubbing-brushes gives my ear a much-needed familiarity with the language.

Now a girl with a red parasol crosses the Ponte del Paradiso, making a brilliant silhouette against the blue sky. She stops to prattle with the man at the bell-shop just at the corner of the little *calle*. There are beautiful bells standing in rows in the window, one having a border of finely traced crabs and sea-horses at the base; another has a top like a Doge's cap, while the body of another has a delicately wrought tracery, as if a fish-net had been thrown over it.

Sometimes the children crowd about me as the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco struggle for the corn flung to them by the tourists. If there are only three or four, I sometimes compromise with my conscience and give them something. If one gets a lira put into small coppers, one can give them a couple of centesimi apiece without feeling that one is pauperizing them, but that one is fostering the begging habit in young Italy is a more difficult sin to face.

To-day when the boys took off the tattered hats from their bonny little heads, all black waves and riotous curls, and with disarming dimples and sparkling eyes presented them to me for alms, I looked at them with smiling admiration, thinking how like Raphael's cherubs they were, and then said in my best Italian: "Oh, yes, I see them; they are indeed most beautiful hats. I thank you for showing them to me, and I am pleased to see you courteously take them off to a lady."

This American pleasantry was passed from mouth to mouth gleefully, and so truly enjoyed that they seemed to forget they had been denied. They ran, still laughing and chattering, to the wood-carver's shop near by and told him the story, or so I judged, for he came to his window and smiled benignly upon me as I sat in the gondola with my writing-pad on my knees. I was pleased at the friendly glance, for he is the hero of a pretty little romance, and I long to make his acquaintance.

It seems that, some years ago, the Queen, with one lady-in-waiting in attendance, came to his shop quite early in the morning. Both were plainly dressed in cotton gowns, and neither made any pretensions. He was carving something that could not be dropped, a cherub's face that had to be finished while his thought of it was fresh. Hurriedly asking pardon, he continued his work, and at the end of an hour raised his eyes, breathless and apologetic, to look at his visitors. The taller lady had a familiar appearance. He gazed steadily, and then, to his surprise and embarrassment, recognized the Queen. Far from being offended, she respected his devotion to his art, and before she left the shop she gave him a commission for a royal staircase. I am going to ask the Little Genius to take me to see his work, but, alas! there will be an unsurmounta-

ble barrier between us, for I cannot utter in my new Italian, anything but the most commonplace and conventional statements.

VI

*Casa Rosa, May 28*

OH, this misery of being dumb, incoherent, unintelligible, foolish, inarticulate in a foreign land, for lack of words! It is unwise, I fear, to have at the outset too high an ideal either in grammar or accent. As our gondola passed one of the hotels this afternoon, we paused long enough to hear an intrepid lady converse with an Italian who carried a mandolin and had apparently come to give a music-lesson to her husband. She seemed to be from the Middle West of America, but I am not disposed to insist upon this point, nor to make any particular State in the Union blush for her crudities of speech. She translated immediately every thing that she said into her own tongue, as if the hearer might, between French and English, possibly understand something.

"*Elle nay pars easy*—he ain't here," she remarked, oblivious of gender. "*Elle retoorernay ah seas oors et dammi*—he 'll be back sure by half past six. *Bone swar*, I should say *Bony naughty*—Good night to you, and I won't let him forget to show up to-morrer."

This was neither so ingenious nor so felicitous as the language-expedient of the man who wished to leave some luggage at a railway-station in Rome, and knowing nothing of any foreign tongue but a few Latin phrases, pointed several times to his effects, saying, "*Requiescat in pace*," and then, pointing again to himself, uttered the one pregnant word "*Resurgam*." This at any rate had the merit of tickling his own sense of humor, if it had availed nothing with the railway porters, and if any one remarks that he has read the tale in some ancient "Farmers' Almanack," I shall only retort that it is still worth repeating.

My little red book on the "Study of Italian Made Easy for the Traveler" is always in my pocket, but it is extraordinary how little use it is to me. The critics need not assert that individuality is dying out in the human race and that we are all more or less alike. If we were, we should find our daily practical wants met by such



little books. Mine gives me a sentence requesting the laundress to return the clothes three days hence, at midnight, at cock-crow, or at the full of the moon, but nowhere can the new arrival find the phrase for the next night or the day after to-morrow. The book implores the washerwoman to use plenty of starch, but the new arrival wishes scarcely any, or only the frills dipped.

Before going to the dressmaker's yesterday, I spent five minutes learning the Italian for the expression "This blouse bags; it sits in wrinkles between the shoulders." As this was the only criticism given in the little book, I imagined that Italian dressmakers erred in this special direction. What was my discomfiture to find that my blouse was much too small and refused to meet. I could only use gestures for the dressmaker's enlightenment, but in order not to waste my recently gained knowledge, I tried to tell a melodramatic tale of a friend of mine whose blouse bagged and sat in wrinkles between the shoulders. It was not successful, because I was obliged to substitute the past for the present tense of the verb.

Somebody says learn the irregular verbs of a language first, and all will be well. I think by the use of considerable mental agility one can generally avoid them altogether, although it materially reduces one's vocabulary; but at all events there is no way of learning them thoroughly save by marrying a native. A native, particularly after marriage, uses the irregular verbs with great freedom, and one acquires a familiarity with them never gained in the formal instruction of a teacher. This method of education may be considered radical, and in cases where one is already married, illegal and bigamous, but on the whole it is not attended with any more difficulty than the immersing of one's self in a study day after day and month after month learning the irregular verbs from a grammar.

My rule in studying a language is to seize upon some salient point, or one generally overlooked by foreigners, or some very subtle one known only to the scholar, and devote myself to its mastery. A little knowledge here blinds the hearer to much ignorance elsewhere. In Italian, for example, the polite way of addressing one's equal is to speak in the third person singu-

lar, using *Ella* (she) as the pronoun. "*Come sta Ella?*" ("How are you?" But literally "How is she?")

I pay great attention to this detail, and make opportunities to meet our padrona on the staircase and say "How is she?" to her. I can never escape the feeling that I am inquiring for the health of an absent person; moreover, I could not understand her symptoms if she should recount them, and I have no language in which to describe my own symptoms, which, so far as I have observed, is the only reason we ever ask anybody else how he is.

To remember on the instant whether one is addressing equals, superiors, or inferiors, and to marshal hastily the proper pronoun, adds a new terror to conversation, so that I find myself constantly searching my memory to decide whether it shall be:

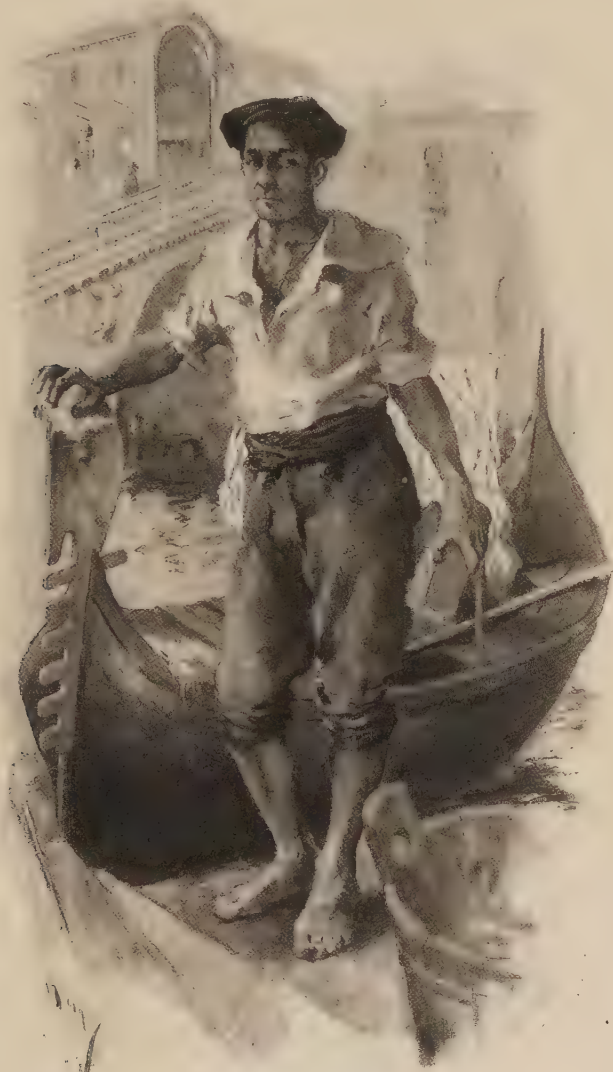
Scusate or Scusi, Avanti or Passi, A rivederci or Addio, Che cosa dite? or Che cosa dice? Quanto domandate? or Quanto domanda? Dove andate? or Dove va? Come vi chiamate? or Come si chiama? and so forth and so forth until one's mind seems to be arranged in tabulated columns, with special N. B.'s to use the infinitive in talking to the gondolier.

Finding the hours of time rather puzzling as recorded in the "Study of Italian Made Easy," I devoted twenty-four hours to learning how to say the time from one o'clock at noon to midnight, or thirteen to twenty-three o'clock. My soul revolted at the task, for a foreign tongue abounds in these malicious little refinements of speech, invented, I suppose, to prevent strangers from making too free with it on short acquaintance. I found later on that my labor had been useless, and that evidently the Italians themselves have no longer the leisure for these little eccentricities of language and suffer them to pass from common use. If the Latin races would only meet in convention and agree to bestow the comfortable neuter gender on inanimate objects and commodities, how popular they might make themselves with the English-speaking nations; but having begun to "enrich" their language, and make it more "subtle" by these perplexities, centuries ago, they will no doubt continue them until the end of time.

If one has been a devoted patron of the

opera or student of music, one has an Italian vocabulary to begin with. This, if accompanied by the proper gestures (for it is vain to speak without liberal movements of the hands, shoulders, and eyebrows),

been in Italy only a few hours. He called for us in his gondola, and in the row across from the Giudecca we amused ourselves with calling to mind the various Italian words or phrases with which we



Drawn by W. M. Berger

A GONDOLIER

this, I maintain, will deceive all the English-speaking persons who may be seated near your table in a foreign café.

The very first evening after our arrival, Jack Edwards asked Salemina and me to dine with him at the best restaurant in Venice. Jack Edwards is a well of nonsense undefiled, and he, like ourselves, had

were familiar. They were mostly titles of arias or songs, but Jack insisted, notwithstanding Salemina's protestations, that, properly interlarded with names of famous Italians he could maintain a brilliant conversation with me at table, to the envy and amazement of our neighbors. The following paragraph, then, was our

stock in trade; and Jack's volubility and ingenuity in its use kept Salemina quite helpless with laughter:

Guarda che bianca luna—Il tempo passato—Lascia ch'io pianga—Dolce far niente—Batti batti nel Masetto—Da capo—Ritardando—Andante—Piano—Adagio—Spaghetti—Macaroni—Polenta—Non é ver—Ah, non giunge—Si la stanchezza—Bravo—Lento—Presto—Scherzo—Dormi pura—La ci darem la mano—Celeste Aïda—Spirito gentil—Voi che sapete—Crispino e la Comare—Pietasignore—Tintoretto—Boccaccio—Garibaldi—Mazzini—Beatrice Cenci—Gordigiani—Santa

We learn also by studying another bottle that "The Wermouth is a white wine slightly bitter, and perfumed with who lesome aromatic herbs."

In one of the smaller galleries we were given the usual pasteboard fans bearing explanations of the frescos:

Room I. *In the middle.* The sin of our fathers.

*On every side.* The ovens of Babylony. Möise saved from the water.

Room II. *In the middle.* Möise who sprung the water.

*On every side.* The luminous column in the dessert and the ardent wood.

Room III. *In the middle.* Elia transported in the heaven.

*On every side.* Eliseus dispensing brods.

Room IV. The wood carvings are by Anonymous. The tapestry shows the multiplications of brods and fishs.

## VII

### *Casa Rosa, May 30*

WE have had a battle royal in Casa Rosa—a battle over the breaking of a huge blue pitcher valued at eight francs, a pitcher belonging to the Little Genius.

The room that leads from the dining-room to the kitchen is reached by the descent of two or three stone steps. It is always full, and is like the orthodox hell in one respect, that though myriads of people are seen to go into it, none ever seem to come out. It is not more than twelve feet square, and the persons most continuously in it, not counting those who are in transit, are the Padrona Angela; the Padrona Angela's daughter, Signorina Rita; the Signorina Rita's possible suitor; the suitor's mother and cousin; the padrona's great aunt; a few casual acquaintances of the two families, and somebody's baby; not always the same baby; any baby answers the purpose and adds to the confusion and chatter of tongues.

This morning the door from the dining-room being ajar, I heard a subdued sort of



Drawn by W. M. Berger

BOYS CLEANING CRABS

Lucia—Il mio tesoro—Margherita—Umberto—Vittoria Colonna—Tutti frutti—Botticelli—Una furtiva lagrima.

No one who has not the privilege of Jack Edwards's acquaintance could believe with what effect he used these unrelated words and sentences. I could only assist, and lead him to ever higher flights of fancy.

We perceive with pleasure that our mother tongue presents equal difficulties to manufacturers and men of affairs. The so-called mineral water we use at table is specially still and dead, and we think it may have been compared to its disadvantage with other more sparkling beverages, since every bottle bears a printed label announcing, "To Distrust of the mineral waters too foaming, since that they do invariable spread the Stomach."



bedlam in the distance, and finally went nearer to the scene of action, finding the cause in a heap of broken china in the center of the floor. I glanced at the excited company, but there was nothing to show me who was the criminal. There was a spry girl washing dishes; the fritter-woman (at least we call her so, because she brings certain goodies called, if I mistake not, *frittoli*); the gardener's wife; Francesco, the gondolier; Pippina, the wait-ing-maid; and

the men that had just brought the sausages and sweetmeats for the gondolier's ball, which we were giving in the evening. There was also the contralto, with a large soup-ladle in her hand. (We now call Rosalia, the cook, "the contralto" because she sings so much better than she cooks that it seems only proper to distinguish her in the line of her special talent.)

The assembled company were all talk-

ing and gesticulating at once. There was a most delicate point of justice involved, for, as far as I could gather, the sweetmeat-man had come in unexpectedly and collided with the sausage-man, thereby startling the fritter-woman, who turned suddenly and jostled the spry girl: hence the pile of broken china.

The spry girl was all for justice. If she had carelessly or willfully dropped the pitcher, she would have been willing to suffer the extreme pen-

alty,—the number of saints she called upon to witness this statement was sufficient to prove her honesty,—but under the circumstances she would be blessed if she suffered anything, even the abuse that filled the air. The fritter-woman upbraided the sweetmeat-man, who in return reviled the sausage-vender, who remarked that if Francesco or Pippina had received the sausages at the

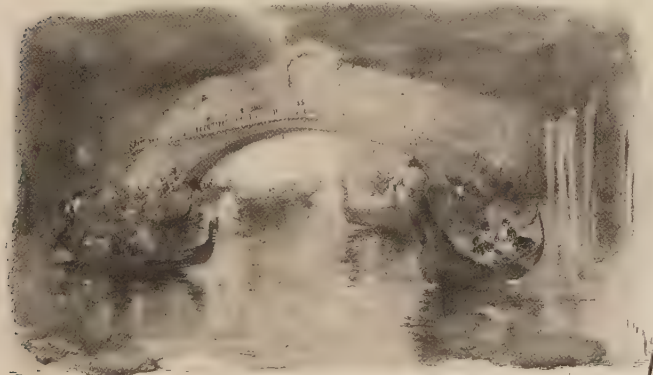
door, as they should, he would never have been in the house at all; adding a few picturesque generalizations concerning the moral turpitude of Francesco's parents and the vicious nature of their offspring.

The contralto, who was divided in her soul, being betrothed to the sausage-vender, but aunt to the spry girl, sprang into the arena, armed with the soup-ladle, and dispensed injustice on all



Drawn by W. M. Berger

PONTE DEL PARADISO



Drawn by W. M. Berger

EVENING NEAR THE RIALTO

sides. The feud now reached its height. There is nothing that the chief participants did not call one another, and no intimation or aspersion concerning the reputation of ancestors to the remotest generation, that was not cast in the others' teeth. The spry girl referred to the sausage-vender as a *generalissimo* of all the fiends, and the compliments concerning the gentle art of cookery which flew between the fritter-woman and the *contralto* will not bear repetition. I listened breathlessly, hoping to hear one of the party refer to somebody as the figure of a pig (strangely enough the most unforgettable of insults), for each of the combatants held, suspended in air, the weapon of his choice—broken crockery, soup-ladle, rolling-pin, or sausage. Each, I say, flourished the emblem of his craft wildly in the air—and then with a change of front like that of the celebrated King of France in the Mother Goose rhyme, dropped it swiftly and silently; for at this juncture the Little Genius flew down the broad staircase from her eagle's nest. Her sculptor's smock surmounted her blue cotton gown, and her blond hair was flying in the breeze created by her rapid descent. I wish I could affirm that by her gentle dignity and serene self-control she awed the company into silence, or that there was a holy dignity about her that held them spellbound; but such, unhappily, is not the case. It was her pet blue pitcher that had been broken—the pitcher that was to serve as just the right bit of color at the evening's feast. She took command of the situation in a masterly manner—a manner that had American energy and decision as its foundation and Italian fluency as its superstructure. She questioned the virtue of no one's ancestors, cast no shadow of doubt on the legitimacy of any one's posterity, called no one by the name of any four-footed beast or crawling, venomous thing, yet she somehow brought order out of chaos. Her language (for which she would have been fined thirty days in her native land) charmed and enthralled the Venetians by its delicacy, re-

serve, and restraint, and they dispersed pleasantly. The sausage-vender wished good appetite to the cook,—she had need of it, Heaven knows, and we had more,—while the spry girl embraced the fritter-woman ardently, begging her to come in again soon and make a longer visit.

## VIII

*Casa Rosa, June 10*

I AM saying all my good-byes—to Angelo and the gondola; to the greedy pigeons of San Marco, so heavy in the crop that they can scarcely waddle on their little red feet; to the bees and birds and flowers and trees of the beautiful garden behind the *casa*; to the Little Genius and her eagle's nest on the housetop; to "the city that is always just putting out to sea." It has been a month of enchantment, and although rather expensive, it is pleasant to think that the padrona's mortgage is nearly paid.

It is a saint's day, and to-night there will be a *fiesta*. Coming home to our island, we shall hear the laughter and the song floating out from the wine shops and the *caffès*; we shall see the lighted barges with their musicians; we shall thrill with the cries of "Viva Italia! viva el Re!" The moon will rise above the white palaces; their innumerable lights will be reflected in the glassy surface of the Grand Canal. We shall feel for the last time "the quick silent passing" of the only Venetian cab.

How light we move, how softly! Ah,  
Were life but as the gondola!

To-morrow we shall be rowed against the current to Padua. We shall see Malcontenta and its ruined villa: Oriago and Mira and the campanile of Dolo. Venice will lie behind us, but she will never be forgotten. Many a time on such a night as this we shall say with other wandering Venetians:

O Venezia benedetta!  
Non ti voglio più lasciar!

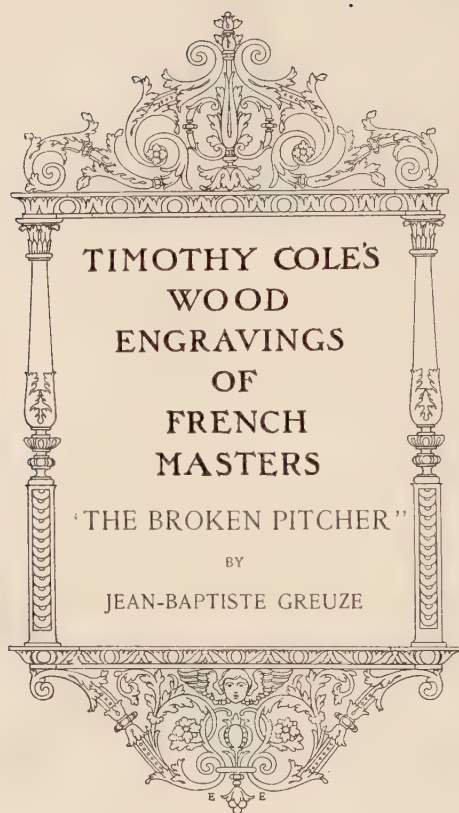


From the painting in the Louvre. See "Open Letters"

"THE BROKEN PITCHER." BY JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS—IX)





TIMOTHY COLE'S  
WOOD  
ENGRAVINGS  
OF  
FRENCH  
MASTERS

‘THE BROKEN PITCHER’

BY

JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE

# THE SWIMMING DELEGATES

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," "The Blind," etc.

CAPTAIN PUMPHREY had no doubt "retired." He became old one day, and formally ceased to be a skipper. That seemed easy enough to do; but despite this step, there was still a captain inside of him, and that was where all the trouble came in. Fifty years of seafaring hardly fits a man for the old age that begets him in the still waters of domesticity. While the Captain had let down his sails, his masts were still up, and his nature chafed and creaked where there was no sea at all.

In a good many ways the Captain was like the *Nancy* herself. The *Nancy Orr*, the old schooner with which he was most famously identified, was not built like "them boats nowadays," for all her brackets were grown on the tree. Her frame was held together by the gnarled knees and elbows of many a stubborn oak. When they needed her, they went forth into the forest to see where she was growing; and they found here a tree and there a tree that offered a bent arm to the *Nancy Orr*; and when she was done, she was a boat "as was a boat." She was a schooner blown in the wood. She was not of the modern housebuilder, carpenter-and-joiner breed. "God was a carpenter; at least, the Bible says so," said Captain Jasper, "and *He* made half of the *Nancy Orr*." Here, possibly, was the reason that whenever she ran her saucy bows out of the St. Lawrence, and went knocking about the Atlantic, she led a charmed life. What man had thus put together, no seas could put asunder. She was tractable to the least sailorlike persuasion, and indomitable in the storm.

The Captain, I have said, was made on somewhat the same order. The purposefulness beneath his shaggy brows and the

firm set of his mouth and chin were not mere facial expression; they were built in the bone. Although there was determination written in his countenance, the benignant was in the ascendancy; and it would seem that he had never winced before trouble, there being no wrinkles to record it—none of the hardness of mere petrified experience. His visage was structural. So it was that at the age of seventy, with not an ounce of superfluous cargo on his erect physique, the look of command kept coming out stronger and more impressive.

But Captain Pumphrey was no longer a sea-going craft. He was ailing and he was hard aground, his proprietary ailments being rheumatism, heartburn, and an occasional "touch of palpitation." And though Nature, in her kind regard for three score and ten, had thus tried to put him into the keeping of women-folk, he would have none of it. Because of this intractability regarding his health, some people thought him stubborn, or even perverse; but it was not that. It must be remembered that inside of him there was a captain, and that personage or spirit continued to walk the decks of his inner nature and insisted upon being a captain despite the mutiny of his members.

The Captain was strict with Jasper Pumphrey. He regarded him as an able-bodied seaman who must not lie down under the load of years or have any regard for the twinges of his muscles so long as there were head winds to encounter. So it was that he neared the final port under as stout-hearted a skipper as ever. Here, possibly, was the reason that he would never take his daughter's advice to dress warm when it blew cold, or put on his oilskins when it was wet, or do any-



Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"CAPTAIN, WE ARE GOING TO TAKE TO THE BOAT"



thing whatever to make peace with his old enemy, the weather. Not if she advised it, for that was a definite suggestion which showed him his duty to the contrary. The long-used muscles of the mind must have their wonted exercise, however they might get it. To other affection he was responsive; but this caretaking he opposed as if it were an effort to unman him. Against such womankindnesses he set his face hard.

None but his daughter had really taken the soundings of his disposition; and she did it easily enough by consulting the Pumphrey within her. Life goes deep, especially at sea. A skipper is called captain of the *Nancy Orr* when, in truth, he is captain of the Atlantic Ocean or of the inland seas; for it is their waves that he manages, their winds that he controls. And his nature grows accordingly. When the storm invades his circle of vision, he steps forth in sole authority to see her through, with God to the contrary. That seemed, at least, to be the attitude of Captain Pumphrey.

Susan, all woman as she was, "favored" him at birth by being a Pumphrey, too. And rather contradictory it might seem, were the comments made upon these two by other sea-folk. In the tugboat office, where the captains sat around the stove all winter and kept tradition alive, he was commonly known as a "regular old hurricane." And somebody, as expected, would pipe up: "And the best man to me I ever sailed under. I could git along with him." To which the others, who had risen to be captains, would nod assent.

Among the wives, on the other hand, the remark that she had "her father's ways" was intended as very fine praise. It expressed somehow the best part of the woman in her. The difference between them, the man and the woman of it, was strikingly presented in their very likeness of countenance and character; so that when you sat in the presence of both of them, the Captain and Susan seemed each to be the other's deeper nature turned uppermost. They were the two sides, it may be, of the same disposition. In their conferences with each other they were capable at times of a certain dignity and a plain candor which recognized the respect due to a common-sense Pumphrey; and it

would seem, because of this determined superiority to mere sentiment, that there could be no reason why she should ever keep her secret from him. Or that he, seeing into it, should not say something about it.

That he was considered a "hurricane" and a character she well knew, and she even repeated it, with a show of humor, for she was proud of what it meant. And just when he was hardest on himself, and she was proudest of him, was the very time she wanted to pamper and protect him and consider him old and helpless,—which was very inconsistent. But at such times she did not give full play to her nature. Her feminine promptings seemed to turn about and say to her: "Have you forgotten that for fifty years he faced the weather and took drenching seas with never wife or daughter to advise him? Or even a woman to man the cook-stove? Do you want to hurt his feelings?" No, she had not forgotten it; and she did not want to have it appear that she did. Besides, he would not have it; and so, while her hands were always going up to cherish him, she was always putting them down again. There were times when Susan sat down and considered that to be a Pumphrey, on both sides of the family, was to be inconsistent. In this way, things did not go very smoothly between the Pumphreys—between herself, that is; and the only remedy for it, as it might appear to others, would be for her to cease being a Pumphrey. Life, as she felt it, often seemed incongruous. But life is strife; and all strife and struggle are incongruous. And out of it all comes harmony, for life is an artist indeed.

It was one morning in the spring that the Captain had a strong "fittin' out" spell. His daughter, who had seen it coming on as the days grew brighter, said little at breakfast that morning. When he had put on his hat and gone out into the yard, she washed the dishes, took up her sewing, and settled herself in the sunniest window of the sitting-room. Six times in half an hour he came in and went out again, carrying a hammer or nails or a saw. For a while she heard him hammering at the end of the porch; then there were sounds upstairs which told her he was overhauling his sea-chest. Soon he came down with a

piece of twine, which he bore out with a look of concern which somehow reminded her of a bird building a nest. Finally he went down cellar and came up with the ax. She sympathized with him fully, for she felt it coming on herself. "Fittin' out time," to those that have it in the blood, is by far the rifest sort of spring fever.

Suddenly she heard herself called from a distance: "Su-u-u-usan! Susan!" As the first sound of it came to her she jumped up so quickly that the sewing flew from her lap, followed by the clattering scissors and the emery-bag, a red-flannel strawberry that rolled away under the stove; and without so much as a thought of the work that had so completely fallen from her she seized her breakfast shawl and hurried out across the lawn to the terraced shore of the lake, throwing the shawl over her head as she ran. At the edge of the terrace she halted and peered out over the waters. Half-way to the horizon she saw the steamer and her tow, the big vessels looking like mere skiffs; the cable between them hardly as visible as a spider's-web.

She waved her handkerchief, hoping to find that the young captain had his sea-glasses upon her. Sure enough, he had. A white fluff of steam answered the handkerchief, and vanished silently. And then the voice, "Su-u-zzzzzzzzn! Szzzn!" Again she waved the handkerchief. There was a quick farewell fluff, and again the name sounded shortly, "Szzzn!"

Knowing that this businesslike salute was to be the end of their greetings, she more deliberately arranged the shawl to protect her from the northeast wind while she watched him out of sight. They were making good time, for the tow, a dependent but not utterly helpless vessel, was catching a good sailful of the blow. Despite her stubby masts and small spread of canvas, she was helping the big steamer along mightily with the weight of ore. With the smoke hurrying ahead of them they traversed the bay, passed the point, and were utterly gone. She would not speak him again for two weeks. Then he would be on his way down from the straits again, and possibly he would drop a tow at the city and then be brought within hearing distance.

Turning about to go to the house, she saw what her father, the Captain, was doing. With the tarred twine he had rigged

ladders for the morning-glories to climb. And now he was making garden—with the ax. Whether the frost was not all out of the ground in that particular hollow, or whether he had chosen to make it in a bed of stiff clay, she did not know, neither did she inquire. Whatever the obstacle, it would be all one to him; serving his purpose quite as well, or better. He was chopping out the clods with the air of a man who would force the land to obey the times and seasons of his own nature, and she reflected that he was quite like himself in doing it. But she was worried because he did not have on his overcoat, for despite the early promise of the day, the wind was chill and penetrating. She stepped forward to advise him; and then checked herself, remembering.

Prompted by her father's attitude toward the weather, she turned seaward again and stood viewing the bay, a green-girt semicircle to the left of her commanding terrace. At its innermost sweep, some miles away, was the city, famous for its sunrises. The bay, not too large for the eye, faced the sunrise with slopes and terraces that made it a scenic colosseum; and to travelers who had seen many things it seemed as if Nature had here prepared a particular amphitheater wherein to exhibit her most glorious spectacle. The red sun came up exactly midway of its private horizon, and the city seemed to exist in awareness of it, with a sense of possession. It reached out green-clad arms around it as if to claim the morning for its own. Geographically, the city was said to be on the bay, but in deeper fact the bay was part of the city, for it had a situation and outlook that made the shores and sun and distant sea-line belong to it as a symmetrical setting. These conforming, sloping shores seemed to recognize each person as a spectator, inviting him to be seated, and directing his attention to where the sun came up. And at night, when the city was out to take the air, the moon exhibited herself before its peopled terrace.

There was something personal in the attitude of the place, and to Susan Pumphrey, who retained her childhood conceptions of the town before it had spread out so far around its nucleus of a lighthouse, it was the central city of one's affections. To it her heart had returned, morning

and evening, in all her voyagings. When she was a child, and they lived nearer the harbor entrance, she used to go and see that golden path that extended from the sun to her very feet; and she thought that heaven's attention was thus directed to but one place in the world. And now that they had moved out here, and the pathway of morning had been laid anew,—such regard does Nature have for the place that we call home,—she could not but feel that it ought still to extend toward the city. It would compare itself with the sunrises of her memory, and seem almost too radical a change to be made for her benefit.

But the city itself had changed, and grown greatly outward, and upward. And since it had become so famous for its manufactures, it had almost forgotten to be proud of its sunrises. From where she stood she could see the darker atmosphere that hung over it, and from which they had moved. On the side nearest to her were the steel mills whose cloud was established on pillars of smoke, and so firmly founded thereon that not even the briskest of nor'easters could sweep the sky clear of it. Whenever she took this view of the city she was glad that it had fallen to her lot to have what two generations of women had wished for—a “man around the house.” By which was meant, a man who was home every night, enabling them to live in what surroundings they chose, regardless of the nearness of neighbors. That consummation came when the Captain retired, although their time of living in the city, within reach of the river, was prolonged by the Captain's insistence upon serving a term as harbor master and thus “tapering off,” as he said, from his years of sailing. It had really been a remove seaward to come out here, and it seemed a luxury to have the seafaring atmosphere come fresh to the door, and to be able to look out on the waters as if the house were out of sight of land. And the move did not seem so far; for the city, with its air of ownership and its way of extending its claim to the very ends of land, still claimed her and held her home within its rounded arm. She had only been brought into more intimate relations with it by this larger survey; she saw it more wholly and yet more fondly than when she was lost among its houses, for hers was the seaman's point of view. For

company she had her father and the lake in all their moods of storm and calm; and at present it was storm.

The lake was working up mightily under the urgent wind. The whitecaps were out in full force; they were chasing one another shoreward, and sliding back from the sands, and leaping up in wild fountains as they collided with others that were coming. It was their first grand celebration of their recent release from the bonds of ice. And the harder it blew, the more the Captain plied the ax.

Casting another glance toward him, she turned and went into the house. She gathered up her work, getting down on her knees to the emery-bag, and resumed her seat with the intention of working. But it was now hard for her to gather her wandering mind upon the point of the needle. The day was a fickle one, with a scurrying sky and sudden patches of sunshine sailing across land and water. It would look like summer for a moment and then turn darker as the light above was shut off. “My! what a good day to sail! But almost too windy,” she mused. She wished it were really a vessel instead of a house that he was fitting out. And that they were going to start that day to—where? Well, a lake trip; and then out of the St. Lawrence and across to Cork; and then back for a season of coasting, and down to the West Indies, a trip she remembered from her childhood. With her, too, it was “fittin' out time”; she could almost see the *Nancy Orr* taking this blow for a fair wind, her fore-and-aft sails flung to this side and that as she went before it “wing and wing.”

The wind was gusty and waxing in force. At times, when it whistled to her from the corner of the house, she felt her nature pulling seaward like a ship on a hawser. At intervals she looked out of the window and worried about the Captain, or, rather, she told herself it would be of no use to worry about him. Thus she worried periodically; she did a daughter's duty toward him as best she could. Tempering her anxiety was a shrewd knowledge that he would soon have enough of gardening, and be looking for the next thing to do. The Captain could not merely do a thing; he had to *go at* it; and so he was making garden as if he had to have it all right and tight before a storm



was upon him. It was his way. Soon her expectations were fulfilled; he suddenly got to the end of his wonted period of activity, and then he came into the house, puffing and blowing. Immediately she seized the opportunity.

"Father."

"What is it, child?" He had never given over that way of addressing her.

"Now, Father, I know a good thing for you to do in this weather. Why don't you take my card and go down to the branch library and get yourself an interesting book—a good history?"

This latter was a tactful addition. Sensible reading matter, to him, consisted of travels, or history, or his newspaper that opposed "that lyin' sheet, the 'Trybune.'" By them he could agree or disagree—his main object—on the subject of foreign ports and Jeffersonian democracy: The suggestion took with him. He put on his cap, buttoned his coat up snug, and took his cane. The cane he always carried. It was useful mostly as a sort of baton in conducting arguments, pointing out where the other man was wrong; and on rheumatic days it became a good companion to his right leg. With the card safely stowed, he stepped out of the front gate, and promptly started up the *poo-o-oh* which was his way of breathing when he formally went out for a long trip afoot. Not that he was short of breath, but quite the opposite; it was because he needed to have something doing. He may have got the idea from steamboats; anyway, it constituted his idea of land voyaging. Every step was accompanied with a *poo-o-oh* strong enough to blow out a candle.

On his trip to the library the Captain suffered many delays. Captain Jeffrey, who lived on the route, was sitting near the window in his little parlor, and being familiar with the Captain's "stroke" for many years, he heard him coming even before the Captain hove in sight. "Captain Pumphrey is coming, Wife," he exclaimed; and hurried out to the gate.

"It looks like a blow, Captain Pumphrey."

"Yes; she is workin' up a sea—workin' her up considerable."

"I see the *Chieftain* going down with a tow."

"Yes; she is liable to have a little time

with her tow, if it keeps on blowin'. And it will." And when they had paid their respects and settled the matter of the weather, the Captain started up his machinery and got under way again.

Next he encountered the Rector. The Rector, who always found him a most engaging parishioner, managed to stop him with a question of some importance to the parish. Out of this came observations on the weather again; and the Rector, advising him to dress warmer, brought on an argument regarding bodily ailments.

"I have no steady ailments, Doctor, except you 'd count my one eye that 's gone; and that is not an ailment."

"Now, I should call that an ailment, Captain."

"That 's where you 're wrong. A man don't need two eyes; he can't see any bigger with two. He only needs one to look through a glass; and I never had any use for them binoculars."

"Yes, true enough; but man is given two, and it is for a purpose."

"Well, that 's where you 're mistaken. And I 've had a good many years' experience. Two eyes are like two suits of sails; one of them is extr'y."

Evidently the Captain considered that in losing one of them he had merely fulfilled nautical expectations.

"But consider, Captain. Would n't it be handier to have one eye to see what 's on the other side of your nose—especially when you come to a street corner?"

"Well, now, my nose *is* pretty big, that 's true; but you never see any fools with big noses. And you 'd go a long time on water before you 'd come to a corner."

With this answer the Captain put forth again, very well satisfied with the way it was settled. It had not occurred to him to explain—possibly because years of practice had made it second nature—that he had the ability, the natural alertness, to turn his head to the blind side as instantly as most men would operate an eye. If the nose shut off his view, he could very quickly get the nose out of the way.

Because of the missing eye he had a regular mode of procedure for navigating city streets. At every crossing he would suddenly halt, turn his head quickly to left and right, as if he were sweeping the horizon with a glass, and then proceed across.

During this instant the *pooh* and the click of the cane would cease, and then start up with his first step. Thus he kept on, crossing after crossing, toward the library. And after getting into a few more arguments, and out of them again, he reached his destination. Taking the catalogue, he opened it at random, and fell to studying the titles as his finger passed them, coursing its way from page to page.

He was gone so long that Susan looked out of the window for him five final times. Each time she went also to the opposite window and looked seaward and thought of the *Chieftain*. The lake had been working up for hours under the heavy labor of the wind; and the blow, now almost a gale, seemed to be increasing. It was bad weather for a boat with a tow. The waves of the lakes, more than those of the ocean, have a way of helping each other in their work of racking hulls, and they have often parted the stoutest tow-lines. She felt sure that the captain of the *Chieftain*, seeing what he had to encounter, had already reconsidered his start and would be putting back to shelter promptly. Even now it would be impossible for him to enter the river; he would hardly take the risk of aiming a course between the rows of piling in this pitching sea. But he would certainly get back to the shelter of the government breakwater, and ride it out there. The point shut off her view; and each time she looked, she expected to see the steamer come in sight. But still the *Chieftain* did not come; and neither did her father.

She went up-stairs and thence aloft to the cupola, hoping he had left his sea-glasses where she could get them. But the sea-chest was locked. It was a long time since she had been in the cupola, her custom being to stop at the foot of the narrow stairs when she called him down to dinner, and sometimes to supper. There was an understanding, or rather a knowledge on her part, that this place was not considered a part of the household proper, but was subject to the realm of admiralty. When he was here he was virtually aboard a vessel. With the sea-glasses he had sailed many a boat when captain and crew were quite unaware of his presence. Whenever a boat came within his jurisdiction, he glanced at the set of her sails, and he gave orders, not always inaudible,

if their seamanship did not suit him. And indeed they would have looked about them lively had they known so experienced and influential a navigator was aboard. This cupola was a great outlet for his nature; and Susan, realizing its important function, kept up a fine observance of its far remove from the affairs of "women-folks."

She tugged at the lid of the sea-chest, but it would not open for her. He had left out nothing but the white cube of magnesia, from which he whittled an occasional dose for the heartburn, and the forty-seconds glass with which he had for so many years measured the speed of his boats. And tacked to the ceiling was the fly of the *Nancy*—a long, taper windbag of red bunting which he had taken from her masthead after his final trip with her.

Being denied the glass, she looked as far as she could without it. Not a sail or a funnel was to be seen. The tugs had gathered in everything that sailed. Off to the south she saw smoke, she thought; possibly the *Chieftain* coming back. But whether it was or not she could not tell.

She was doing her best to convince herself that it was the *Chieftain* when she saw her father coming; and now being reminded of the kettle, which she had forgotten to put on for dinner, she hurried down. He had the book under his arm.

"What sort of a book did you get, Father?"

"History, child."

He laid it on the table and immediately went "aloft." She started to tell him that there was nothing in the bay, but at that moment her eyes fell on the title of the book, and the words died within her. "The—History—of—Bluebeard!" She opened it. Each word and sentence was carefully addressed to the intellect and imagination of a child. As an explanation of his mistake, she recalled that, in recounting his adventures, he had often mentioned a locality called Bluebeard's Castle. She could only imagine what would be forthcoming when he discovered. Presently he came down-stairs and into the kitchen.

"Is the *Chieftain* coming back—did you see?" she asked.

"I did n't go to look for the *Chieftain*, and I did n't see. But the captain of the *Chieftain* won't come back; he 'll keep

right on." He was rather positive for a man who did not know.

He picked up the book and took it into the sitting-room, and then she heard him going through the operations of settling himself for the afternoon. She heard one shoe fall, then the other. Then the slippers went on, each with a scrape and a stamp. His spectacle-case opened and snapped shut. There were other vigorous preparations for a comfortable and profitable afternoon; and finally a hearty *poo-o-oh* told her that he was letting himself down into the easy-chair. Then a silence. There was a turning of pages, a more emphatic turning of pages, and suddenly she heard the whole operation being reversed, but more vigorously. In a remarkably short space of time he appeared in the kitchen with his coat on and the book under his arm. He jerked the hat down tighter as if preparing for a storm, and without a word opened the door and stepped out.

"Father—where are you going?"

"I am going," he said, "to take back this damn work of fiction."

It would have been of no use to remind him that he could not draw another book that day; for that was not his point. His point was to get the upper hand of the book that had tried to impose itself upon him. And so she let him go. To Susan the question, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" was as nothing beside the problem of what to do with an ex-captain.

Again she waited for him. In an hour he had not returned, nor in two hours. She ate dinner alone. In the middle of the afternoon an expressman drove up to the door. He took a note from his pocket, and presented it.

"Susan—give the man my bag and sea-chest. And put in the magnesia."

What her father was going to do with the sea-chest the expressman did not know. He was merely sent to get it. And he was not going away without it—those were his instructions.

The sea-chest gone, Susan stayed up in the now vacated and very empty cupola. She stood there looking aimlessly seaward, and wondering she knew not what. And that afternoon she saw a sight.

A tug emerged from the city with a schooner, towed it right out into the teeth of the wind, and let loose. The schooner,

with most of her canvas reefed, and yet careening, stood away against it.

Evidently, and for what reason she could not imagine, they were going to put the schooner across the lake or blow her masts out. It was a surprising amount of sail to carry. And before evening Susan saw her leaning away off on the horizon.

That night Susan sat up late, thinking of the vessel she had seen. She fully expected to hear her father's footsteps at any moment. There was something mysterious about his sending for his sea-chest; and then this daredevil trip of the schooner. No doubt the two occurrences had something to do with each other. Ten years ago she would have supposed it was he who was taking out the schooner; it was quite like him. But she did not allow herself to suspect the truth.

The Captain did not come back that night, nor the next. She waited a week for him; and still he did not come back. She had found that it was he who had gone. Each day she sat up in the cupola and watched. "Poor old man!" she would say. "Poor old man!"

THE Captain came into the gate one day with a final *poooh* and a tap of his cane—quite as if he were a steamer that had not missed a stroke on a two weeks' trip. Susan ran and threw her arms about him and kissed him. He seemed quite satisfied as she covered him with attentions and hurried about to surround him with comfort. When he had put on the slippers and raised his soles to the fire, he gave the short and simple narrative of his adventures.

"You see, child, when I was coming back from the lib'ry, after making them take back that book, Captain Ross hailed me. And he said: 'I guess we won't make any money on the *Nancy* this season; and it's too bad we bought in on her. The union is after her. We no more than pick up a crew than the union threatens them off and gets them to join. They say we have got to give in. And how are we going to make any money hauling slabs from Michigan if we can't run our own business?' says he.

"What's the matter of the Cap'n?" says I.

"Aye," says he, 'it spoils discipline. I wish you was sailing these days, Captain Pumphrey,' says he.



"*'I am sailin',*' says I. 'Don't I take out my papers every season? And as long as I own any of the *Nancy*, she won't be tied up for lack of somebody to take her out.' So I went downtown, and I told them the *Nancy* was due to sail, and she was going to put out at once. And I told the walking delegate to bring on his union crew. I could see the skippers in the tug-boat office were a leetle disapp'inted in me—and surprised.

"*'We did n't think you 'd be the one to give in, Captain Pumphrey,*' says they.

"*'Keep your disapp'intment back awhile, I have some ideas,*' I says.

"I went over to the shipyards and I borrowed an auger. And I whittled a long stick p'inted at the end. And I put them in my cabin. Well, child, the delegate said he was glad to see me come to reason, but he did n't want to give me a crew to put out in that blow.

"*'I thought you was providing sailors,*' I says. So then he thought a while and saw it the other way about. They were looking for union-work, and I guess I gave them an *example* of work right to start off.

"That night when I saw the wind was shifting, I went below and I bored a hole in her bottom. It was good oak they put in the *Nancy*, and with bein' salted down so many falls, she is as good as ever—and harder, I guess. She bored hard, especially at the last bite; and then I broke through, and the auger went its whole length in the lake so sudden that the water squirted up through the twist of it in all directions—like a lawn-sprinkler. And when I jerked it out and stood up, she pretty near sent a stream into my face. 'Now leak,' I says; 'ye never leaked like that before.' And I went to my bunk and turned in.

"After a while they came and woke me up, and said we had opened her seams in the blow, and she was making water fast.

"*'Man the pumps,*' says I.

"They pumped hard and steady to keep themselves afloat. And along in the morning I went again and looked below. It had gained on them some, but not much. Anyway, it did n't make any difference if it did, because if they got complete and entirely exhausted, and I was satisfied they were at the end of themselves, I could feel around with my p'inted

stick and stop the leak, knowing jest where it was. The sea had gone down when the wind shifted. And it was n't a fair wind, which was a good thing, because that would give them a long enough spell of pumping before we made Saugamuck. It did, too. When we were about ten miles off, they said they were tired out and wanted to let her go and take to the boat.

"*'We won't take to the boat,*' I says.

"*'We had better take the boat, Captain,*' says Heffernan, the union mate.

"*'Was n't you a walking delegate?'* says I.

"*'Aye, sir,*' says he.

"*'Well, this is a union boat. And if you don't get to pumping we will all be swimming delegates,*' says I.

"After that they all worked hard again. And when we made Saugamuck, they all quit to a man—disappeared. I guess they went and looked for a place to lay down. And they did n't come back; they were tired of the *Nancy*. I felt around for the hole, and got the fire-engine for five dollars to pump her out, and loaded with slabs and got a pick-up crew, seeing the others did n't come back.

"When we got back on that trip, the union took those men off and claimed jurisdiction. I told them how their men quit; I made them give me another crew. 'And I want sailors,' I says, 'and men that ain't afraid of a little water.'

"*'You had a crew of my best men,*' says the delegate.

"*'Well, I ain't got them now; so give me a crew. Ain't that your business?'* I says. So they gave me another.

"Next trip I pulled out the stick a little sooner. All the way over the pump was going as steady as a walking-beam on a steamer. The *Nancy* was going across the Lake by man-power. They played out—or thought they did—and about fifteen miles out of Saugamuck it gained on them, and the *Nancy* was going so low they wanted to give her up and take to the boat.

"*'Captain, we are going to take to the boat,*' they said.

"*'Ye be, be ye?'* says I.

"*'Yes, Captain,*' says the mate; 'we have got to give up. We can't keep her afloat.'

"*'Well,*' says I, 'I have got as many friends below as you have; and they are

looking for me soon. And if you don't get to pumping, we 'll be going to see them in the *Nancy Orr*. Not a man to the boat, or I 'll sink the whole kit and bilin' of ye.'

"After that it did n't gain on them any more. And when we got into Saugamuck that crew was wore out and sick of the *Nancy*. They left. I felt around with my long stick, and had her pumped out for five dollars again, and picked up some men and came back—one man short of a crew. They were not union men, but I had to take them. When I got back on that trip, and was ready to put out again, I gave notice for a union crew. And I guess that if they had had any *determination* about them, which they ought to have, I would 'a' shipped away all their strongest men. But you see, child, one of the men had got back and told his story; and when I went to the delegate for a crew, they were talking about what bad condition she was in.

"'You can't get 'em,' he says. 'We 'll ship no union men on such a boat. If the gover'mint lets such a boat run, the union will protect its *own* men.'

"'What am I going to do?' says I. 'She wants to put out.'

"'Do what you want,' he says.

"'Where will I get men?'

"'Get 'em wherever you want,' he says. 'Drown some of the others. We will have nothing more to do with you nor your boat.'

"'See that ye don't,' says I. So I sent her back with the captain again, and the crew she came over with. Yes, I am sorter tired from losing sleep. I had to appear as if I was anxious, you know. But, anyway, I made my *p'int*."

Susan, who had been screening her eyes with her hand, as if to protect them from the stream of sunlight, had found it necessary to go and look out of the window; and she stood there with her back toward him. She looked out through her tears and smiled—and felt incongruous. There were many times when she would have found her tears difficult to analyze.

"The *Chieftain* did n't come back that day, neither, did she?" he suddenly re-

marked. At this Susan dabbed the handkerchief to her eyes and turned about, taking her countenance firmly under control.

"No; he did n't come."

"I told ye he 'd keep right on. You would n't want to be takin' up with a man that would change his mind for a little blow like *that*, would you? We 'd hardly ship a man like that under this roof, would we?"

There was a pause. And then the Captain continued in rather a boastful vein: "A Pumphrey never casts anchor as long as he can wear ship."

"No, Father."

"And never comes ashore with the anchors aboard."

"No, Father; nor without blowing the masts out of her—if he can."

"Aye, child. Tell that to your children—if any of them be boys."

Susan blushed. And instantly she looked out of the window again. A great light dawned upon her. The subject had not been broached to him, and already she could see what his answer was to be. And she was still to live with him "under this roof." She wanted to throw her arms about him again; but she was well aware that if she did, under the present circumstances, she would not only have to laugh and cry and praise him, but—pity him. And that would be unworthy treatment from *his* daughter. She wanted to do just that thing; but did not. Anyway, the subject had not been formally brought up as yet; and it would be for the captain of the *Chieftain* to do that. She could tell him the answer beforehand.

The captain of the *Nancy Orr*, never still for long, got up and went into the kitchen. Susan remained looking out of the window. Suddenly the voice came over the waters for which she had been waiting all day. She hurried out to the terrace, and dashing the handkerchief across her eyes to clear her vision, she raised it aloft and waved it. There was an answering white fluff, and then a cloud that bespoke a perfect extravagance of steam:

"Suz-z-z-zzzzzzzzzzzn! Szzzn!"

underpinning  
engineering  
engineering  
oped

# FOUNDATIONS OF LOFTY BUILDINGS

BY FRANK W. SKINNER

WITH the era of tall steel structures has come a revolution in the requirements and conditions of building. Their height has been quadrupled, their weight multiplied still more, and instead of being carried on thick walls spread over a considerable area of ground, they are now carried wholly on slender columns. This concentrates many hundred tons of load, and develops pressures which would crush the masonry, and cause the structures to penetrate soft earth almost as a stone sinks in water. These buildings are so tall that their walls are exposed to millions of pounds of wind-pressure; they contain engines and machinery which must have immovable beds to prevent disastrous vibrations; and they are equipped with elevators and miles of steam- and water-pipes, which would be disabled if the building settled enough to distort or displace them the fraction of an inch.

Added to all this is the fact that the fabulous value of land in the largest American cities determines the sites of these buildings without any consideration as to whether the soil can support them, and that both in New York and Chicago, where most of the very tall buildings of the world have been constructed, the soil is treacherous and difficult. Many of the sky-scrapers have been founded on quicksand, many on mud, and others have been built over subterranean rivers, through which their foundations were boldly carried to safe bottom.

Such work is very expensive, and has cost a million or more for a single building in New York, and that not the tallest. First of all, the weight of the building and its contents—perhaps 50,000,000 pounds—is calculated, and the exact character of the soil is determined to a depth of a hundred feet, if necessary. This is

usually done before the existing building is removed, explorations being often made by sinking test-holes through the cellar to solid rock.

In New York the law holds the builder responsible for any damage to adjacent property if its foundations are more than ten feet deep. Many of the older buildings have poor foundations, twelve or fifteen feet deep in the loose sand; and as these would certainly be undermined by digging alongside them ten or twenty feet deeper, as must often be done, the first necessity is to provide for their safety. This is sometimes done by cutting holes through the wall and inserting in them long cross-beams, the ends of which are lifted and supported so as to carry the wall while the old foundations are removed and new ones are built in a trench excavated under the wall to the required depth. A notable instance of such work was when the twelve-story wall of the Decker Building on Union Square in New York, which weighed 76,000 pounds per foot, was lifted an eighth of an inch and carried on double tiers of massive steel beams, while its shallow foundations were blasted out, and deeper new ones were built on the solid rock.

In lower New York the rock extends usually at least fifty feet below the surface, and is covered to a depth of thirty feet or more with water and quicksand, through which it is impossible to dig an open trench. Most of the important new foundations are below the ground water-line, and this condition increases both the necessity and the difficulty of replacing the old foundations before the unstable soil about them is disturbed.

There has recently been invented the Breuchaud method of placing tall, slender columns a few feet apart under the wall, which really form a set of stilts, carrying



looking for me  
get to pump  
them in  
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bili



From the painting by Colin Campbell Cooper, owned by the Cincinnati Art Museum

SKY-SCRAPERS IN BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY, LOOKING TOWARD WALL STREET

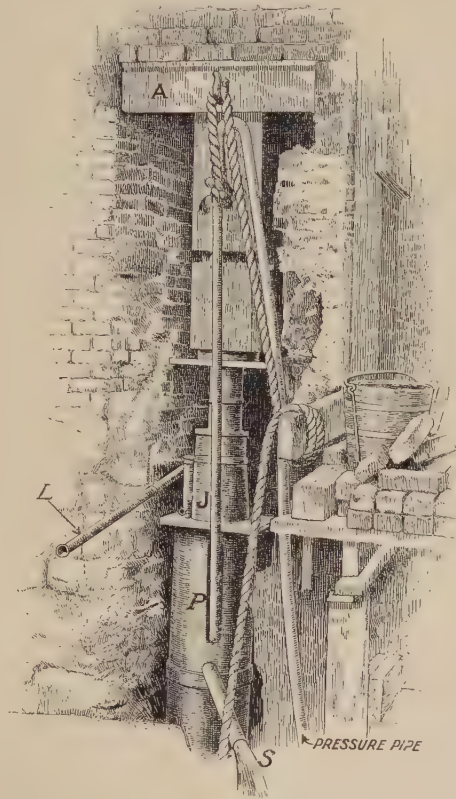
it from the rock. Recesses of a T-shape are successively cut close together in the outer face of the wall, and near the foot, and steel beams are set in them, bearing against the under side of the brickwork. A short section of large steel pipe is placed vertically in the bottom of each recess, and is forced into the ground by a 100-ton hydraulic jack pushing up against the steel beams, sometimes even lifting the wall above. As the pipe descends, another section is screwed on top, and both are driven down; others are added until rock or hard-pan is reached. A powerful hydraulic jet at the bottom softens the earth and lubricates the sides of the pipe. It scours out even hard material, boils up to the surface, and overflows, bringing with it a large quantity of the earth and sand inside the pipe.

When the sinking is completed, the sand remaining in the pipe is excavated with a bucket or pump, and the interior is filled with concrete, which soon hardens, making a column of artificial stone which is wedged up against the under side of the beams in the wall so as to support the latter completely. Each column may carry from 100,000 to 600,000 pounds. For the heaviest walls, pipes nearly a yard in diameter are used, and men enter them and excavate by hand as they are forced down by the jacks. Below water-level these pipes are tightly sealed and filled with compressed air, to exclude the water and quicksand while the men dig

in the bottom. This way of underpinning is a brilliant innovation in engineering practice, and, unlike most engineering methods, which are usually developed gradually, was invented outright. The engineer who had contracted to build the foundations for a tall building in the

Wall Street district was responsible for the safety of the adjacent seven-story building of the Western Union Telegraph Company. For its underpinning therefore he devised this method, which has since proved almost indispensable for most similar cases.

After the safety of the neighboring buildings is assured, the excavation is made for the new building. In New York the pit is usually dug to ground water-level at a depth of twenty or thirty feet below the surface. To prevent the banks from caving in, thick interlocking planks or steel piles are driven close together, in order to make solid vertical walls, heavily braced to resist the great pressure of the loose earth. The soft soil inside them is shoveled into carts,



FORCING A STEEL CYLINDER FIFTY FEET TO HARD-PAN IN ORDER TO UNDERPIN THE WALLS OF AN ADJACENT BUILDING

The 100-ton hydraulic jack, J, is operated by the lever L, and reacts against the steel beams at A. An hydraulic jet, suspended and operated by the rope at the right, excavates inside the cylinder P and the sand and water overflows through the pipe S. All operations are conducted within the thickness of the wall itself without interfering with the tenants in the building or obstructing the new foundation work.

which are driven up steep inclines to the street above. Often the building lot extends from one street to the next, and the excavation is carried under both sidewalks, which are supported on the lower floors of two-story wooden bridges, raised a few steps above the pavement in order to allow more working room underneath. The second stories make valuable additions to the street space, and are fully utilized by the contractor, often serving





FOUNDATIONS OF THE CITY INVESTING BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY. (SEE PAGE 781)

The concrete foundation piers were built like tall chimneys, high above the surface of the ground, and sunk by interior excavation.

for unloading platforms, and stonecutters' yards for fitting and carving the face masonry.

The passage through the bridge, between its rows of thick columns and under its low roof, with a high board fence on one side, is like a tunnel, crowded during business hours with passengers. At night he who ventures past the red lanterns and nodding watchman into the blackness of the bridge, exchanges the lonely silence of the street for a bird's-eye view of the strenuous scene in the shadowy pit, where hundreds of men are at work digging; teaming; framing great timbers; mixing concrete; cutting through the old walls, and building new ones in deep trenches; operating engines, derricks, and pile-drivers; or riveting steel cylinders, and setting the contractor's machinery. High wages are paid, and skilled laborers are employed in two or three eight-hour shifts, in order to keep the work progressing with the utmost rapidity.

In New York nearly all the tall office buildings have their foundations on the quicksand, in it, or under it, and as a rule they are more difficult, dangerous, and costly to build than anywhere else in the world. It is required to provide absolutely safe separate supports for from fifty to a hundred columns, fifteen or twenty feet apart, each carrying loads of from one hundred to two thousand tons. Thirty feet below the surface the sand is found compressed to a hard, dense mass which, undisturbed, will carry safely a load of 6000 or 8000 pounds per square foot. When, therefore, the building is not too heavy, and there is no expectation of deeper foundations being built alongside, the new foundations are often laid on the surface of the sand, which has from one half to the whole of its area covered with them. Formerly these foundations would necessarily have been made pyramidal masses of masonry weighing thousands of tons, and almost or quite



filling the lower stories of the building and causing much extra load on the soil.

A layer of concrete a foot or two thick is now spread over the bottom of the pit, and on it are bedded rows of steel beams set closely together. Across the middles of these beams deep steel girders are placed, and on them the columns rise to a height of from two hundred to four hundred feet. Their loads of 3,000,000 pounds or more are thus spread out by the beams, girders, and concrete, so as to cause a reduced uniform pressure on the soil. Cement is filled in between the beams and girders, and packed around them to seal them thoroughly against moisture; then clean earth or sand is rammed in up to the column bases, and covered with the concrete of the cellar floor.

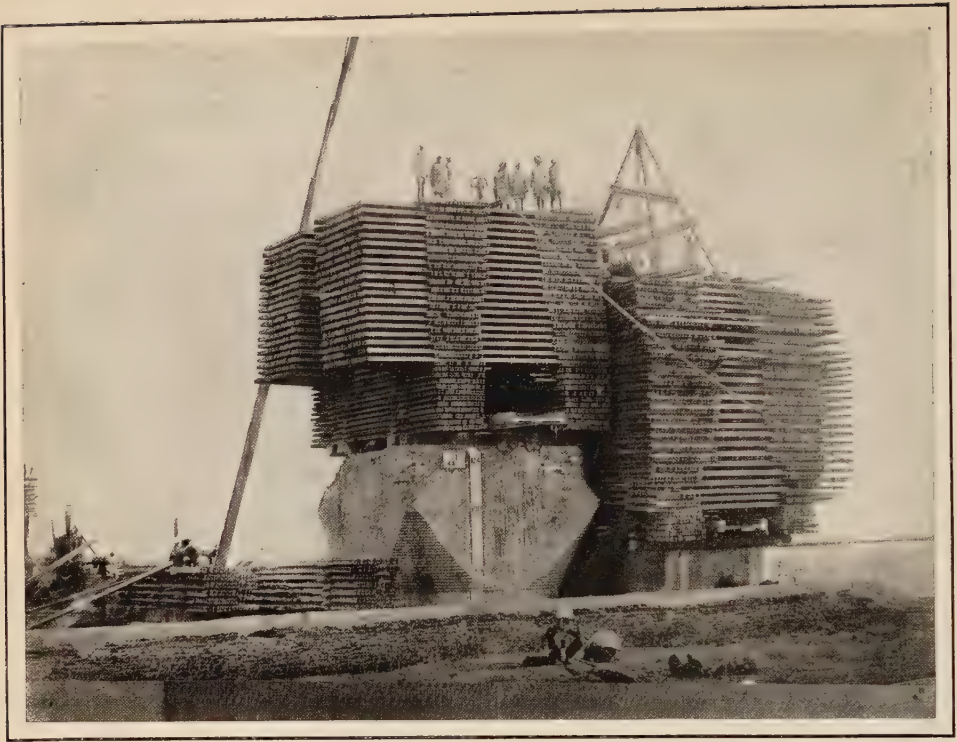
The twenty-six-story St. Paul Building has surface foundations thirty-two feet below the street on fine, wet sand eighty feet deep, which was loaded with about 30,000,000 pounds. In a year they settled only about three eighths of an inch.

A few hundred feet away, the columns of the World Building are carried by inverted stone arches, which distribute the pressure evenly over beds of concrete ten feet wide, laid on the same stratum of fine sand, which, if excavated, would flow like water.

In Chicago, eight or ten feet below the surface, there is a thin crust of tough, hard clay, below which there is soft, slippery clay to the depth of fifty feet, saturated with water, and almost semifluid. The upper crust will sustain loads of 4000 pounds per square foot without breaking, and actually floats them above the plastic lower stratum, which could not carry a fraction of the weight, if applied directly on its surface. To meet these conditions there have been devised the famous raft foundations, which are simply wide, thin platforms of concrete and steel, spreading the column loads over a large area of the crust. At first they were built up of crossed layers of old rails, several tiers in height and gradually diminishing in length upward; but it is now cheaper



FOUNDATIONS OF THE HOFFMAN HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY—CUTTING OFF HEAVY STEEL SHEET PILES WITH AN ELECTRIC CURRENT. (SEE PAGE 781)



MODERN CYLINDRICAL HOLLOW BRICK PIERS IN INDIA. (SEE PAGE 781)

These piers on the bank of the Ganges are sunk by loading with rails and excavating the interior with steam dredges. The piers here shown were built above the surface of the ground and have been sunk to nearly the required depth.

and better to build them of deep steel beams and girders. It is impossible to prevent the settling of the Chicago raft foundations, and no attempt is made to do so. Great pains, however, are taken to calculate and design them so that all parts will be equally loaded and will settle regularly and uniformly. This is often accomplished so successfully that the floors intentionally built four or five inches too high, often settle to within a fraction of an inch of the required position.

The fifteen-story Spreckels Building in San Francisco is the tallest on the Pacific coast, and was built on soft ground, where to the danger of settling was added that of earthquakes. The building itself is only about seventy-four feet square, but a pit nearly a hundred feet square and twenty-five feet deep was dug, and its bottom covered with a sheet of concrete two feet thick. On this was laid a tier of close-set, deep steel beams, which reached across from side to side and supported a second cross tier. The spaces

between the beams were filled solid with concrete, making a platform of steel and artificial stone nearly five feet thick, which extended far beyond the walls of the building and distributed its weight of 24,000,000 pounds over an area 75 per cent. greater than that of the building itself. On top of the platform, groups of cross-beams were set to receive the columns, some of which were anchored down with thick steel bars reaching through it to the lowest beams. The building has endured without serious injury severe earthquake shocks that destroyed many buildings in the vicinity which were not nearly so tall.

When the column loads are too great to be carried safely on the soil even by extending the foundations to cover the whole surface, or when there is danger of future deep excavations alongside undermining them, they are often carried on piles. These are straight tree trunks, thicker than a man's body and from twenty to eighty feet long, driven close together in rows or clusters. They are usually driven, tips down, by a 2000-



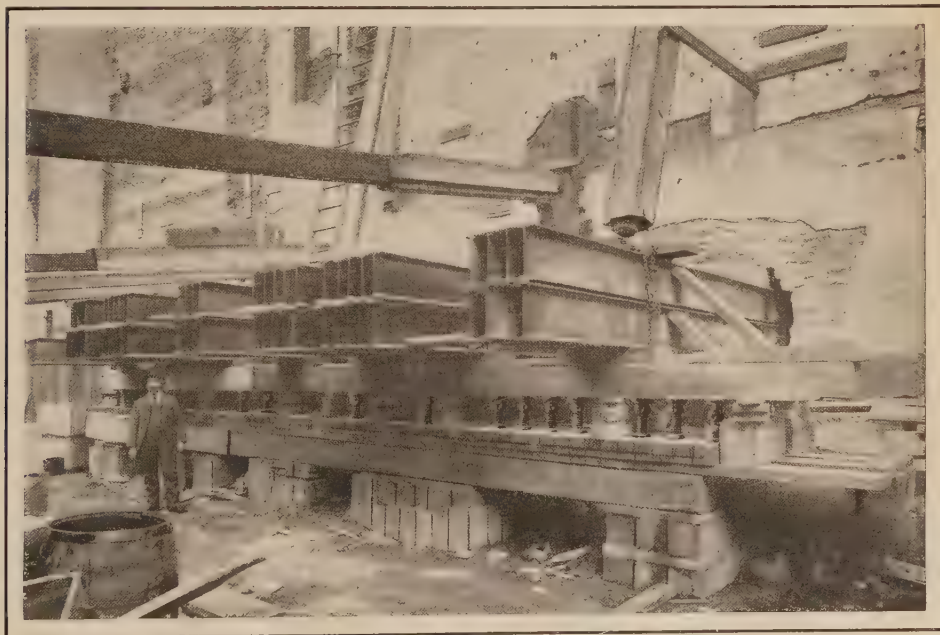
pound hammer falling twenty feet, until the last blows do not move them more than about an inch. Then their tops are sawed off level below water-line, and covered with a thick bed of concrete on which a pyramidal masonry pier or steel beam platform is laid. They may either reach to hard bottom, and act like long columns, or the adhesion of the sticky soil to their sides may be sufficient to hold them suspended in soft mud and carry their heavy loads. When constantly saturated, they are more durable than steel, and will last for centuries.

The Park Row Building, New York, with its thirty stories above ground and three stories below, reaches 390 feet above the pavement. It has a weight of more than one hundred and thirty million pounds, carried on nearly 4000 spruce piles driven in fine, moist sand like that under the adjacent St. Paul Building.

In some cases the foundation loads are so enormous that nothing short of masonry piers on solid rock will safely sustain them. It is impossible to construct these by ordinary methods through deep quicksand or gravel saturated with flow-

ing water; and so in New York alone they have, within the last fifteen years, been built inside pneumatic caissons, which are really diving-bells, sunk to rock. Very strong air-tight steel or wooden boxes with flat tops and no bottoms are set on the pier site at ground water-level and pumped full of compressed air, while men enter them and, excavating the soil, undermine them so that they sink, sometimes at the rate of about two feet an hour, until they land on the rock, and are filled solid with concrete to form the bases of the foundation piers. As they sank, the walls were, at first, built up beyond the roof, so as always to extend above the bottom of the pit and form dry wells in which masonry was laid, and by its weight forced the caisson down through the earth.

The men enter and leave the caisson through vertical steel shafts, with small chambers, called air-locks, on top. These have a trap-door in the roof and another in the floor, both opening downward, so as to be kept closed by the air-pressure; and as one door must always be closed when the other is opened, they prevent the escape of the compressed air from the



TEMPORARY SUPPORT OF A PORTION OF THE TWELVE-STORY WALL OF THE DECKER BUILDING, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

In order to establish the deeper foundations of the Bank of the Metropolis Building, alongside, it was necessary to replace the Decker foundations with deeper ones. The sustaining girders projecting far into the site of the new building were supported by temporary piers carried down to bed-rock. (See page 771.)



caisson. When the caisson sinks very deep, the air-pressure becomes heavy, and is dangerous for men who are feeble, dissipated, or have weak heart or lungs, sometimes producing paralysis or great suffering from the "bends," which may be fatal. It is necessary to emerge very slowly through the lock, so as gradually to reduce the pressure and equalize it in the body. Men have been instantly killed by trying to emerge from the lock suddenly.

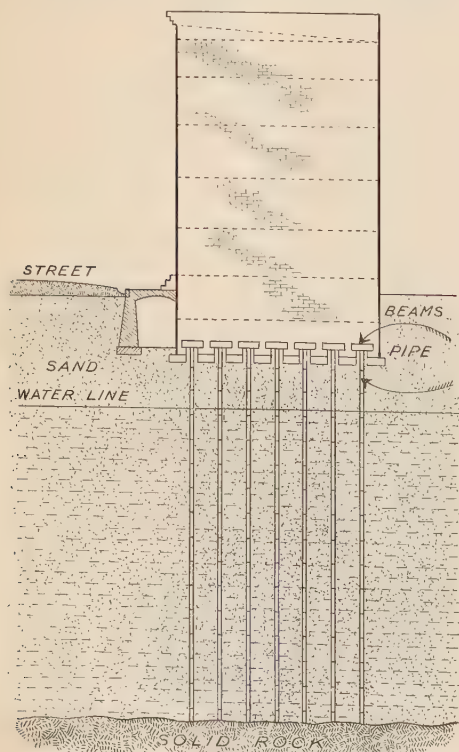
Visitors to a caisson are clothed in rubber boots and oil-skins, climb a ladder to the top of the air-shaft, and, descending, enter the air-lock through a narrow steel door, which is closed and locked. A valve is opened to admit the hot air, hissing and roaring from the compressor. The atmosphere becomes thick and foggy, and the increasing pressure may cause violent pains in the head and chest or may simply produce an uncomfortable obstruction in the ears, as if they were filled with water from deep diving. This is relieved by closing the lips, pinching the nostrils, and expelling the breath vigorously, which

equalizes the pressure in the head, and must be constantly repeated. At last the air grows clear, the hissing ceases, and in response to signal-raps on the steel door in the floor, it swings down and opens, and the visitor descends a ladder in the pipelike shaft, emerging in a dark, wet, muddy chamber.

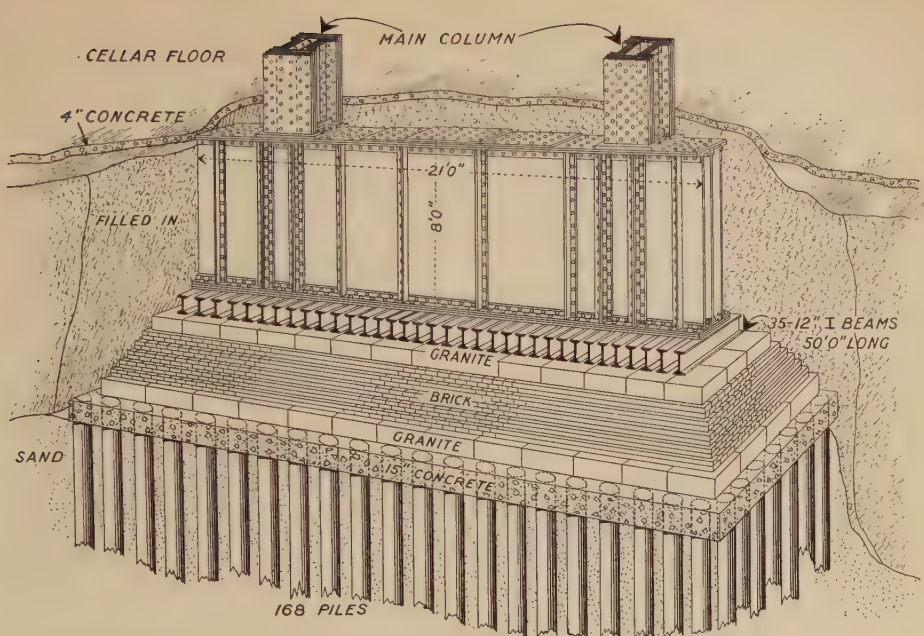
Electric lights shine dimly in the mist, noises sound queer, and one speaks with an effort. The scorching hot air that comes puffing in with regular throbs through the swinging valve in the roof is scarcely cooled by the jet of water sometimes sprayed into it, and makes a rattling roar as it escapes under the edges of the caisson. The atmosphere, although that of an oven, has a rather stimulating effect, and a dozen brawny men, stripped to their waists, with their white skins gleaming through splotches of mud and clay, look, through the fog and shadows, like fantastic shapes from a strange world. Wearing rubber hip-boots they stand in deep pools of water and silently dig and shovel, drill and sledge, and load the earth and rock into steel buckets that swiftly and silently disappear through a black hole in the roof.

Presently the men are grouped in a corner, and immediately there is a concussion in the dense air, but not much noise, as a light charge of dynamite is exploded to shatter a boulder too large to be handled whole. Although not usually dangerous, the work in the caisson is hard and rough, and the "sand hogs," as the men are called, receive good wages, and these are increased and the hours of labor reduced if the caisson is sunk to a great depth.

Usually the caisson sinking stops when the rock is reached; but if it is found to be soft or unsound, it is sometimes excavated several feet farther to hard, solid strata. Then it is carefully examined and approved by the engineer, leveled and washed, and the caisson is filled with concrete, rammed solid in every corner, the men backing up and away as they fill it from the sides toward the center and top. This is the worst of all the caisson work, and as the space gradually becomes smaller and smaller, the compressed air becomes fouler and fouler, and is suffocating with the heat and the presence of so many men. Finally, when the con-



METHOD OF SUSTAINING AN ADJOINING WALL IN NEW YORK CITY ON PIPES CARRIED TO BED-ROCK



PILE FOUNDATIONS IN DEEP WET SAND, WITH MASSIVE CONCRETE MASONRY AND STEEL PIERS, FOR THE HUGE COLUMN GIRDERS IN THE PARK ROW BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

crete is filled in to the ceiling, a pipe is brought down the shaft, and liquid cement is forced through it under pressure to fill all the voids and seal the caisson.

When the men emerge from the caisson the pressure is gradually exhausted in the air-lock, and the expansion of the air there causes such an intense cold that sometimes the valves are almost closed by the ice which is formed by freezing the moisture in the atmosphere. The sand hogs go from the air-lock into a dressing-room, heated to a high temperature by steam coils, where they can have hot baths and plenty of black coffee.

Rectangular caissons of this sort, eight or ten feet wide and from twenty to forty feet long, are often used for the foundations of columns in the walls of the building, while small cylindrical ones are used for the interior columns. The former have two shafts and air-locks, one exclusively for men and the other for materials. The latter have only one shaft and lock for both men and materials, and woe to the men if the bucket gets caught in the lock and the air-pressure escapes; for then the water may rise and drown them while helplessly imprisoned. Some of the

cylindrical caissons are built with wooden staves fastened to inside steel rings, and a number of them being sunk at once look like strange chimneys projecting above the bottom of the pit.

Often before the caissons are sunk the pit is covered almost entirely by a heavy timber platform at street level, supported on temporary piles driven between the caissons. Underneath the platform are the engines, boilers, pumps, air-compressors, repair-shops, storage-houses, and dressing-rooms, while on top there is space for offices, concrete-mixers, bins of excavated earth, storage for timber, steel, and stone, and places for the wagons to be loaded and unloaded. Fixed or movable derricks command all parts of the site, handle the materials, and, picking up the 20,000-pound caissons, unload them from the ten-horse trucks on which they are delivered, swing them high in air above the street, and lower them to place through holes cut in the platform. Sometimes the derricks are set on timber towers that span the sidewalk and street and move back and forth across the lot, thus keeping out of the way of the traffic. Platforms are added, giving valuable space, which is crowded to the utmost

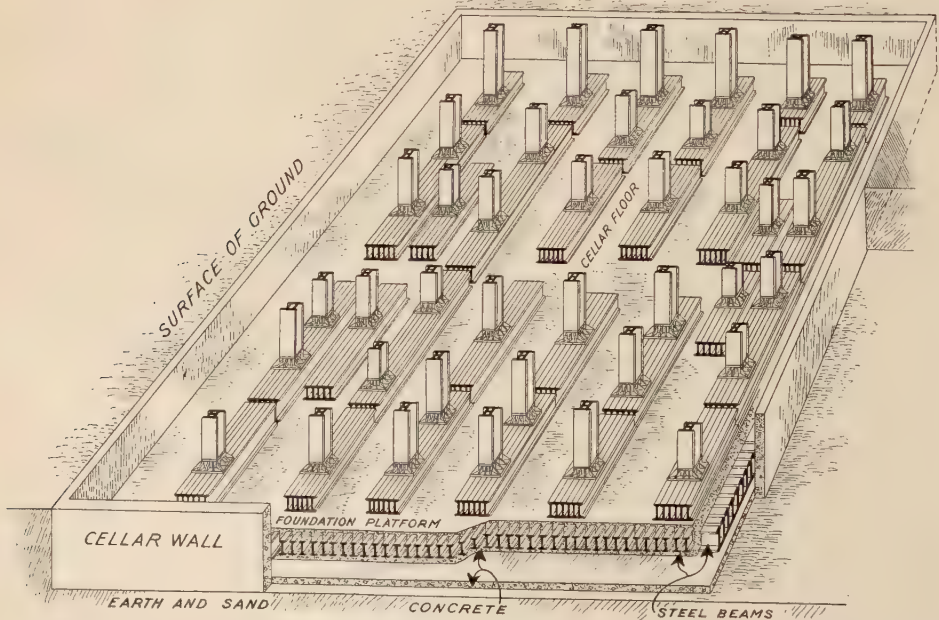
with materials and machinery not allowed to obstruct the street.

The eighteen-story Atlantic Mutual Building at Wall and William streets had its foundations built in wooden caissons from six to eight feet in diameter and thirty-two feet high, which were smeared outside with thick grease and sunk by the aid of a hundred tons of pig-iron filled in them around their air-shafts. The neighboring twenty-story Alliance Building was said, at the time of its completion, to be the largest office building in the world and to have cost \$7,000,000. Its foundations were built in 100 cylindrical steel pneumatic caissons, fifty feet deep. At one time, while eight of them were being sunk, the steam-pressure suddenly gave out, stopping the air-compressors and causing fear that the quicksand would run into the caissons and, undermining the adjacent tall buildings, do great damage. Fortunately the steam supply was restored before these fears were realized, but not until by desperate exertions the contractors had secured several steam-boilers and loaded them up to bring to the site from different parts of the city.

The new Stock Exchange has a cellar floor of five stories, or more than fifty feet below the street and thirty-six and a half

feet below ground water-level. The excavation, approximately 150 feet square, had to be made through quicksand, gravel, and boulders, where it was impossible to dig an open trench. So a thick wall of solid concrete was built up from bed-rock around three sides of the building to make a tight dam, and with the similar foundations of another building on the fourth side to form a closed rectangle, excluding the ground water while the main excavation was made, as well as to serve for the foundations of the exterior walls of the building. This dam was made in short lengths, built in rectangular, wooden pneumatic caissons, which were sunk successively close together around the sides of the lot, and afterward joined into a solid wall by filling with concrete the circular wells left between the adjacent ends, thus keying and locking them together in a very novel and ingenious manner.

Inside this U-shaped dam, which was about 440 feet long, seven feet thick, and fifty feet high, twenty-one cylindrical, open wooden caissons were sunk about sixty feet, and a few feet of concrete deposited in them for the foundations of the columns. The upper parts of these caissons were left open and empty, and the columns were lowered fifty feet through them



STEEL AND CONCRETE EARTHQUAKE-PROOF FOUNDATION PLATFORM FOR THE FIFTEEN-STORY SPRECKELS BUILDING IN SAN FRANCISCO (SEE PAGE 776)



to the bottom, as if in deep wells, and seated there while the upper stories of the columns were riveted on and the steel framework of the building was erected above the street before the earth was excavated in the sub-basement and cellar.

When the subterranean dam was completed, steam-pumps gradually drained the water, which saturated the soil in the interior. Men with picks and shovels made the excavation under the beams and girders of the finished basement floor. As the excavating proceeded, the sides of the caissons were torn away, and the next lower tiers of beams and girders were riveted to the columns.

Removing the earth and water inside left a pressure of about 18,000,000 pounds from the water and quicksand on the exterior face of the dam. This was calculated to be much more than enough to break or overturn the dam, and to resist it, heavy, hollow steel girders or ribs were set horizontally against the inner face of the dam, and braced apart by lines of steel struts riveted to the columns like floor-beams. The walls having thus been secured against the enormous external pressure which was made to balance itself on opposite sides, the pumping and excavation were carried on down through the cellar and sub-cellar at the same time that the upper tiers of steel columns and beams were being erected far above the street. When the hard-pan was reached, a few feet above the bottoms of the caissons, it was covered with several feet of broken stone in which open, jointed drain-pipes were laid. These collected and discharged the water into a perforated iron tank, from which it could be periodically pumped, to prevent the development of water-pressure under the cellar floor.

The thirty-two-story building for the City Investing Company at Broadway and Cortland Street, New York, is about 486 feet high above the sidewalk, at a cost of about ten million dollars. Its estimated weight of one hundred and seventy-two million pounds is carried by fifty-nine concrete piers sunk through quicksand, earth, etc., by the pneumatic-caisson process to a depth of about eighty feet below the Broadway curb. Some of the piers were built up to a height of over forty feet above the ground before sinking was begun, and much of the fine, dry sand

encountered was forced by air-pressure out of the working-chamber of the pneumatic caissons in a stream, like water.

The tower of the Singer Building at Liberty Street and Broadway, New York, is forty-two stories, or 612 feet, high above the Broadway curb, and its steel columns are carried on pneumatic-caisson piers sunk to bed-rock about ninety feet below street level. The rectangular wooden caissons, weighing 24,000 pounds each, were delivered at night by trucks. Derricks on a central tower unloaded them and swung them into position in the cellar excavation twenty feet below the street. As the concrete was built, massive steel anchor-bars were set in it, and afterward connected to the column bases, so that the thousands of tons of weight and the friction of the piers would be added to the weight of the steel superstructure to resist the enormous overturning tendency of the wind on the high walls of the building, an expedient probably never before adopted.

The foundation piers for the steel columns of the twelve-story extension of the Hoffman House, New York, were built in deep pits, walled in by massive steel-sheet piles, and carried about forty feet to rock through earth and boulders. The upper ends of the steel piles were cut off after driving. When done by hand, with two men, it was at the rate of one foot a day. Afterward it was accomplished by an electric current with which two men could melt off thirty feet in eight hours.

Vastly different from these scientific and mechanical methods of elaborate work is the method which has been used for centuries in the soft, wet alluvium of the Ganges River. There vertical brick cylinders, five or ten feet in diameter, were built on the surface of the ground, and the mud inside excavated by hand, to undermine them. As they sank below water-line, they were at first bailed out; but when that became no longer possible, a native diver excavated the earth, a lump at a time, with an adze-like instrument called a jham, tied to a rope.

The foundations for a large Indian bridge are brick cylinders twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, which were sunk over a hundred feet by excavating the interior with a steam-dredge and loading the tops with hundreds of tons of iron rails.



# SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT OWN ITS EMBASSIES?

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER

Late Ambassador of the United States to France

EVER since the organization of our Government it has shown itself indifferent to the welfare of our official representatives abroad and neglectful in making no provision for maintaining embassies and legations upon a scale commensurate with the dignity and importance of the country. Not only are no buildings furnished for official residences (with three unimportant exceptions) but while the embassies of other powers have each a personnel amounting to between thirteen and eighteen officials, the United States has only six, including its military and naval attachés.

In the infancy of the Republic, when its financial condition was weak, and before it had become a world power, the marked contrast in this respect with other countries was not so noticeable; but now that the country has taken its place in the front rank of nations, is marching abreast with them along the highway of history and becoming an important factor in the world's diplomacy, it behooves our Government to raise the standard of our representation abroad, and to make suitable provision for our diplomatic corps.

Until a dozen years ago the highest title of our representatives abroad was that of Minister. They took rank with other foreign representatives of the same grade, according to the date at which they presented themselves at their posts.

On diplomatic day at the Foreign

Office, Ambassadors are admitted to the presence of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the order in which they arrive at his office. The same rule applies to Ministers; but when an Ambassador calls he takes precedence of a Minister and is admitted first, no matter how long the Minister may have been waiting in the anteroom. When the United States had Ministers only, and one of them wished to present to the Minister of Foreign Affairs a matter even of the utmost and immediate importance, he had to wait and follow Ministers, often those from the most insignificant States, who had arrived before him; and, after having danced attendance for hours, just when he believed that his patience was about to be rewarded, perhaps an Ambassador would arrive, and there would be another wait. As there were usually eight Ambassadors to take precedence of him his sense of dignity had to be thrown to the winds.

But this inferiority of rank created another embarrassment, and greatly impaired the usefulness of our representatives, from the fact that when an Ambassador deems an international question of serious importance he has the absolute right to carry the subject beyond the Minister of Foreign Affairs direct to the Chief of State and demand a personal interview for that purpose. The chief of a great power in Europe once questioned this procedure, when the Ambassador of another great

power who had made the request declared that he did not ask it as a privilege but demanded it as a right, and the interview was promptly granted.

Inferiority of rank and privileges produced such a loss of prestige to our country and excited so much adverse criticism that Congress finally decided to create the rank of Ambassador; but before the act could secure a majority vote in the Senate it had to suffer an amendment providing that there should be no increase in the pay or emoluments beyond those of a Minister of the first class, namely, \$17,500. This was done notwithstanding the fact that since this amount was fixed many years ago, the cost of living in the principal capitals had increased fully fifty per cent. In contrast to the custom of other great powers no entertainment fund is allowed. A few cramped rooms for offices are rented by the Government, but the Ambassador has to provide and furnish the embassy, which means his domicile, and pay all his traveling expenses even in going to and returning from his post. No counselor is attached to the embassy, as in the case of other countries, to furnish legal advice, and in the numerous cases that arise embracing arrest and imprisonment of American citizens, and fines imposed by the courts, the Ambassador, if he wishes to aid in preventing injustice being done to his compatriots, has to procure a lawyer to appear in the various courts and assist in the defense. He generally obtains the services of such a lawyer by giving him the privilege of calling himself Counselor to the Embassy and putting that title on his professional card, though there is no positive authority for creating such a position.

The Ambassador, being thrown upon his own resources, finds himself required to spend, at some posts, more than four times his pay in order to live in some measure like his colleagues, return the civilities offered him and maintain intimate social relations with those with whom he has to deal in many delicate matters affecting his Government. This has limited to a certain extent the class from whom Ambassadors are chosen, and though they may possess ample means and be well qualified in many other respects they are too frequently unable to speak the language of the countries to which they are

accredited, without which knowledge their usefulness is seriously impaired. Complicated and delicate negotiations are not usually carried to success in the Foreign Office through an interpreter, who often forms an objectionable third party to the somewhat confidential interviews which take place. Some of the most troublesome questions which arise during negotiations are often solved at the dinner-table, in the smoking-room, or during a drive in the park. This linguistic lack prevents the Ambassador from conversing with most of his colleagues, from whom he is supposed to procure much useful information.

The creation of the rank of Ambassador without making provision for embassies was soon found to have created an embarrassment which was not foreseen at the time. A representative is expected to give an official reception within a reasonable time after his arrival at his post. This is a very formal function and involves no little expense. It is his official introduction to his colleagues of the diplomatic corps, chiefs and subordinates, and to all the officials of the Government to which he is accredited, together with their families. Full diplomatic uniforms are worn and the presentations are made by an officer of high rank known as the official introducer of Ambassadors and Ministers. At a first-class court the guests invited will number more than a thousand. A representative who should neglect to give the required reception would find himself in a most embarrassing position and be considered as having violated one of the most exacting and indispensable rules of diplomatic etiquette. A Minister, if he chooses, may hire accommodations in a hotel for the purpose of holding his reception, but an Ambassador is compelled by usage to receive in his own domicile, that is, in his "embassy." Under our present system of not providing embassies, it is very likely to happen some day that an Ambassador will be without an embassy either because his private means will not permit him to incur the large expense of renting a building suitable for the purpose, or for the reason that in the chief capitals such buildings are few in number and are being gradually converted into apartment-houses to increase the revenue from such properties; and it may be found



some day that a proper residence cannot be had at any price. In such a case the Ambassador would be in a position so embarrassing that it would be intolerable.

The right of the Government to choose the chief of a mission with reference to his peculiar fitness for a certain work to be accomplished abroad, is a decided advantage over the practice followed by many nations, in which appointments are necessarily made in the order of rank in a permanent diplomatic service, many of whose members are superannuated or have been so long abroad that they are not in touch with affairs at home. However, a very undemocratic feature of our system is unquestionably the custom of selecting representatives largely with reference to their possessing the means of establishing themselves in a position abroad sufficiently dignified to represent their country, thus, at times, adding to a most unfortunate class distinction.

The innate strength of the man will, however, often assert itself and enable him to accomplish great international successes, not by the aid of the Government's treatment, but in spite of it. At the dinners of such men their guests will always find one attractive dish, at least, "tongue garnished with brains." Fortunately we have had a remarkable line of representatives to the great powers whose native talent and force of character have enabled them to surmount all difficulties and secure notable triumphs, but they deserved better treatment. I mention at random some of the most distinguished incumbents sent in past history to three great powers. To France: Franklin, Jefferson, Monroe, Pinckney, Marshall, Livingston, Gallatin, Lewis Cass, Dix, Washburne. To Great Britain: John Jay, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Albert Gallatin, Martin Van Buren, Edward Everett, Abbott Lawrence, James Buchanan, Charles Francis Adams, Motley, Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, Hay. To Germany: John Quincy Adams, Henry Wheaton, George Bancroft, Bayard Taylor. To these might be added the names of many distinguished representatives who have served in those countries in later years.

The embarrassments of an American representative begin the moment of his arrival at his post. Instead of devoting

himself to arranging for his formal reception by the Chief of State, and the preparation of his address to be delivered on that occasion, and familiarizing himself with the etiquette of the country and the work of his embassy or legation regarding official matters which may require immediate attention, he is compelled to spend his time with house brokers, real-estate agents, and speculators, in finding a suitable residence. These people are clever enough to know how few suitable houses are obtainable and, when they find an American representative in the market, prices are advanced and many obstacles placed in the way of the lessee. He can generally get better terms by making a lease for a long period, but his tenure of office is so doubtful that in doing so he takes a grave pecuniary risk. Even if our representatives are able to install themselves properly, each one selects a different domicile, and while other embassies are permanent and their location often historic, our own are as itinerant as a house-boat. When a city cabman is asked by a stranger where the American embassy is the reply often given is, "On wheels. Year before last it was on such a street, last year on another street, this year I don't know where."

The representation is as variable as the location of the residence. Few prominent Americans of acknowledged ability can be induced to remain absent from the country for a long time, separated from their personal interests and opportunities, often from a part of their families, and practically obliged to make a present every year from their own private means to their Government in the shape of providing it with an embassy. As there is nothing more valuable in diplomacy than a ripe experience, the constant changes in the personnel are most unfortunate. The Ambassador who has served longest at a post becomes the dean of the diplomatic corps which gives him a position of increased influence. I can recall not more than two cases in which a United States representative has reached the dignity of a dean. A former Czar of Russia, each time that his Minister of Foreign Affairs requested him to name a day for receiving the new American Minister, would throw up his hands in despair and cry, "What! another!"

An American Ambassador may remain,

abroad willingly, for a time, notwithstanding the drawbacks, flattered by the distinction of his high position and enjoying the honeymoon of his authority but, if not withdrawn by a change of administration at home, he soon tires and withdraws himself and a new incumbent has to be found.

Two remedies have been proposed to obviate this unfortunate state of things. One is to increase the pay sufficiently to enable the representatives to hire suitable embassies and legations; the other to build and furnish them. The second would be decidedly preferable to the first. If the pay were increased, however largely, there would be no certainty that it would all be spent in maintaining an establishment in keeping with the dignity of a great power; and no matter how well disposed the Ambassador might be in this respect there would be no assurance of finding a proper building; besides the evil of a frequent change of location would not be obviated.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Government may be induced to build suitable embassies and legations. They are exterritorial and constitute a bit of home country on foreign soil covered by the American flag. This invokes a patriotic sentiment which appeals irresistibly to every one whether native or foreigner. The building of embassies in Washington, by foreign powers, may awaken Congress to the desirability of taking corresponding action. The consideration by the present Congress of a bill making provision for obtaining an embassy in Paris is encouraging. The cost of land and building material is continually advancing in the capitals of all foreign countries, and the sooner purchases are made the better. One of the great powers purchased an embassy in Paris in 1815 for about \$200,000 which is now worth more than ten times that amount. It is all-important that the location should be in an eligible quarter of the capital, in the direction in which the city is growing, and that the structure, without being unnecessarily extravagant, should be somewhat in keeping, in style, with those of the other great powers. Rather than to install our representatives in residences ill-suited to the purpose and niggardly cheap, it would be better to continue the present system of

renting, which does not hold the Government so conspicuously responsible for the element of inferiority. A person who rents a furnished house need not apologize for the furniture, but if he owns the place he must accept all responsibility for its appearance.

The construction of a suitable and convenient embassy providing both for the official residence of the Ambassador and for the offices, involves many architectural features vastly different from those of any other building, and essential in their form of structure. In the famous architectural school at the Beaux Arts in Paris, among the problems given out to the students for solution a few years ago were plans for first-class embassies. Experienced diplomats took great pains to aid the students by pointing out the essential requirements, and some of these plans that took prizes are exceedingly ingenious and about perfect in design. It is essential to have the main reception-room so located that at the receptions the guests may pass out after paying their respects to the hosts and leave the building without returning to the reception-room, thus avoiding a second shaking of hands with the already exhausted master and mistress of the house. As there occur many meetings of international conferences, commissions, tribunals, national celebrations, etc., and as many high officials with their families are assembled on such occasions to whom Ambassadors are expected to extend hospitalities, the size of the dining-room is of no little importance. It should be large enough to seat fifty or sixty persons.

There must be ample cloak-rooms conveniently arranged and sufficient space provided for the prompt passage of carriages on approaching and leaving the embassy. A garden is extremely important, as when properly cultivated it forms one of the most attractive features of an embassy. When it is realized that the weekly day-receptions at some American embassies are attended by more than three hundred, and the occasional evening-receptions by over two thousand, the need of ample room becomes apparent.

To maintain the dignity and usefulness of an embassy the character and permanency of the building are of no small consideration. If the Ambassador occupies a home of this importance the fact

that he may entertain but seldom, or on a modest scale, does not necessarily provoke criticism. However, one who constantly receives social courtesies naturally desires to return them, and this requires a certain number of entertainments. Some of the nations have taken leases for periods as long as fifty years of buildings suitable in general for embassies in preference to buying them, but in all such cases radical alterations have had to be made. One odd arrangement is an agreement between France and Turkey under the terms of which each country provides the other with an embassy at its capital.

There is an impression among some of our travelers abroad that the Government owns the embassies and legations, and that such persons as tax-payers, are part owners, and they frequently look upon a building that the representative has rented individually as "our embassy," and speak as though it belonged to the visitors and they could take unrestricted liberties with it. A letter from Rome was once received by me at the embassy in Paris from an American lady, a stranger, saying: "I expect to go to Paris next week and am sending on nine of my trunks to our embassy, knowing you will not mind keeping them for me till I arrive, and besides, this may facilitate getting them through the custom-house without paying duty." I had word sent to her at once intimating as politely as possible that the embassy was not a safe-deposit vault nor a storage warehouse, and that I could not be a party to any arrangement, however convenient, for depriving the French Republic of any portion of its revenue from customs.

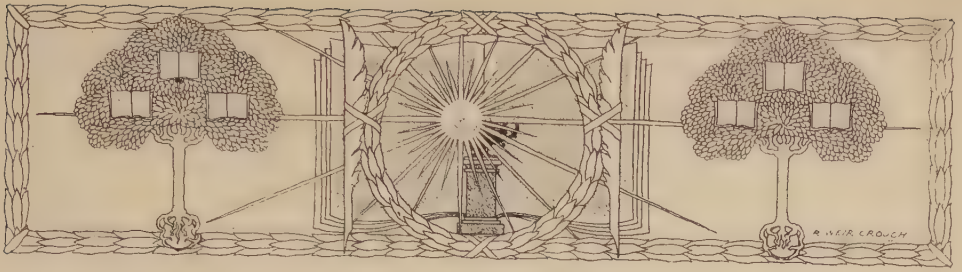
The rewards for conspicuous service rendered by our Ambassadors and Ministers are in no sense commensurate with those received by the representatives of other governments. With the other great powers, if a diplomat renders some nota-

bly valuable service, such as preventing a destructive war or securing a treaty of vast political or commercial importance; he may be given a better post, be promoted in rank, have bestowed upon him some coveted decoration, or even be made a peer of the realm. An American who performs a similar service receives official congratulations and gratifying expressions of appreciation from his Government, but there the reward ceases. But there remains, of course, the best incentive to superior exertion,—the satisfaction of doing one's duty.

Secretary Root, who has proved himself a master of administration in every public capacity in which he has served, accomplished by his untiring labors inestimable results both in the departments of State and of War. His reorganization of the diplomatic and consular services is an incalculable improvement over former systems. Congress did not entirely meet his views and give him the necessary legislative authority to carry all his plans into execution, but vast progress was made in the right direction. The methods adopted for making the tenure of office more certain, the excellent rules established for the examination of candidates for secretaryships, in languages and other qualifications for entering the diplomatic service are daily making their advantages manifest. Senator Knox, who had been chosen to be his successor, as chief of the State Department will bring to that office a ripe judgment and a valuable experience in the higher walks of statesmanship, and it is hoped that during his administration there may be such a further awakening to the needs of the diplomatic service, as to induce Congress to make at least a beginning in the direction of providing permanent official homes for our representatives abroad, who are intrusted with such vast and growing responsibilities in fostering our important international relations.







## PUBLIC MORALITY AND STREET RAILWAYS

THE REFLEX EFFECT OF BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION ON THE  
PUBLIC'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE RAILROADS

BY FREDERICK W. WHITRIDGE

Receiver of the Third Avenue Railroad Company, New York

THE relation of morality to business of all sorts has been discussed or declaimed during the last few years almost *ad nauseam*, but the present situation of the street railways in New York offers a new and illuminating instance of the effect a vicious corporation may have upon public morality, and of the effect which a wearied and grimy public conscience may have upon a great business.

The Decalogue, I have been told, has no relation to business, but if it was ever true that the sins of the fathers were visited "upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," it is true of the street railways of New York. All those railways were some years ago united in one great company known as the Metropolitan. Its promoters began by trying to get control of the Broadway railroad from the late Jacob Sharp. He was obdurate, and it is amusing to remember that it was through a meeting called by some of these gentlemen to protest against the immorality of Sharp's relations with the New York aldermen that a legislative investigation was started which resulted in the indictment and conviction of Sharp for bribing the aldermen and of some of the aldermen for being bribed.

Thereafter the Broadway road was acquired, others were added, built, or

leased; legislation was obtained as it was needed, and in one way or another the great Metropolitan system was built up, and then leased to the New York City Railway Company at a meeting which for brazen and high-handed procedure was unique. The men who undertook it were shrewd and far-seeing. They doubtless made some honest mistakes of judgment, but whether they were misled by the richness of the clover patch, as one of them described the New York situation, or whether they all got *chrematomania* (a word needed to express the money madness of our decade), they appear, in the light of the investigations which have now been made, to have forgotten all Iago's advice except to "put money in thy purse" and to have blazoned on their shields the modern adaptation of Horace, Pope, and Ben Jonson: "Get money; get it honestly, if you can, but get money."

For that reason alone, so far as we can now see, properties which were bought for thousands went into the Metropolitan at millions. A paper road was bought for \$960,000, and another road which sold at foreclosure for \$50,000 went into the Metropolitan at over a million. Millions of securities were sold to the public in which there has been an enormous shrinkage in value, and the railways of the com-

bination appear to have been managed solely with a view to Wall Street and the payment of interest and dividends without any consideration of their own needs or capabilities.

The transfer system, which has proved disastrous for the companies, was devised partly as an inducement for legislation, and its development and abuse have done more than any one thing to debauch the conscience of the people. Nearly everything from an operating point of view which ought to have been done, was left undone, and very much was done which ought not to have been done. The property was not maintained, taxes were not paid, just claims were fought, the entire service deteriorated, till finally the collapse came, and the properties all passed into the hands of receivers.

The scandal of all this maladministration and rotten finance, the chagrin of the security-holders over their losses, and the denunciations of the press, united to form a public opinion which has visited upon the railroads and those in charge of them a good deal more than the just penalty of the sins of their financial fathers. The companies have been treated as an "easy mark," with no rights, and of bad character. Everybody who administered a street railway, who served a street railway, or had anything to do with a street railway, has been assumed to be tarred with the same brush as Jake Sharp's successors, and everybody who dealt with them was disposed to proceed on that assumption.

All this public opinion is as crude and immoral as the acts which originally created it, and it now reacts upon the railroads themselves in innumerable ways which are interesting enough, and are the immediate difficulties in the way of the future management.

The losses through speculation or failure to collect fares, for instance, have been generally reckoned at from eight to twenty per cent. I believe this is exaggerated, but while a certain amount of money is stolen by employees, and in the nature of things will continue to be stolen until there is a universal and efficacious revival of religion, a considerably larger amount is stolen by the public. People who have been reading about the robberies and frauds alleged to have been committed by the promoters of these enterprises, and the

fortunes they are said to have amassed, suppose in a rude-thinking way that they are quite justified in avoiding the payment of their own fares. Anybody may, in a morning, detect half a dozen people who, by a newspaper shield or by a hard stare, cheat the conductor. In overcrowded cars it is impossible for the conductors to get at all the passengers, and the latter do not assist them. To beat the company they think a fair game. When the pay-as-you-enter cars, which make it difficult to avoid payment of fares, were installed on Fourth Avenue, there was an immediate increase in the travel on Lexington Avenue, supposed to be made up of people who resented being called on to pay their fares as they entered, and who desired their old opportunities to ride free.

When a man, or a woman, of this sort is detected, the delinquent often expresses great indignation, and a case is before me where a passenger complained of a conductor for having demanded his fare. Three days afterward the same passenger again endeavored to beat the same conductor, and when the conductor was firm and said for the third time, "Fare, please," the passenger said: "Well, you seem to be a good man. I don't want to beat you; I want to beat this blank company. Here 's my card; when you want a job, come and see me, and you shall have it." He was a contractor, apparently in a large way of business, and had not wit enough to see that a man whom he had tried to cheat for five cents would hardly be likely to trust him for a week's wages.

Another set of people who think the railroads are fair game and have plenty of money are the victims of accidents. The vast majority of accidents are trivial, but the claims arising from them are fostered by the wretched shysters who make a business of promoting such cases upon a contingent fee of from twenty to fifty per cent. I believe their agents walk up and down the lines of the railway, looking for cases, for a well-known man told me the other day that his automobile had a slight collision with one of the Third Avenue cars, and while he was talking with the conductor, no fewer than three persons offered their services as attorneys and witnesses against the company. If the railway companies are properly managed and persons really injured are properly treated,

it will quickly be apparent that the shyster is superfluous, and his wails to his "brother lawyer," the receiver, become piteous. The juries and courts will also recognize that all the companies seek is justice, and consequently the latter will be much more likely to get it.

These claims run the whole gamut of the emotions. They are amusing, brazen, pathetic, and ghastly. The serious cases are comparatively easy to deal with, but a gentleman whose glass-eye was injured and who insisted upon receiving the Paris price of a new one, was difficult, and occasionally the most incredible frauds are discovered. One day a decent-looking woman claimed compensation for the death of a cousin whose body she had identified in the morgue; and she had hardly been paid, when another woman identified the body as that of her own mother and no relation at all of the first woman, who had apparently entered upon the identification business as a private speculation, and is now sojourning on the Island.

The last instance in which the railways come in direct contact with the people is in connection with the purchase of material and supplies, and whether it is because of a vitiated public opinion about the railroad companies themselves, or whether it is in accordance with commercial usage, I do not know; but the unwillingness of manufacturers to believe that their bids are passed upon with no other desire than to get the best article for the lowest price strikes a novice as most curious. Some of them have gone pretty far in their comments on the results of competitive bidding, and, as one man expressed it, "the Federal receivers will confer a great benefit upon the public if they can get it through the skulls of the manufacturers that they are having a square deal,—whatever that is,—and that their pulls are not worth a d—."

Finally, the railroads suffer for the faults of their forebears in their relations with different branches of the State and city governments. Certain city officials have the right to appoint inspectors of work carried on by the railroads in the streets, who are paid by the railroads at the rate of three and four dollars a day. This I understand is the most valuable patronage left to the hard-working bosses, and it certainly is used. On an applica-

tion for a permit to open one hydrant for thirty-six hours I have known three inspectors of hydrants and three of Croton water-mains to be appointed for a month, and it required argument to convince the bureau in charge that the interests of the city could be safeguarded with a smaller force for a shorter time, especially as nobody had any idea of going anywhere near a water-main. In the old days no railroad ever made a fuss about a little thing of that sort, and one impudent young scamp undertook to browbeat me into giving him a month's pay for forty-eight hours' alleged work, and assured me I would find out that it was better for me to do it. This chap did not even know on what railroad he was supposed to have been working. In order to gratify the curiosity these gentry aroused, I had two of them watched every hour of every day for a week, and I found that one to whom I was paying \$120 per month lived in lodgings over a shop in Brooklyn, and never went out of the house for the entire week except to a bakery near by, where he bought ginger cookies and a glass of milk; another was an underling in a broker's office in one of the rabbit-warrens downtown, and went to the department which had appointed him as inspector only for fifteen minutes on Saturday afternoon to collect his pay, or more probably to surrender the agreed portion of it.

In the State government we have the State Board of Tax Commissioners, whose business it is to appraise the values of railroad franchises for the purpose of the franchise tax. These taxes have been in litigation for eight years, and no man yet knows upon what theory this body proceeds in assessing the tax. The result has been that the taxes levied are out of all reason. The total taxation amounted in case of one railroad to over twenty-two per cent. of its gross receipts, a larger amount for governmental support than has ever been paid by anybody in any country in times of peace. All this I represented to the Commissioners and to the Governor. From the latter I received an acknowledgment of my appeal, and from the former only a trifling reduction, and a confession—after a two hours' interview with one of them at which I endeavored to find out the basis of his appraisal—that they "just kind of guessed at it."



Lastly we have the Public Service Commission. The members of that body are personally honest, and they have good intentions enough to pave whole blocks down below, but the courage with which they have rushed in and undertaken to deal with things they do not understand, and which, in some cases, nobody understands, evidences a kind of unscrupulousness which may be more dangerous than ordinary dishonesty. They have made a mess of the whole business of regulating transfers; they have made hundreds of orders; they have collected masses of statistics, some of which at least are mere trash; they have written thousands of letters: but I am bound to repeat what I have said elsewhere that, so far as the street railways are concerned, they have accomplished absolutely nothing, though they have expended down to January 6, 1909, \$1,365,032.79<sup>1</sup> of public money, for which it is fortunate for them that they do not have to sue the city on a *quantum meruit*.

Now, in addition to the great and useful powers they possess, they show a disposition to reach out for the power of regulating the purchases by the railroads of certain classes of apparatus, and should that power be yielded to them, or be conferred upon them by further legislation, it is as sure as the succession of night to day that within a few years the Public Service Commission will become as great a vehicle of corruption as this State has ever known. Had the railroads been efficient public servants and enjoyed a good character, the Commission would probably never have been called into existence, and certainly never would have dared, even had they wished so to do, to harass the railways as in fact they have—all, I grant, with the best intentions, although hardly with a Spartan indifference to clamor.

One instance of the grosser forms of the effect of the railway and public immorality upon each other, was expressed not long ago by a city father in a certain municipality not far from the Hudson River, when he explained that some necessary reforms ought to be "worth \$100,000 to the bunch"; and it is difficult to explain to a perfect gentleman, whose habits of mind, and for aught I know whose experiences, enable him to make that remark, that the whole blessed "bunch," including their relatives upon whom they rely for blackmailing legislation at Albany, cannot get one solitary cent.

All this may seem to give a gloomy view of the relations of the street railways to the public, but the future is full of hope. The street railways of New York now have, in the custody of the United States Circuit Court, an absolutely honest, and, if I may say so, an intelligent management. The service has been vastly improved, the relations of the companies with their employees and their patrons are distinctly better, the press is quick to recognize their improved morale, and it is even possible to look forward to a time when the people of this city will be proud of their street-car service. When the companies are reorganized, the public will have a guarantee, through the Public Service Law, that there will be nothing but honest financing, and though the reorganized companies may in time recede from the standard set by the receivers, the condition will never again be as bad as it was. In the meantime, those charged with the work, though they may so suffer from the weariness of the flesh as to find even the grasshoppers of the Public Service Commission a burden, have the joy of battle, and now and then an honest laugh at their critics and adversaries.

<sup>1</sup> These figures were derived from the office of the Comptroller of the city of New York, and comprise the total expenditures of the Public Service Commission for about a year and a half, down to January 6, 1909. The Commission estimates that of such sum only about forty per cent. was spent on work connected with railways and railway service.—THE EDITOR.



CENTUR

# NEW YORK'S NINE-HUNDRED-MILLION DEBT

MUNICIPAL CREDIT AND CIVIC PROGRESS—THE NEED OF A SCIENTIFIC PLAN OF IMPROVEMENT AND EXPENDITURE

BY HENRY BRUÈRE

Director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, New York

**T**WICE on critical occasions in its history, multibillionaire New York has been threatened with statutory bankruptcy. Its opulence, apparently without limit at other times, has then seemed suddenly to shrink and dwindle away. Such fiscal paralysis caused five years' delay in building the first municipal rapid-transit subway, which, since 1904, has revolutionized transportation problems in New York city. A second paralytic stroke, occurring last year, upset plans for extending city-built rapid-transit lines.

In the spring of 1908, preparations were completed and bids received for building a municipal subway through the borough of Brooklyn. As in the case of the first subway, a threatening debt limit was used as a reason for its indefinite postponement. Shortly afterward, in June, when the borrowing margin reached the \$2,000,000 mark in its mad descent from hundreds of millions, ten years of stupendous expenditures on public improvements halted abruptly. Warnings had been given for months of the approaching danger-line, but not until the comptroller announced that the constitutional limit of indebtedness had virtually been reached, did the public realize that New York's credit was not a bottomless mine.

The discovery of limits to the city's credit in the face of a wrecked and prostrated private transportation system, and at a time of acute necessity for increased transportation facilities, has served to awaken wide-spread apprehension over the

future development of the metropolis. Indifferent during the last decade to an average increase in the funded debt of fifty millions of dollars a year, the public is now actively insisting that some overlooked pocket shall be found from which funds for subways may be extracted. Press and publicists furnish, alternately, assurance that a margin of credit still remains, and proof that for all practical purposes the city is bankrupt. Officials disagree as to what shall or shall not be construed as debt, and statement follows statement, each in turn giving a new picture of the city's financial condition. At length, confused but aroused, the public has itself taken a hand through legislative committees, charter commissions, legal action, and private research to find out how much the city owes and how much more it may borrow.

On June 30, 1908, the date about which all this inquiry revolves, the gross bonded debt of the city of New York was \$905,260,115.77. This vast sum represented outstanding certificates of various classes issued from time to time for periods ranging from one to fifty years. Of the gross debt, \$119,274,986.92 was in the form of temporary loans made in anticipation of the collection of taxes of the current year and previous years, and payable out of those taxes when collected. If these loans were deducted on the ground of their temporary character, there still remained a total of \$785,985,128 to be reckoned with, an increase of 140 per

cent. since the creation of the Greater City of New York in 1898, when the funded debt was \$344,152,127.

The magnitude of New York's present funded indebtedness stands out strikingly when compared with the debts of the ten next largest American cities:

City	Gross Funded Debt	Per Capita Gross Funded Debt
New York . . .	\$785,985,128	\$177.74
Chicago . . .	25,958,000	10.97
Philadelphia . . .	71,421,720	47.61
St. Louis . . .	19,427,178	25.90
Boston . . .	104,206,706	170.90
Pittsburg . . .	34,884,040	62.29
Baltimore . . .	46,756,283	91.86
Cleveland . . .	30,309,261	60.61
Buffalo . . .	20,727,862	46.06
San Francisco . . .	3,865,600	9.66
Cincinnati . . .	47,143,743	124.06

This startling contrast is somewhat qualified if one considers the comparative wealth of these cities as represented by the assessed valuation of real and personal property subject to their taxation. In 1908, the total assessed valuation of all taxable property, personal and real, in the city of New York was \$7,158,190,400, as against \$6,036,185,691 for the other ten cities taken together.

In corporate management there is a very definite and determinable limitation to profitable capital outlay. When profits are insufficient to yield attractive returns on capital invested, or speculative prospects do not warrant the postponement of income, the self-interest of the investor calls a halt. In private enterprise stocks cannot be sold indefinitely without assurance of dividends or promise of appreciation in value. Bonds secured by mortgages on the property of the borrower cannot be floated in excess of the estimated value of the underlying asset, if good faith and business discretion are the determining factors. But who shall say when the borrowings of a growing municipality outweigh the resulting benefits? When have we parks in superfluity, when too many schools, when too many subways, bridges, public baths, or libraries? If we have parks enough, we still lack boulevards and bridges; if bridges are adequate, we need more schools; if by some miracle schools are equal to our necessities, subways are wanting. It is clear that while a city

grows as rapidly as New York, community needs will never be satisfied on every score. The constitution of the State, however, has set an arbitrary limit to municipal indebtedness at ten per cent. of the assessed valuation of real estate subject to city taxation.

The alarm now felt over the alleged impending "bankruptcy" of New York city is not due to apprehension as to its credit, but to the sudden realization that the constitutional limitation of borrowing capacity is reached and possibly exceeded. In ascertaining the margin of borrowing power, the total funded debt is not the only factor which it has been customary to consider. On the debit side it is the practice to include floating debt in the form of revenue bonds issued to anticipate tax collection, where such debt is represented by revenue bonds issued against the taxes of years prior to the year of issue, and all such bonds outstanding longer than five years. Likewise, counted as liabilities which must be met with borrowed money are contracts, entered into, but not completed, chargeable against funds created by loans, and the estimated cost of land the acquisition of which is under way. These items added together represented, in the comptroller's statement of June 30, 1908, a total debt of \$883,583,055.25, an amount many millions in excess of ten per cent. of the assessed valuation of real estate (\$6,240,480,602).

From the gross debt, however, certain deductions are made in determining the borrowing margin, the first in importance being the amount of its bonds which the city itself holds as investments of the sinking funds, established to redeem outstanding obligations at maturity. Sinking-fund holdings, as deducted by the comptroller from the total debt, reached, on June 30, 1908, a total of \$191,442,165.76. Also excluded from the computation of the debt limit were \$33,165,254.13 for debt incurred subsequent to January 1, 1904, for water-supply purposes. Cash in the amount of \$15,923,744.14, secured from the sale of bonds, but not yet set aside for any special use, added to sinking-fund holdings and exempted water bonds, brought down to \$621,240,611.58 the debt affected by the constitutional limitation. Between this amount and the ten per cent. of the assessed valuation of taxable realty,



there was on June 30 only the narrow margin of \$2,807,448.62, too narrow to accommodate a subway contract.

When this fact became known, the accuracy of the comptroller's method of determining the borrowing margin was immediately questioned. Those in favor of the subway protested that millions were improperly included in the net debt,—after the deductions had all been made,—and others contended just as hotly that millions had been left out and that the constitutional limit had actually been exceeded. The corporation counsel was appealed to. His decision only emphasized the necessity for authoritative determination of the controverted questions. Custom and expediency, not law or judicial ruling, had established methods employed in calculating the net city debt. Whatever was the actual margin of credit remaining, no doubt existed as to the necessity not only of finding out the exact amount of indebtedness that the city had contracted, but for defining what in future should be included in, and what excluded from, the legal limitation. Nobody knew, but guesses and theories were abundant. The comptroller wisely appealed to the courts, and a referee was appointed to consider for the first time in the history of New York all the legal aspects of the question. Beginning his hearings in August, 1908, the referee will probably report his findings about the time that this article is published. Hereafter, his decision will be appealed, so that it will probably be another six months before New York knows what should or should not have been construed as debt on June 30, 1908.

Pending the settlement of controverted questions of law and fact, interest has centered on learning, how the seven hundred millions of borrowed money have been spent. The items range from nearly one hundred and three millions for schools (in the order of expenditure, through docks, water, bridges, parks and roads, subway, museums, armories, hospitals, etc.) down to two and one third millions for public baths. What a tale these figures tell, described from one point of view as "progress toward bankruptcy" and from the opposite view of public needs as "progress toward civilization!" But will analysis show that bonds issued for schools purchased for every dollar

spent a dollar's worth of school space? Will schools built ten years ago be serviceable forty years hence when the last bonds issued for them are payable? Are hospitals for which the city has borrowed and pledged its credit wisely planned? Are armories needlessly luxurious? Have careless officials been spending the proceeds of fifty-year bonds in maintenance of parks that current taxes should provide? How much of the \$39,000,000 charged to improving and repaving streets and avenues was spent for pavements to last ten years, and which must be many times replaced before these bonds mature? How much is the city pledging posterity to pay for benefits which only the living will enjoy? These are questions which cannot be answered once and for all by court decree, but require continuous, intelligent curiosity on the part of citizens, taxpayers, and officials.

#### LACK OF SYSTEM—WASTE OF MILLIONS

IMPULSE, sectionalism, and often prodigality have played an active part in distributing these borrowed millions. New York has followed no systematic plan of development in the use of its credit resources. For example, where local pressure has been brought to bear, parks have been bought without reference to any city plan. Here and there, in a haphazard way, sites have been acquired, many of them now awaiting development for lack of funds. Each section of the community, each division of the city government, has competed without restraint for authority to embark on improvements payable out of corporate stock. To them, with almost as little restraint, the board of estimate and apportionment has given its authority, heedless of the city's ability to borrow the necessary funds. By this lack of method millions have been needlessly, wastefully, or unwisely spent.

Specious arguments in favor of undertakings have prevailed, because authorizations by the board of estimate and apportionment to borrow and spend are not taken into consideration when the debt limit is figured. Only issues of bonds in pursuance of such authorizations or contracts already entered into, and registered by the comptroller, are now construed as debt. Departments having jurisdiction over the work or improvement

for which bond authorizations are made, are immediately at liberty to incur liabilities against the funds so established. True it is that the comptroller must register a formal contract before it is of effect, but liabilities for informal purchases and pay-rolls relating to an authorized fund may be incurred against it at the discretion of the department head. The disregard of the city's credit margin by the board of estimate and apportionment in setting on foot extensive improvements and the multitude of different ventures urged by local or special interests or put forward by departments eager to widen the scope of their activities has brought the city to a very serious condition. With a debt margin calculated by the comptroller on June 30, 1908, at \$2,807,448.62, there were authorizations in force for expenditures from corporate stock accounts chargeable against the debt limit to the amount of \$138,170,969.39, with an additional \$71,600,000 for water purposes exempted from the constitutional limitation.

At times of stringency such as have existed in New York during the last twelve months, an accumulation of awarded contracts, competing for registration, piles up in the departments and in the comptroller's office, each of which, as the margin of borrowing capacity is widened through the redemption of maturing bonds, or an increase in assessed valuation, is put forward by officials and contractors immediately concerned as the most pressing necessity of the city. At the same time failure to control demands upon the treasury places the city, in periods of financial stringency, at the mercy of the money market in disposing of its securities. Such conditions point to the necessity for a far-seeing, scientific plan upon which public improvements and the extension of municipal properties shall in future be based. It is not only unwise and unbusinesslike, but unjust to posterity, to continue to dispose of the municipality's credit in the helter-skelter fashion that has heretofore prevailed in New York city. The penalties of loose public financing may be covered up while a wide credit margin remains sufficient to meet all demands upon it. But let the debt limit rise over the official horizon, and at once the shortcomings of fiscal methods become glaringly apparent.

Many of the controverted questions of debt interpretation are illuminative of prevailing public financial methods. One of these questions, and one which may raise the debt over the limit, is whether there shall be included in the debt \$33,000,000 in the form of taxes of previous years, declared uncollectible in 1906, which the city has already spent, but which, notwithstanding, it carries on its books as an asset. Anticipating the collection of taxes either not levied or unpaid, the city borrows on short term bonds. Thus it expends all budget appropriations, although some taxes levied to meet them are never collected. Bonds issued against these \$33,000,000 of uncollected taxes of previous years are either still outstanding or have been redeemed from other funds. To redeem those still outstanding and to reimburse the funds drawn upon to meet the bonds already matured, sooner or later other bonds will be issued, which, at last, must become a part of the funded debt.

Another question involving millions of dollars is whether special franchises shall continue to be regarded as "taxable" real estate within the meaning of the constitution. When the constitutional provision relating to city debt was adopted, franchises were not assessed by the municipalities of the State as realty. Under a general tax law, however, later enacted, they are carried on the city's tax rolls as realty, and are assessed at \$492,000,000. While these franchises are properly construed as real estate for purposes of taxation, a very nice question exists as to whether the subsequent act of the legislature can read a new meaning into the term employed in the constitution. Upon this question depends approximately \$50,000,000 of borrowing capacity now included by the city's computation.

A hundred questions of this kind bearing upon the classification of the debt and the method of calculating the constitutional margin will, when answered, fix, for the time being, rightly or wrongly, a definite procedure in ascertaining the city's borrowing power as of any given date. After the courts have interpreted the law and made rulings for the guidance of officials, there still remains the vastly more important question of how the future credit resources of the city shall be employed,—

whether to build ephemeral monuments to public indifference and to official vanity and incompetence, or to lay solid foundations for the social and material progress of the city. Conservatism in financing is imperative if the credit of the city is to be maintained. Methods of financing public works must be revolutionized. To this end, New York officials and citizens have already taken steps. But the next most pressing need with reference to the continued growth and increased well-being of the city is the formulation of a *city plan*, based upon a systematic, scien-

tific study of local social and economic conditions, for providing equipment for education, health, recreation, transportation, and commerce. Intelligent use of future municipal credit offers to New York an unrivaled opportunity for civic advancement. In the period of enforced suspension of public works by reason of temporary exhaustion of borrowing capacity, and while the city is recovering from the excitement of ten years of unrestrained expenditure, an appropriate occasion will present itself for the sober prosecution of this vital task.



## PROSPERITY-SHARING

WITH COMMENTS BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

BY WILLIAM H. TOLMAN

Director of the American Museum of Safety and Sanitation, New York

IN my book on "Social Engineering," I have included a study of the principle of "mutuality" as practised by firms employing upward of one and a half million employees. I found many small employers (in one case with only five on the pay-roll) practising some form of betterment; and in the case of some large industries a growing tendency to add to the working staff a social or labor secretary, whose function it is to establish a practical point of contact between the employer and the employee. Other phases of prosperity-sharing which I have described have to do with educational trips, factory councils or labor cabinets, suggestion systems, schools for beginners, special funds for savings, benefit associations, traveling libraries in the factory, educational classes of all kinds, domestic economy, dramatics, athletic associations, gymnasias, club houses, holiday camps, and other features in the educational and recreative development of the industrial community.

As an illustration of the principle of "mutuality" in practice, I can offer the following instance: Five years ago a certain employer made up his mind that there was too much friction in the departments of his factory, and something ought

to be done to eliminate it. First he called the eighteen heads and subheads together and talked over the matter with "them." They were deeply impressed with this mark of confidence. Within twenty-four hours after that meeting, those in charge who had been antagonistic toward one another began to get closer together and compare notes. This meeting did so much good that another was called a week later. The output of the factory increased almost immediately. As a result of these meetings, all began to work together to better the conditions in the factory. The heads of departments soon realized that they were responsible for the friction that existed, and should do their best to eliminate it. They did so, substituting courteous, kind treatment for direct orders as given out formerly by a boss. In three months the factory output increased \$28,000. Recently the employer analyzed the results of the five months previous to the time when he started this work. In certain departments, piece-workers had numbered 268. In the same departments, piece-workers to-day, after three years of mutuality, number 188, but they have drawn the same amount of money that the 268 did for the



same time. That is the record for the piece-workers. Now for the time-workers. During the same length of time (three years), under the same conditions, he found that he had been able to increase their salaries and wages fifty-two and one half per cent. His business is larger than it was three years ago, while he employs about one hundred fewer persons to do the work. This has been accomplished on nine hours a day, working five and one half days per week, whereas formerly the factory was run ten hours a day for six days a week.

Every year about sixty per cent. of the time of the jury trial and first-appeal courts in New York is occupied by the consideration of accident cases. This involves enormous social and economic waste. For 1908 the salaries of judges, and the wages of the court attendants, exclusive of the administrative expenses and supplies, cost the taxpayers of New York \$4,000,000. In the city of New York 40,000 business men were drawn for jury duty; those who served in 1907 were more than 29,000, an additional cost of \$415,000 in jury fees. Another large sum must be added for general administration expenses, while it is impossible to estimate the inconvenience and pecuniary loss to the business men who serve. Six millions annually is the expense to the taxpayers of New York city in maintaining their judicial system, of which sixty per cent. is chargeable to negligence or accident cases; but not one penny of this large sum is of any direct aid or compensation to the victims of accident.

The average payment in several thousand negligence suits, I am informed by good authority, was less than \$500, and of this sum the plaintiff's lawyer almost always gets one half. In these negligence suits, "technical and obsolete rules are invoked for the defeat of demands for reasonable compensation for the afflicted," and also "arbitrary and ill-considered liability laws drive away the sense of charity and justice from the hearts of employers."

In 1907, \$20,000,000 was contributed by employers for protection against suits for damages in negligence cases. It was a fund for defense against claims in negligence, and not with the primary idea of providing compensation for

the sufferers. "Our present system taken as a whole," writes Mr. William J. Moran, "presents no aspect that does not indicate to my mind dangers to the government, hopeless futility as far as the injured are concerned, and to the employer it represents nothing but the most commercially wasteful system that could be devised."

This total should be increased further by expenses incurred in litigation by the afflicted party. Thousands of these families, on the death of the breadwinner by accident or occupational disease, become a charge on public or private charity, another great item of economic waste. This is not the only regrettable circumstance, because these families that become a charge tend to lose their self-respect, and thereby lower the standard of good citizenship.

Regarding the accidents in the United States, it is the opinion of the engineering profession that one half of them are preventable. If so, the next question is, How? A conservative estimate of the number of annual accidents which result fatally, or in partial or total incapacity for work, is 500,000. Reckoning the wage-earning capacity of the average workman at \$500 a year (this makes no allowance for the professional men, railroad presidents, industrialists, and other high-salaried officials, who are injured or killed by the railways, mines, building trades, and other occupations), we have a social and economic waste of \$250,000,000 a year. What we are thus losing in work-efficiency, Germany is saving. "One billion marks in wage-earning efficiency annually we conserve for Germany through our sanatoria, museums of safety, convalescent homes, and other forms of social insurance, by which we safeguard the lives and limbs of our workmen, and prevent the causes and effects of diseases which would lessen their economic efficiency," stated Dr. Zacher, Director of the Imperial Bureau of Statistics, in reply to my inquiry as to how much Germany saved every year.

There are ten European Museums of Safety and Sanitation, located in Berlin, Munich, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Milan, Stockholm, Zurich, Moscow, and Budapest. The Berlin Museum of Safety covers 34,000 square feet of floor

space, where are exhibited devices for the protection of the dangerous parts of machinery or processes in all trades and occupations. Germany realizes that every life saved is a national asset.

Two years ago, Governor Hughes was the guest of honor at a banquet in New York, inaugurating the first International Exposition of Safety in America. Early in January, 1909, Dr. Darlington, Commissioner of the Health Department, paid a visit to one of the large city breweries. He was much interested in examining their new methods of casking beer in steel barrels lined with glass. While making his round, he noticed everywhere the thorough installation of safety devices; he felt this to be so unusual, that he inquired how they came to be so well equipped. The superintendent replied: "We attended the Safety Inaugural Banquet; we were impressed by the lantern-slide presentation, and at once determined to put our own house in order, and are greatly satisfied with the result."

Another instance: The chairman of the Museum's Committee of Direction, at the annual dinner of the United States Steel Corporation, made a general plea for the more adequate provision of safety appliances, particularly in reference to the steel industry. At the dinner the following year, Judge Gary announced that Mr. Kirchhoff's suggestions had been adopted by the Steel Corporation, which had received from its personnel about twenty-five hundred suggestions, nearly all of which had been adopted at an expense of about \$55,000. Furthermore, the cost of the installation of these devices was not a charge against the individual plants. If other great corporations would conscientiously meet the questions of safety and sanitation, it would not only be the means of saving thousands of lives, but would be an unanswerable argument against the adoption of hasty and undigested legislation.

Museums of Safety and Sanitation are becoming the means of saving thousands of lives, and will lessen the economic waste of accident-cases brought before the courts. A feature of such a museum will be an experimental laboratory in which safeguards may be perfected for dangers and processes now without any known device; and which may become an

educational center for teaching the science and preservation of health, in preventing diseases due to impure food-stuffs, bad ventilation, occupational dusts and poisons, infection, tuberculosis, and offensive trades.

When the proof-sheets of "Social Engineering" were shown to Mr. Carnegie, his interest in the subject led him to write a "foreword," which I here use with his permission:

"Having read the following pages with deep interest, I have no hesitation in recommending them to all interested in the welfare of their fellows, especially of the workers. The hearts of those will be touched who have the welfare of their fellows at heart, and the heads of those will be convinced who wish the conditions of the laboring people improved; I believe that they can be and are being so, rapidly and generally, at least throughout the bounds of the Republic.

"It is cheering to know that our country is in the van, although some European countries are moving in the same direction.

"It is by the efforts of individual firms that the right solution of the problem will be furnished, and not through Socialism, which can only talk speculatively, while individuals can work practically, curing evils that Socialists point out. This is the right division between the Individualist and the Socialist. There is quite a large domain in which the latter can point out defects and shortcomings. Let us thank them for this, and let us not forget that it is our duty to labor for the cure of defects.

"I write this at Christmas and the book has come to me as a most appropriate gift for the season. I take pleasure in commending it to all those who would do their part in life to make the world a little better than they found it.

*"Andrew Carnegie.*

"New York, Christmas Day, 1908."

Mr. Carnegie is a notable "Social Engineer" himself, through his foundations for research, technology, art, and music, prosperity-sharing for his business associates and employees, recognition of heroism, and his splendid provision for those who have devoted their lives to the cause of education, not to mention other benefactions both here and in other lands.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### THE ITALIAN CALAMITY

ONE need not be a lover of Italy to have had his heart wrung by the awful, the inconceivable horror at the Strait of Messina. Nothing in modern times outside of the floods and famines of the populous Orient is comparable with this sudden and devouring fury of Nature, and those were such far-off events as hardly to touch the imagination or the sympathy. But here is a country of our day and life—a land we know and love, and with which increasingly we have much in common. She is annually the gracious host of thousands of American travelers, and in recent years her children have become in vast numbers a welcome accession to our population. No wonder that the sound of her world-appealing grief is in our very ears!

In the face of such a calamity—so elemental, so complete, and so laden with continual menace—philosophy is dumb. Nearly two hundred thousand human beings were—and of a sudden are not! It is not the fact of death, but the scale, and the defenselessness of the human race against the ambush of Nature. In the four years of our Civil War scarcely half as many lives were lost in battle. What may follow,—in Italy or elsewhere,—strains conjecture. The laws of the earth's action are too little known. And yet, not six weeks before the cataclysm, Mr. Frank A. Perret, the American who was an assistant of Professor Matteucci on Vesuvius during the eruption of 1906, said to the present writer that all signs pointed toward a great disturbance of *Ætna*. Whether the calamity at the very roots of the volcano is the realization of this prophecy or only its precursor remains to be seen. But if, as Froude says in his essay on "The Science of History," an essential element of science is the potency of foretelling,—as when Sir Roderick Murchison the geologist prophesied the discovery of gold in

Australia,—it would seem that Mr. Perret has substantial claims to recognition and support as a student of the most occult of the sciences, the knowledge of subterranean action. Our ignorance in this field has added to the awe with which in the last week of 1908 the heart of the world stood still.

But the heart of the world soon began again to beat with increased warmth and strength. Italy, which has been called the second country of all people, seemed suddenly to become their first. Nation vied with nation to pour into the stricken region resources of money and supplies, and "the solidarity of humanity" found expression in many a sympathetic message. The King and the Queen hastened to the scene of disaster and gave an example of devotion and self-abnegation at once heroic and practical, qualities for which his Majesty was already distinguished, and which are doing much for the unity and the welfare of his people. The President rose to the situation by authorizing the despatch of two supply ships, fitted out with phenomenal celerity, showing his faith in the generosity of American public opinion to confirm through Congress his action in this emergency. And confirm it Congress promptly did, with the addition of a national subscription of \$800,000.

What is to be the moral outcome? As the whole world grows nearer, it is perhaps not too much to hope that this example of universal altruism may mitigate the lingering and somewhat artificial jealousies and prejudices of race and nation, and thus fortify further the efforts toward international peace and justice which find their greatest example in the establishment of The Hague Tribunal. For the rest, desperate and terrible as the occasion has been, we may be proud of human nature as we now see it displayed in action in the mass, and as probably it has never been so largely displayed before in a concert of human sympathy.





# OPEN LETTERS

Robert Reid

(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

ROBERT REID has the happy gift of seeing lovely and highly personal color, combined with a delicate appreciation of the beauty of femininity, two desirable qualities in the making of portraits. To these he adds a thorough academic training, with craftsmanship of a high order. So he is able, in a measure, to give his entire attention to working out the artistic intention of his canvases,—to riot in lovely tones, to revel in delicate color variations, and to work out subtle values. The result is thus a delightfully unconscious performance in which the sense of decorativeness is ever present, where womanly beauty plays an important part.

Since his advent into the field of mural decoration as far back as 1893, at Chicago during the World's Fair, Mr. Reid's easel pictures have been comparatively rare, for the larger schemes for the embellishment of church, library, law court, and State-house have claimed his time, though they have resulted in placing Mr. Reid in the foremost rank of American painters, rounding out his talent, broadening his horizon, and giving him an authority that permits these more modest efforts greater freedom and certainty.

Born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in 1862, he began his art studies early at the schools of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, from which he went by way of the Art Students' League, in New York, to the Julian Academy of Paris, where he remained four years under Boulanger and Lefebvre, returning to New York in 1890.

Immediately he attracted attention here, and was made a member of the Society of American Artists, afterward casting his lot with the little group that seceded from that body in 1897 and became known as "The Ten Americans." But the years bring discretion, for, despite these earlier revolutionary tendencies, he is now a full-fledged National Academician. Many medals and honors have come his way both at home and abroad, with the more substantial appreciation in the shape of pictures acquired by the museums of New York, Washington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Omaha, and by private collectors in many cities. An important commission was a set of stained-glass windows for the Rogers Memorial Church at Fairhaven, Massachusetts, a work that occupied Mr. Reid several years,

and was of elaborate composition and arrangement, being novel in color and of much beauty.

The last year, however, has found Mr. Reid painting single figure pictures, almost always of attractive young women and generally out of doors. In "The Brown Veil," reproduced as the frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*, he reaches a high point of excellence both in color and sentiment, for he catches the nuances of evanescent tones, the sparkle of light, the envelopment of atmosphere, and, with rare grace, the refinement of young womanhood.

*Arthur Hoeber.*

Jean-Baptiste Greuze, 1725-1805

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS  
OF FRENCH MASTERS

(SEE PAGE 759)

GREUZE was born at Tournus, in Burgundy, France, August 21, 1725. He was at first the pupil of Grandon at Lyons; he afterward studied in the Academy at Paris, and at Rome. He became a very successful portrait and genre painter, and was, according to Diderot, "the first who thought of introducing morality into art." He was unique in the French school, and the influence he eventually exercised was due to the sentiment and character of his work, his favorite subjects being illustrations of the affections or domestic duties—the observance or violation of them, as in "The Father's Curse," "The Village Bride," or the present subject of "The Broken Pitcher," which are to be seen in the Louvre of Paris. This last is the most celebrated and oftenest reproduced of all his canvases, and is one of the most successful of his single-figure pieces. His works are often melodramatic, but good in expression, though not always strong in execution. While never ideal or poetic in conception or treatment, still, as in the instance of "The Broken Pitcher," they often possess very considerable charm and sweetness of manner.

Greuze was elected an associate member of the French Academy of Painting in 1755, and a member in 1769; but as he was placed in the class of genre painters, he considered it a degradation, and consequently retired altogether from the Academy. He died in Paris in very poor circumstances, March 21, 1805.

*T. Cole.*

# IN LIGHTER VEIN



Drawn by Chester Ivers Garde

## MRS. CASEY'S PARTY

MRS. MULLIGAN: Oi hear that Mrs. Casey is givin' a party on Monday. Her youngest daughter 's comin' out.  
MRS. DUGAN: An' phwat was she in fer?

## The Rime of the Moderne Millionaire

IT was a Moderne Millionaire  
Who one day stoppèd me:  
"By thy wide girth and shining head,  
What can I do for thee?"

He seized me by a buttonhole;  
I could not choose but staÿ,  
And thus he made his mickle moan  
Upon that grewsome day:

"I bought me stocks, I bought me bonds—  
They rose in market-price;  
Eftsoons I was a Millionaire—"  
Quoth I, "My! that was nice!"

"Alas!" he wailed, "as I grew rich,  
All treated me with scorn;  
Would I were poor as others be,  
As poor as I was born!"

My heart welled over at such grief—  
Such woe I ne'er did see.  
Quoth I, "Old man, I'll be your friend,  
Give all your wealth to me."

He wrung my hand to thank me for  
The sympathy I'd shown,  
But shook his head as he replied:  
"I'll bear this grief alone."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy,  
And for thy wish to share  
My horrid stocks and hateful bonds  
And all their weight of care!

"But, no; I'll keep the loathly things,  
Though burden sore they be.  
Rejoice that Fortune still has kept  
Thee from such bondage free."

Away he fled. Though I pursued  
For twice a score of blocks,  
He would not give me even one  
Of all his bonds and stocks!

Tudor Jenks.

## The Song of the Saddle

"HUNK o' meat an' raw pertater,  
Sop—an' 'tater-sop—an' 'tater!"

Mornin' is peelin' her covers  
An' grabbin' her garb o' day;  
Out with them Morryphus lovers,  
The column is up an' away!  
Away on the long, hard hikin'  
To meet the dark in the west;  
Straight to the night-time strikin'—  
Where mebbe there 'll be some rest.

"Hunk o' meat an' raw pertater,  
Sop—an' 'tater-sop—an' 'tater!"

Once with the doughies an' field-guns,  
Once with the coast guns, too;  
(Plattsburg an' all o' the dead ones—)  
Now with the workin' crew.  
Up at the peep o' the mornin',  
Right at the bugles' squeal—  
Hellity-bent at the warnin'—  
Stables—the ghost o' a meal.

"Hunk o' meat an' raw pertater,  
Sop—an' 'tater-sop—an' 'tater!"

Tails o' the hosses draggin'  
An' a trail o' dust behind,  
Down in the saddles saggin'—  
Yee-ho! An' the captin' 's blind.  
Miles o' the way behind you,  
Miles o' the way before,  
An' none to find, or find you—  
(They tell you that this is war!)

"Hunk o' meat an' raw pertater,  
Sop—an' 'tater-sop—an' 'tater!"



Bellies so loose they 're a-flappin'  
 An' thinkin' yer throat is cut—  
 Coolin' night breezes snappin'—  
 Wake up, now, you pig-headed mutt!  
 Oh, for the life o' the saddle,  
 With nothin' to do but to ride,  
 Always upon the skedaddle—  
 Gosh! That recruitin' man lied!

"Hunk o' meat an' raw pertater,  
 Sop—an' 'tater-sop—an' 'tater!"

*Alfred Damon Runyon.*

#### Bunkum's Strike

GOOD gracious! Bunkum 's struck it rich!  
 There ain't no bosh about it;  
 You 're worse than any tenderfoot  
 If you 're inclined to doubt it.

We 've always been a stiddy town  
 With nary boom to shake us,  
 But when we found the gold was here  
 It was n't hard to wake us.

The town 's that wild that Deacon Toots  
 Went off with shoestrings flyin',  
 And Aunt Pernelie Pemberton  
 Left battercakes a-fryin'.

The Simpkins boys and Elder Spinks  
 And Widder Hitt's new coušin  
 Went lip'ty cut across the hills  
 So fast their heels was buzzin'.

They scooted past the graveyard lots  
 And through the draws and piñons,  
 Like runnin' was a title deed  
 To half the State's dominions.

But things out there! Jehoshaphat!  
 Such stakin' claims and placers!  
 And how the bran new coffee-house  
 Was jinglin' cups and sassers!

It 's only two miles out of town,  
 And every strike 's a hummer!  
 The crowds? I 've seen the blackbirds thick,  
 But this beats gnats in summer.

Why, Bill Purdue and Joe Forsythe  
 A-huntin' quartzite boulders  
 Was jammed into their prospect hole  
 By wedged-up heads and shoulders.

Nine stores went up in half a day,  
 And s'loons and boardin'-houses  
 Came in on wheels, with loads of hay  
 And miners' caps and blouses.

Our real estate 's a-tumblin' up  
 And grocery prices kitin',  
 There 's Cousin Jacks a-rushin' in,  
 And claim-locators fightin'.

I 'low if things keep on our town  
 Will rush where once it rippled,  
 That Creede will be without a creed  
 And Cripple Creek be crippled.

*Emma Ghent Curtis.*



Drawn by Charles Nuttall

FRENCH ARTIST: Oui, Monsieur, eet ees my intention to  
 work vare hard an' zen von day I vill make ze exhibition of  
 myself.

#### The Little Schoolma'am in the Hills

SHE has no introduction to Fame,  
 And plain English is all she can speak;  
 She has no Ph.D. to her name,  
 And her wages are seven a week!  
 But she rises at five in the spring,  
 And at six when the white blizzard  
 shrills,  
 And she walks her two miles with a swing,  
 This little schoolma'am in the hills.

It 's a plain little college she runs,—  
 One room and a close little hall,—  
 That smells of farm cookies and buns,  
 With some finger-prints over the wall.  
 "Pure Colonial" all the design,  
 From the rafters of oak to the sills,  
 And she looks out through panes seven by  
 nine,  
 This little schoolma'am in the hills.

In a monarchy all of her own,  
 She 's a model for many a queen;  
 She must govern her world all alone,  
 For no other may touch her demesne.  
 The hard-headed boys she must win,  
 And be patient with passions and ills,  
 And a silence must weave out of din,  
 This little schoolma'am in the hills.



And it 's air for the hot little lungs,  
 And it 's heat for the cold little feet,  
 And it 's soap for the bad little tongues,  
 And more, if the hands are kept neat.  
 Or it 's, "Patsy Burke threw a big rock,"  
 Or, "Mamie is sick with the chills,"  
 But nothing must worry or shock  
 The little schoolma'am in the hills.

If the tempest or blizzard 's afoot,  
 She must hurry each kid to his home;  
 If the torrents and freshets uproot,  
 She must be as a rock in the foam.  
 If the thunder-storm overhead sings,  
 And the air with the cannonade thrills,  
 You will find the chicks under the wings  
 Of the little schoolma'am in the hills.

She can use moral suasion when best,  
 And she also can wield the big stick.  
 When a tramp thinks to act like a guest.  
 She can show him the door pretty quick.  
 She can play, and can sing, and recite;  
 She can outrun the school if she wills,  
 And can make a church social go right,  
 This little schoolma'am in the hills.

So give me a pass to your ears,  
 Chief rulers and scribes of the land;  
 I don't ask to move you to tears,  
 But I hope you will all understand.  
 Give this lady full swing in her way,  
 And tell her to send you the bills;  
 She is molding the nation to-day,  
 This little schoolma'am in the hills.

*Charles H. Crandall.*

#### Noises from the Nursery

DRAWN BY C. V. DWIGGINS



A CHILD should not be allowed to pull the cat's tail. If the cat pulls its own tail, you can't blame the child.



A CHILD of eighteen months may be given a chicken bone with a little gravy on it. It is good for the hair.



MILK is good for growing babies—it should be taken internally.



NEVER give a child what it cries for. Let it cry rather for what you give it.







See "Open Letters"

EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS "HERDJA" IN CHARLES RANN KENNEDY'S PLAY, "THE WINTERFEAST"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI